

Collier's

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 8, 1945

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AIR POWER IN THE ATOMIC AGE
By GENERAL CARL A. SPAATZ

CHRISTMAS WINDOWS By RUTH CARSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT



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Collier's

FOR DECEMBER 8, 1945

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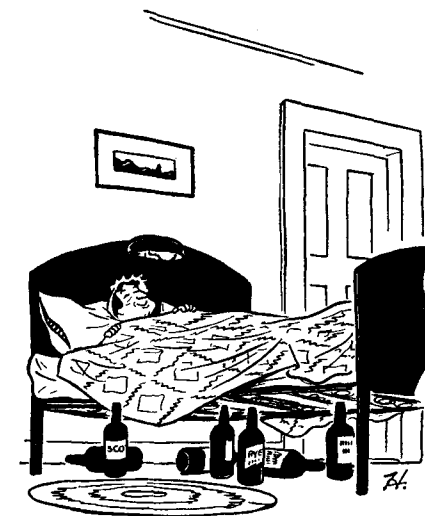
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any week

THE mother of a woman friend of ours came East to spend a couple of weeks. Mother is about seventy and her feet aren't what they used to be. But someone had told Mother that rolling her feet on a bottle on arising in the morning was fine exercise for them. So our friend's husband provided the bottle—whisky—and Mother rolled her feet. When she had done it she rolled the bottle under the bed. When she retired, the bottle wasn't there and her son-in-law hurried up and furnished another empty. Same thing. Next night it wasn't there. Being devoted to Mother, the son-in-law produced another empty. Next night it, too, was missing. But on the following day our friend's colored maid took her aside and said while she didn't wish to interfere, she did think it astonishing in a nice old lady of seventy to knock off a bottle a night like that.



AND while we're on the subject we had better put this one in. At least six of you have told us how to tell good whisky: "Pass an electric current through a quart. If there is a precipitation of lye, tin, arsenic, iron slag and alum, the stuff's just fair. But if the liquor chases the current back to the generator, then you've got something."

ACCORDING to the latest Georgia intelligence received here, the State Auditor's office was reviewing the expense account of a fellow officeholder who had been in Washington for a spell. The latter's hotel bill was forty-two dollars for seven days. When the auditor came to, he telephoned the spendthrift. "Edwards," cried he, "where the hell did you stop while in Washington—the White House? Six dollars a day for a hotel room? Why, in Cuthbert, the finest town in Georgia, you can sleep in any room in the place for a dollar and a half."

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"Son, I've really let you down!"

"We'd planned big things for you . . . right from the start. We even had a special room for you in the house . . . the house we *used* to own. But you see, Son, I overlooked *one* thing—neglected *one* trifle—and all our hopes for your rosy future were swept away. I had an auto accident. There was a court judgment that took everything we owned. It'll be tough going, Son. I put two strikes against you . . . when I neglected the trifle of auto insurance."

Auto insurance a trifle? Yes, but what a *tremendous* trifle—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. Yet all auto insurance is **NOT** alike. State Farm's is different in ways that we sincerely believe give you the most for your insurance dollar. That's why State Farm Mutual is now the largest auto insurance company in the world, with more than 1,100,000 policyholders and over 6,000 agents at your service.



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*5 drops a day
keep Dry Scalp away*



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Keep up with the world by Freling Foster

In the past 20 years, the rodeo has grown so rapidly in popularity that today it is one of America's major spectator sports. During the 10-month season of 1945, for example, it is estimated that companies having a total of 500 professional and 1,000 amateur rodeo cowboys gave 1,500 performances in 200 cities which grossed \$7,000,000 in gate receipts and awarded the contestants \$2,000,000 in prize money. While the cowboys were obliged to pay all their expenses and a fee to enter each event, some of the stars made net incomes between \$10,000 and \$20,000.

Seven states are now boarding in some 1,500 private homes approximately 4,000 harmless mental patients, all having been placed since 1933 except a few in Massachusetts which started such placements in 1885. The home-care program not only permits patients to lead happier, more normal lives, but reduces the cost of their maintenance, on the average, from about \$500 to \$350 a year.

Medals today are superior to those of a generation ago because their dies, instead of being cut by hand from a small design, are now cut by a reducing machine which not only produces an exact replica of the model but also permits the sculptor to make it on a scale about 12 times larger than medal size to attain finer detail.

A movie camera that takes 40,000 pictures a second is used to photograph the explosive action of aviation gasolines at the NACA Aircraft Engine Research Laboratory in Cleveland. This camera so slows down actions that if it were used to photograph a football player making a 40-yard run, the projection of the film, at the normal rate of 24 pictures a second, would require two hours and twenty minutes.

A new household clock may be set to turn on and off automatically any electric device, plugged into an ordinary outlet, such as a percolator, radio, refrigerator and lights.

The most picturesque of the Chinese war lords was Chang Tso-lin who, although he never learned to read or write, was the military governor of Manchuria from 1918 until 1928. In that year, the Japanese, resentful because he had not satisfactorily fulfilled his agreement to harass Russia (for which they had given him about \$10,000,000), ended his career by exploding a bomb under his railroad car. Several years before Chang's death, a large foreign banking house established a branch in Mukden, his Manchurian capital, for the sole purpose of handling his investments, one of the few cases of its kind in history.

Bearded vultures live in the Himalayas at an altitude of 24,000 feet where the air pressure is 5.4 pounds per square inch, while rat-tail fishes live at a depth of 20,000 feet where the water pressure is 8,900 pounds per square inch, or 1,648 times greater.

A novel French plane, recently demonstrated, is equipped with wings, each of which is made in two sections so the outer half can be telescoped into the inner half. Thus the pilot may use the maximum wing area of 388 square feet for a take-off or the minimum wing area of 204 square feet for level flight.

Among the half-dozen devices that have been invented for playing the violin automatically since this instrument was introduced in the 17th century, the only one that vibrated the strings with a bow, as musicians do, was the "Violonista," perfected 20 years ago. Approximately three feet long, two feet high and two feet wide, the device is operated by an electrical mechanism and controlled by the flow of air through the perforations of a music roll.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission.

Collier's for December 8, 1945

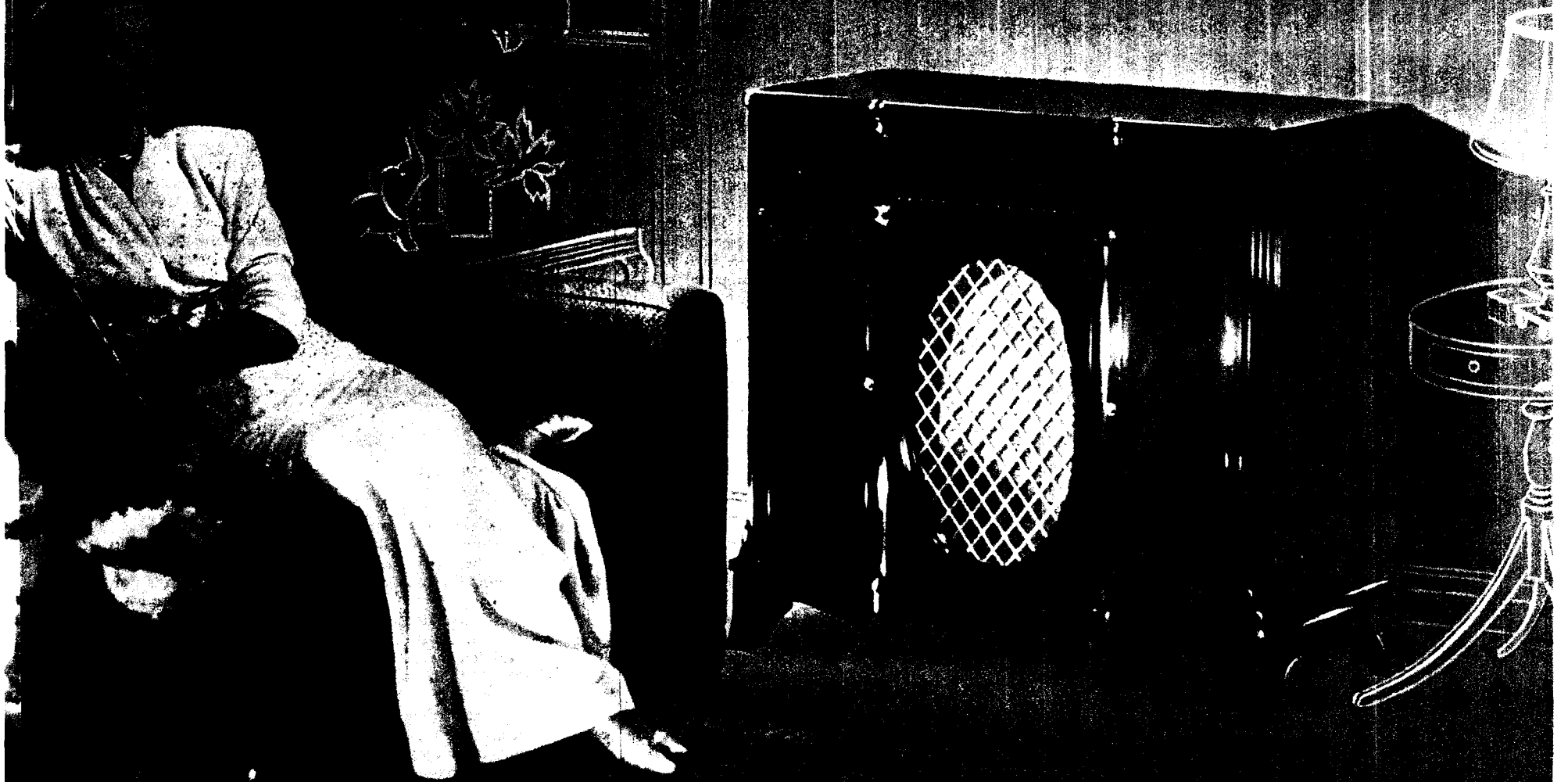
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"What's to stop us?" asks Louie one fine Saturday morning. "We have the car—we can get all the gas we need—and we haven't taken a real trip since before the war. Let's go!"

So they pile into the "faithful" old car and hit the highway. Boy, what a grand and glorious feeling to get behind the wheel again and "let her out" a little! Goodbye to rationed driving.



Just one thing Louie forgot—and that's the fact that longer trips and higher speeds (after the war years of "babied" driving) are a lot tougher on a car. Don't ever forget it! For protection, get a thorough check-up and tune-up at your United Motors Service station.



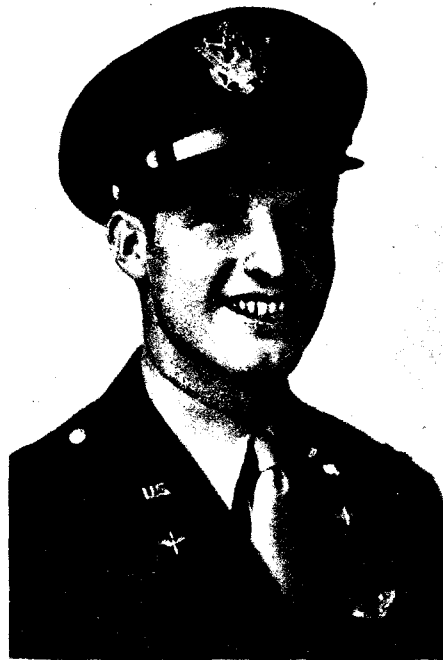
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THREE DOLLARS BRING HOME FOUR—IN VICTORY BONDS



Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

Maj. Robert Swanson, head of Military Pilots' Association, whose members seek equality in aviation jobs

II

MOST of our young returned Army, Navy and Marine Corps fighter pilots, with no previous experience in commercial aviation, have come to realize by now that, despite their air-combat experience and precision-flying ability in 400-mile-an-hour stuff, their only hope of acquiring an airline captain's uniform and the top salary of ten grand per annum is to begin at the bottom of the copilot seniority ladder, provided they can hook onto that lowest rung with the necessary entrance qualification.

If they can, they will start at a flat salary of \$220 per month and will be raised \$25 per month every six months until they reach the \$380 peak for copilots. Then they are either good enough on multi-engined planes, airways procedure, airline practices, all-weather, night and instrument flying to move over to the left seat as captain at a starting salary of \$600 per month, or are washed out as unsuitable material.

But there is another group of war pilots unwilling to go along with this seniority requirement. It represents the boys who flew multi-engined aircraft for three or four years for the Army Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service and who feel they should receive credit for their experience on the seniority list of airline pilots. They have organized under the name of the Military Pilots' Association, with headquarters at Little River Station, Miami, Florida, and they charge that the seniority rule in effect on all commercial airlines is dictated by the Air Line Pilots' Association. ALPA was formed in 1931 and is still led by its original pilot-minded president, David L. Behncke, former Army and airline flier. It is affiliated with the A.F. of L. and came into being when a few shortsighted non-aviation people got into the airline business and boasted that no pilot was worth more than \$150 a month.

A Question for Argument

The Military Pilots' Association represents Army and Navy pilots who were not employed by commercial airlines before entering the service, but who want to fly the lines on their return to civilian life. They ask that they be given seniority on any airline company pilot list either as of the day they began flying for ATC and NATS or that it be dated as of the moment they accumulated 1,000 hours of flying time.

The MPA emphasizes that it does not want to create jobs for its members at the expense of presently employed airline pilots and on no account are its members seeking seniority equal to that of airline pilots hired before Pearl Harbor.

But what they don't like to think of is: They, with three or more years of multi-engined experience, flying important cargo, live or packaged, over oceans and foreign lands, must go to the bottom of the copilots' seniority list, while post-Pearl Harbor pilots,

who got airline copilot jobs and draft deferment as the airlines were expanded to fly routes for the Army and Navy, clinched a permanent niche on the company lists. The Military Pilots contend their national and world-wide experience for ATC and NATS is worth credit toward higher seniority than at the bottom of the list, so they have appealed to the Civil Aeronautics Board to raise the requirements for airline piloting.

As to pilots latching onto airline jobs, draft deferment and airline seniority lists after Pearl Harbor, Dave Behncke declares that the number involved is relatively small.

"The airline pilots were told right at the beginning of the war and all the way through what to do, where to stay and where to go," he declares. "If the airline pilots had had their way, nearly all would have been in uniform. As a matter of fact, it got so bad that at one time the Army had to write a letter to the pilots telling them that what they were doing was just as important as if they were actually at one of the war fronts."

Result of Hard Work

Dave says his airline pilots have fought every inch of the way during the last fourteen years to establish the salaries, rules and conditions of employment they have today. An important part of their working conditions is their seniority.

"I am sure that service pilots want to work for a decent salary when they get out of the Army," he declares, "but unless we maintain strict system seniority and decent salary levels, flying on an airline will be the last kind of a job that any thinking man will pursue."

Right now the airlines operate 465 planes—an all-time high—on their domestic routes and foreign extensions. The number is rising steadily.

Most of them, of course, are twin-engined types requiring but pilot and copilot or a total of six pilots and copilots for each 24 hours of operation. As the bigger ships come into service with longer runs, they will carry a spare set of pilots and copilots, so by the time we reach 1,000 airliners for our domestic and foreign service in the next year or so, there will be employment for 10,000 pilots and copilots.

But today there are more than 7,000 already employed, and an additional one thousand war pilots are coming back to their airline jobs and their seniority numbers which were reserved for them when they went off to war.

Starting in as a copilot and working up to captain is tedious, particularly for the experienced war pilot. For a general idea of how this is done, here's the way a copilot grows up to be a captain on Chicago & Southern Air Lines, which flies from Chicago to New Orleans, to Houston and Detroit and points in between:

The new copilot initially is confronted with the requirement that he has to fly, as such, for

(Continued on page 34)

Collier's for December 8, 1945

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It's the Moist-Master Refrigerator!



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in One!

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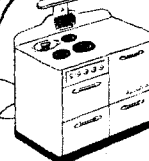
• *Look how much the Frozen Food Chest will hold!* A 5-lb. fresh ham, 3 thick porterhouse steaks, a 3-lb. sirloin steak, 2 lbs. of chopped steak, 2 breasts of chicken, 16 boxes of frozen fruits and vegetables and two quarts of ice cream. Plus big Hi-speed ice trays which are removable for still more frozen storage.

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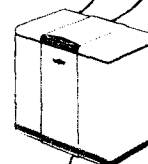
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conversations at the same time — or the living patterns of television — over a single coaxial or radio channel.

Developing electronic tubes of revolutionary design has been the steady job of Bell Telephone Laboratories scientists for over 30 years. With the war over they are back on the job of exploring and inventing to insure that you will continue to have the finest telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



AIR POWER IN THE ATOMIC AGE

BY GENERAL CARL A. SPAAN

Atomic bomb and superplane have made it a suicidal fallacy to think of preparedness in terms of defense. In this article, one of our foremost military aviation experts warns us that our safety must lie in constant readiness to smash any attacker into instant oblivion—to wipe out his military, industrial and social resources in a matter of days or even hours. For such a "defense" we have both the means and the moral justification

EVERY American is asking: "Is there anything we can do about the atomic bomb?"

There is something we can do about the atomic bomb. The Air Force has some definite ideas about coping with it—or with any possible future war. This is a broad statement of some of those ideas and a request for support in carrying them out.

The future is *not* necessarily black, although it is indeed fantastic:

For instance, continent-to-continent warfare by atomic bombing is a possibility of this day, this month, this year. An airplane with the range of the B-29 could take off from a Far North base, fly across the polar region and attack any of the great industrial centers on the other side of the world. It would be a one-way trip, economically justified by its results, with the airplane lost and the crew bailing out in enemy or neutral country to become prisoners.

This quite practical possibility has offensive and defensive implications affecting the whole northern half of the world, where, curiously enough, all of the great powers lie.

However, any future war removed from the present by more than a few years would be considerably more spectacular.

Piloted planes soon will have enough range to travel to any possible target and return.

At some point in the future, possibly not too distant, speeds will be reckoned in thousands, not hundreds of miles an hour.

Robot planes may stalk the air lanes, controlled by an internal "brain" or by a mother aircraft or by instruments on the ground.

Lethal rockets will flash through the stratosphere scores of miles above the earth, carrying atomic war heads.

Purely defensive devices will be made complicated almost beyond possibility. It will be necessary, for instance, to "black out" not only light, but also heat and magnetism if we are to rely on defenses. Radar bomb sights and heat-seeking missiles will "find" even underground targets unless they have thorough anti-heat-and-magnetism insulation, and such protection would be difficult and costly, if not impossible.

Thus, we may never see another war so mild and so slow as World War II, or one with as little destruction of life and property. We hope this means we will never see another war at all, but we can't be sure.

The developments of World War II have made the entire globe a potential battleground and the scientist a general in a laboratory. Another Hitler would be faced with greater temptations than ever for world conquest.

So this report is based on a premise: that the American people already have decided to back their statesmen with strength and

readiness. It is a premise necessitated by the recent failure of isolation and unpreparedness, and by the fact that never again will we be able to prepare *after* war starts. Unless we stand in split-second readiness we will lose a future war.

Examining carefully the concrete signs of the extraordinary time ahead, I wish to try to wrap some meaning around this idea of readiness, meaning in terms of air war, a new kind of warfare which only cut its baby teeth on Coventry, Berlin and Hiroshima.

The atomic bomb itself is surely in its infancy. It is hardly likely that the power of the first two bombs dropped could not be increased, in later versions, three, twenty or a hundred times.

So we have a relatively "perfect" explosive, a fact accepted by all. But there is another clue to the adolescence of air power which is more important in a way because fewer people are familiar with it:

The form of aircraft, both as to frame and propulsion, now is undergoing revolutionary changes.

This is particularly significant when one realizes that the P-38, the P-51 and the B-29,

in fact all of today's standard warplanes, are direct descendants in countless steps of "bigger and better" from the Wright Brothers' machine. But recent experimental aircraft, few of which saw combat, represent radical new ideas in design and motivation. We have only begun to learn what these planes can do.

When the Wrights' contraption first lifted man into the air on a powered flight in 1903, it utilized wings, tail and an engine with a propeller. Not until the last few months of World War II did any airplanes appear which did not have the same salient parts: wings, tail, propeller.

But now propellerless planes, powered by jet engines, have shown startling speeds and rates of climb. The pilotless V-2 rocket, which with refinements may become a critically effective weapon, was wingless. The current project of aviation engineers is an "all-wing" plane.

The future is one of superexplosives and superaircraft. We have barely scratched the surface. Terrible infant though it is, air power obviously is not yet in long pants, but an appraisal of the child's record will help



MAP BY ROLF KLEP

This is how flight ranges of 6,500 or more miles tie the great nations together via transpolar routes. From sub-Arctic bases, today's planes could fly nonstop to most of the world's vital cities. Tomorrow's ranges will bring them all within nonstop reach

form an estimate of the adult's prospects.

Already four B-29s have flown 6,554 miles, nonstop, from Japan to Washington, D. C., and these planes landed with hundreds of gallons of unused gas, despite the fact that they encountered bad weather and strong head winds over much of their route.

Thus, when the chips are down and weather is not severely adverse, we have every right to expect the Superfort to fly well over 6,500 miles.

And a range of only 6,500 miles is sufficient for an aircraft to take off from a base below the Arctic Circle, fly across the polar region on a one-way trip, and reach every great industrial-political-military center on the other side of the world.

Although hypothetical, a world-wide ring

of such northerly bases would be practically possible around the 65-degree North latitude parallel, which would be 25 degrees or about 1,750 miles from the pole. Fairbanks, Alaska, is in this zone, which cuts through Alaska, Canada, Greenland, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia.

To destroy a city, an attacking nation, starting on a one-way trip from bases in any of these areas, could easily sacrifice one bomber or several.

Any particular route could work two ways, of course. Equipped with near-Arctic bases, an enemy could bomb the most important cities in the United States and, conversely, U.S. bombers based near the 65-degree North line could retaliate in kind against the largest cities of almost any possible adversary.

However, although it is interesting to note what might be done today, our thinking should not be confined to the 6,500-mile range. In the next several years new aircraft will exceed that range by a substantial margin. Far North bases will be unnecessary.

In a few years aircraft will be able to take off in the 35- or 40-degree North latitude areas, cross the polar region, continue south down the other side of the earth and not give out of fuel until they pass the 30-degree North parallel, a line representing two thirds of the distance from the North Pole south to the equator.

And in the top slice of the earth above that 30-degree North parallel lie nearly all the population centers where political ferment and industrial potential conceivably might combine to produce a dangerous explosion.

Look at a map or, infinitely better, a globe. Find where the 30-degree North latitude line intersects the west coast of North America and follow that parallel east across the United States and around the world, observing the nations and cities situated north of it.

It almost forms the mean southern boundary of the United States, running through extreme northern Mexico, the lower tip of Texas, New Orleans and Jacksonville, Florida. *Every important industrial center in the United States is above it.* Chicago, Detroit,

Pittsburgh and New York are well north of the 40-degree line, with Philadelphia astride the 40th parallel and Washington only 75 miles south of it.

Across the Atlantic the 30-degree North line cuts through North Africa, below the southern shore of the Mediterranean at every point. All of England, France, Germany, Poland, the Scandinavian countries, Italy and the Balkans are far north of it.

In Asia, the 30th parallel cuts through Arabia, Iran, India, Tibet and China. All of Russia and all of Japan are above the line. China alone among the world powers possesses some cities south of the line and they are of dubious importance by modern industrial standards.

Of course, this is a hypothetical and oversimplified pattern of air war, but one based on the known facts of today's atomic bomb and the known performances of today's aircraft. There is no doubt that tomorrow's atomic bomb will be many times worse than the two we have dropped. As for tomorrow's aircraft, models now on the drawing boards are expected to double present bomber ranges. Planes which will be in production within a few years will be able to fly 13,000 miles one way, or fly 6,500 miles, then turn around and fly home.

One World—Blanketed by Planes

Today's planes, given near-Arctic fields, could make one-way trans-Arctic flights to reach the 30-degree line on the far side of the globe. Tomorrow's planes will be able to blanket the world from any bases. Today's range covers all vital cities; tomorrow's range will cover everything.

But regardless of vastly greater range, trans-Arctic air war still remains a feasible picture in the event of future hostilities. Other factors being equal, the shortest route still will be preferable even for very long-range aircraft. And cross-polar missions also would have other advantages.

Most of an over-the-pole mission would take place inside the Arctic region, much of that over sea area. Except on the southern-

most fringes of the Arctic, it is extremely unlikely that any extensive network of anti-aircraft weapons, radar or fighter bases could be set up. Freedom from enemy opposition for the first two thirds of the mission would leave the crew time to concentrate on flying and navigation.

Arctic flying itself would present no major problems. Our new electronic navigation instruments, better antiweather controls both in engines and aircraft, and a high level of flying skill would combine to make polar runs generally uneventful.

All of this is a possibility for today. It is picayune compared with the prospects for 1960.

Just as the atomic bomb rendered obsolete the bomb-carrying capacity of the mass formation of bombers, so this picture of air war with conventional airplanes is being made to seem antiquated by current experiments. It is a picture useful only to prod the imagination to accept the almost incredible things that are probable in the near future.

And on the other hand it is not a picture meant to reduce the reader to a state of helpless terror. True, this is no time to be smug, but neither is it a time for fright. It is a time to draw conclusions from the sequence of isolation-Pearl Harbor-atomic bomb, considering, for instance, what might have happened had the latter two events been switched chronologically. And, it is a time to set up a "defense."

I have placed this word "defense" under suspicion because it no longer means what it did in 1941. Then it had a Maginot Line implication of holding off the enemy until you were able to build up an offense. In terms of the future that would present the impossible problem of shooting down all lightning-swift atomic missiles an aggressor sent against you for month upon bloody month until you came up with some to hurl back at him.

Such "defense" is out. The startlingly clear military lesson of recent months is that the offense now has a crushing advantage.

The old so-called law that every new offensive weapon results in a defensive counterpart

no longer holds good—not for the foreseeable future anyway. We simply have no "defense" in the old sense of the term.

Even the term "counteroffense" is inadequate because there is still the implication of stopping, delaying, holding. The only real defense has become a total offense, one that would be aimed at smashing the enemy's whole organism and would "counter" his offense incidentally in the process.

We must prepare an offense to "counter" a specific attack only in the sense that such an attack would be a signal for it. It must be an overwhelming action planned and ready for instant release to obliterate all the "invader's" military, industrial and political bases. It must be total in every way, designed to destroy an enemy's home base and spare him nothing.

A Policy of Offensive Readiness

If another bully nation arises, the only way we can avoid such a war is to be able to win it—instantly and decisively. Such readiness would make any dictator think twice. It would be *offensive* readiness for utter devastation of the aggressor's home front before his attack crippled us. It would have no overtones of mere protection of the United States even as a timesaving strategy.

Our first offensive forces might be directed against the attacker's known military bases, but then we would proceed without pause—or possibly simultaneously—to pulverize his industrial centers.

Through secrecy or defenses not now known, some of an attacker's military bases might survive our initial offensive. But immediate blows against his means of civilization and military support, his industrial and economic areas, would make his continuance of the struggle pointless and bring a quick surrender.

In planning our national defense we need to become offense-minded. Our habits of strictly defensive thought must be weeded out. We need a national psychology of offense. I am not advocating by any means a

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By flying direct from Japan to Washington, D. C., this B-29 demonstrated the practicability of 6,500-mile nonstop flights



"You got about this," Connie says, yawning. "If you turn this place into a laundry, I would not want you to lose your eyes!"



The Black Nightie

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

A laundry bundle may contain the spark that ignites a love affair or a booming career—as Albert found on the morning he discovered a black lace nightie among Mr. Johannson's clean shirts

IF IT isn't that Mr. Johannson don't like starch in his shirts, I don't get to look in the laundry bundle and see the black nightie. If I don't get to see the black nightie maybe I don't ask Connie to marry me until it's too late. I don't ask Connie to marry me, I don't get to be an empire builder. And all because Mr. Johannson don't like starch in his shirts.

It begins when I tote the bundles in to Mrs. Johannson and she says to me, "Albert, three years now Mr. Johannson's going crazy, they're putting too much starch in his shirts. It wasn't like that in the old days when you were route man, Albert."

"I'm home, I'm taking care of things," I

say. "Let us examine these shirts." I open up the bundle. Sure enough the shirts are starched. But I see a black lace nightie lying there and concentrate on that.

"Your nightgown, Mrs. Johannson?" I say. "Don't be silly, Albert," she says. "It's Connie's."

"Black nightgowns?" I say.

I give Mrs. Johannson a look. "It's the modern world," says Mrs. Johannson. "She's a good girl, Albert. Just romantic."

"Maybe a picture of Sinatra on her bureau?" I say.

"No," says Mrs. Johannson. "There's one of you though, Albert."

I consider this while I continue on my route. Ever since I come back from overseas I'm planning to marry Connie Johannson, but I figure there's no hurry. Now I think I better start the wheels turning.

A little later on I pull the truck up to the curb downtown and go up in the building where Connie works as stenographer and receptionist. She's licking stamps when I go in, she looks like a fluffy yellow-headed kitten sitting there.

"Connie," I say, "come on outside. I got a very important question to ask you."

Connie looks at me. "What sort of question, Albert?"

"Well," I say, "it ain't about the laundry business, although it's tied up with it at that. Like making one bundle where two bundles were before, if you follow me."

"I think I do, Albert," Connie says. "Please don't ask me that question right now. I want to have a serious talk with you. Albert," she says, "frankly, are you fond of me simply because you find my looks not unattractive?"

This floors me. "It's one way of putting it, baby," I say. "Personally I prefer adjectives like luscious, beautiful—"

"Thank you, Albert," Connie says. "But do I appeal to you intellectually as well?"

"If you can count on your fingers, baby," I say, "I ask no more. I—"

"Albert," she says, "please be serious. I am nineteen now and life isn't all boogie-woogie."

Then she sighs, her eyes get big and dreamy. "Tell me," she says, "are you just drifting through life like a meandering stream that follows the path of least resistance?"

I put one hand on Connie's forehead, it feels all right, no temperature. "You want I should ride a bicycle?" I say.

"Please don't be funny," Connie says, and just then the inner office door opens. Out comes Connie's boss, a newcomer in town since I've been away. He's a little guy with no chin, a bulging forehead and wears thick glasses. He moves like he was a machine.

"Are you idling, Miss Johannson?" he says. "It's four minutes to five. A letter may be typed, inserted in an envelope, and the envelope sealed, stamped and addressed in four minutes. Minutes are precious, Miss Johannson. Who is this gentleman?"

"This is Albert Miller, Mr. Bixler," Connie says. He takes my hand, pumps it once and drops it like a hot potato, no waste motions. "Ah," he says, "the young wastrel."

"Scotch," I say. "Irish on my mother's side."

He ignores this. "Miss Johannson has been hoping that you might be interested in my

self-improvement booklets. The Bixler Booklets. Priced at fourteen dollars the complete set, two dollars down and two dollars weekly. Twelve dollars cash."

He must have something; before I know it I'm loaded down with booklets, but twelve dollars lighter. Connie and I go outside and get in the laundry truck.

"I see the light," I say. "Now I know why you get that look sometimes like someone bopped you with a brick. I got a rival, Bixler!"

"Not necessarily," Connie says, "although he does seem fond of me and says I have a very good mind. Mr. Bixler has just changed my outlook. He's dynamic, he's full of fire. Are you full of fire, Albert?"

I ain't making this up, it's the way she talks.

"Albert," she goes on, "how long have you been a route man for Klopstock's Laundry?"

"Two years before the war and since I come back," I say.

"Are you satisfied?"

"Well," I say, "someday maybe I'm a supervisor. I'm in good with Papa Klopstock."

"Albert," she says, "Mr. Bixler writes and sells those booklets. He's a molder of men. The race is to the swift. You can't build an empire by letting grass grow under your feet."

By this time the jalopy is parked in front of Connie's. "All right," I say, "first place, how come Bixler ain't out building empires himself instead of writing booklets?"

"He points the way," Connie explains.

"Second place," I say, "I don't want any empire. I'll take a fifty-foot lot with a Cape Cod cottage. And furthermore I like grass under my feet. Connie, that Bixler is a jerk."

"I suppose," she says, getting mad, "that I'm silly because I want my husband to thrust himself above the common herd?"

"Trouble with you, baby," I say, "you been straining your mind. You leave me do the thinking."

I lean over to kiss her but she pulls away. "I see," she says coldly. "Just as I suspect, I'm only another pretty face to you. I'm glad I

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ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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MERRY
CHRISTMAS

A paper Santa struts in Miss Staples' office, en route to Pittsburgh. The delighted children, of papier mâché, go to Corpus Christi, Texas

Christmas in the Window

BY RUTH CARSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISNER

For Cecilia Staples, Christmas comes in June; Easter in December. But her fantasy brightens the streets of cities all across the country

blue-rimmed specs, is still in her twenties and looks a little like one of her Christmas pixies. She is designer of the firm of Staples-Smith which was launched five years ago in a Manhattan loft with a capital of five hundred dollars. Today it occupies three loft buildings, employs a hundred people and grosses \$150,000 a year, with customers as far away as Chile and Australia.

It started, unexpectedly, when Miss Staples, Ira Smith, now production manager, and Irving Sherman, who translates the sketches into the working drawings, were art students at Pratt Institute.

The annual sidewalk show in Washington Square gave them an idea. The modern stuff there didn't look any better than their homework—color theory exercises. So they exhibited their homework. It sold.

THE building on 46th Street, New York, has a sedate enough white front. But the vestibule is painted strawberry pink. The reception room is purple, with outside bouquets. Two Rossetti-like angels, decked in netting and roses, guard the entrance to the small bright red and chartreuse display room, where you can sit on a green satin sofa with candy-cane frame and peppermint-candy wheels, the better to chuckle over the animated, humorous beings around you. These beings shift with the seasons.

Last June they were Santa Clauses in crimson jackets and white paper beards, life-size wooden soldiers made of cardboard, and blue angels on clouds of spun glass. You can see the same ones now in two hundred store windows across the land.

Their creator is Cecilia Staples, who wears

Eager to give the public what it wants, the next year they painted Mexican subjects, cats, dogs and babies, which also sold. Pursuing a paying business, they peddled their wares in the department stores.

"The picture buyers looked confused," says Cecilia. "They referred us to the display departments." Show cards, in five-foot panels, were their first order. "Then people started to want three-dimensional stuff. So

Des Moines-bound children say hello to a New York Santa. He will ride a sleigh in a Manhattan store. His felt-upholstered wooden throne goes to Brooklyn

Above. A busy little gnome, all papier mâché and importance, and due to go to Chicago, drives a painted wooden cart destined for a window in Brooklyn. The dog will go to Baltimore. Below: The fanciful chairs will be laden with gifts in a St. Louis store window. The Christmas-card lamp-post will turn up in Indianapolis. Des Moines, judging from these good papier mâché people, is having an old-fashioned Christmas



we did paper sculpture. That's something you can do at home with a razor blade, scissors and glue."

At first Cecilia, by now married to Ira Smith, worked in their apartment. It was a big decision when her husband quit his thirty-dollar-a-week job in a department store to help her. Relatives and friends pitched in, too.

Orders mounted so fast that they moved, with a few pieces of machinery, to their first real place of business, half a loft rented from a friend in the greeting-card business.

Their business was—and still is—a continuing crisis in the Staples-Smith outfit. There was the time they made a life-size horse for Gimbel's.

"We discovered we couldn't get it out the door," says Smith. "So we took out a window frame and lowered the horse to the street with an umbrella over it. It was raining."

Unlimited Scope for Talent

Today's orders may be for a complete department store display job—catalogue, windows and special department decorations. The firm builds backgrounds for photographic shots and magazine-cover setups. Their creations have included everything from a South Sea island drum to Tokyo in flames.

Prices range from fifty-five dollars for a Christmas brownie, to six or seven thousand for a job like the medieval pageant that paraded through Bonwit Teller's Fifth Avenue windows last Christmastime.

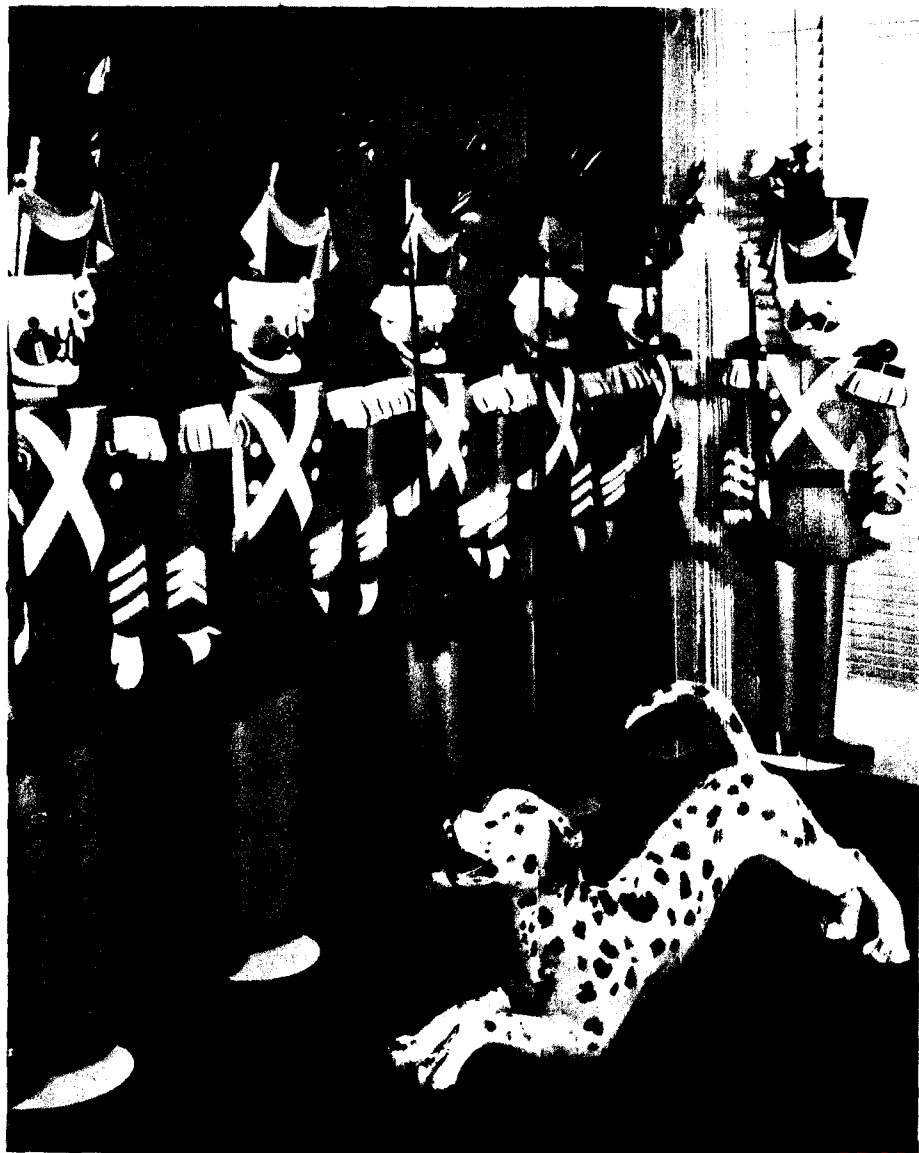
Chief material is paper, either cut out or in the form of pulp that is pressed into or built around a mold. But spun glass and tarlatan, wood and wire are in there, too. When one thing couldn't be had during the war, another was always found. The firm is long on ingenuity.

Perhaps Cecilia inherited her flair for fantasy from her father. "He was quite a person—everybody's friend. He owned hotels like the Willard in Washington. Everything was always done with champagne. After I was born and Mamma and I were driven home from the hospital, he had the driveway strewn with rose petals." ★★★



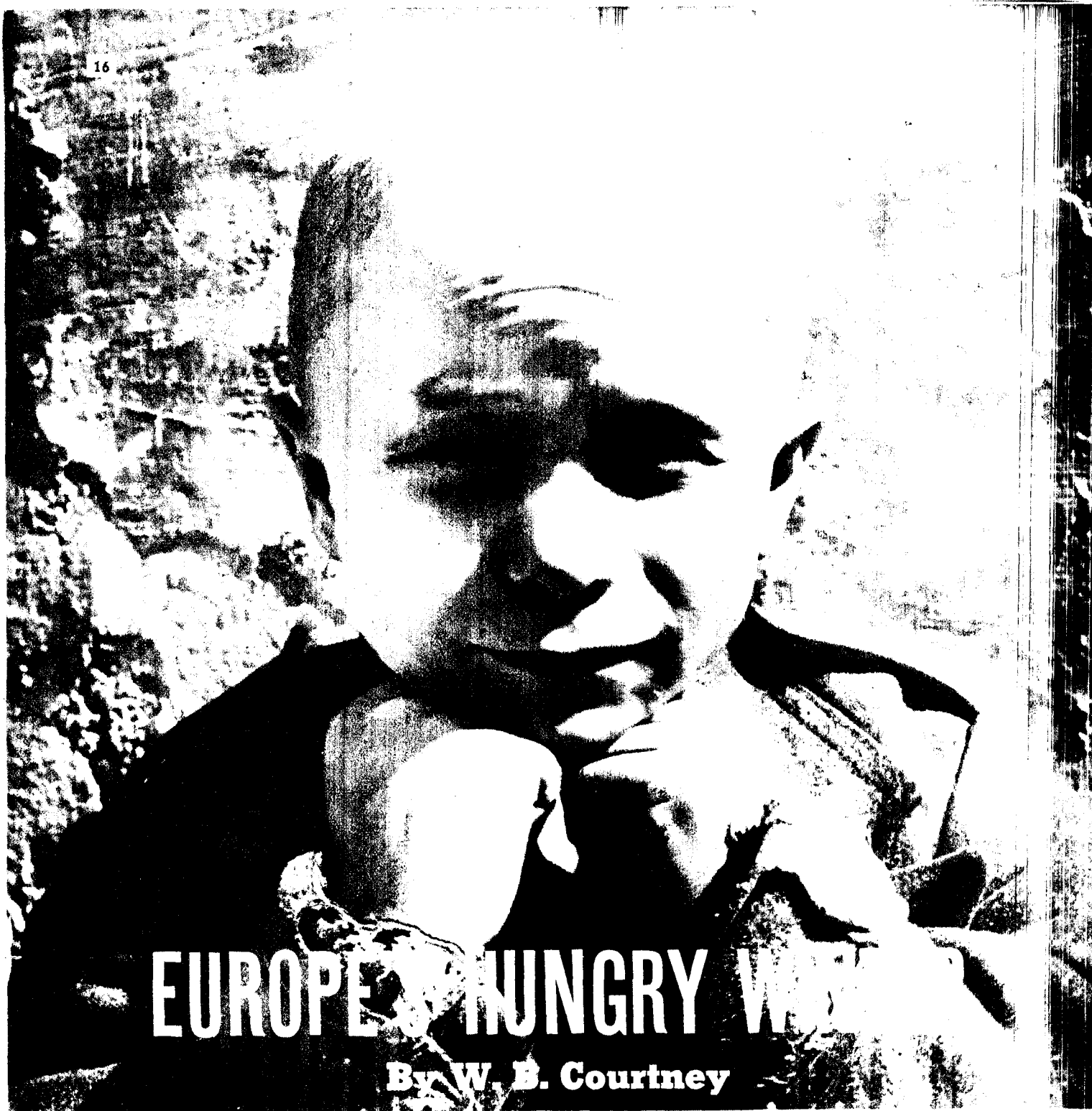
A Brooklyn gnome rides a Chicago-bound horse with tarlatan tail and felt trappings. The man bears gifts to Des Moines

Another Baltimore dog, papier mâché, barks at a bunch of soldiers, Brooklyn-bound to guard a toy department. They're paper, holly leaf in hat and all



A Nashville, Tennessee, store says: "Show your wings, it's Christmas." The papier mâché angels wear tarlatan and sequins, float on spun-glass clouds





EUROPE HUNGRY WINTER

By W. B. Courtney

When potatoes arrive in Berlin the news spreads like wildfire, and housewives rush up with bags and baskets



You might as well enjoy your rich American Christmas dinner even though millions in Europe will be hungry while you're eating it. Because nothing you can do will prevent their hunger. Here's why

RADIOED FROM PARIS

WHAT is your family going to have for Christmas dinner this year? The usual festive meal of the average—not rich, not poor—American household. Fish chowder or oyster stew first perhaps with golden streaks of butter. Turkey—whatever is your favorite or affordable main dish for this joyous day—with chestnut dressing and cranberry sauce and fat little pork sausages for a garnish. Sweet potato soufflé and celery and green beans and tomato salad then a hot pudding with hard sauce beside rolls and butter and pickles and raisins and figs and nuts and candy of all sorts. The traditional feast for which Mom and her distaff conspirators go all the way out and for which you can find a juicier description than mine in Dickens or Washington Irving and which is probably a dietary abomination—but good.

Bon appétit. You deserve it because you have waited a long time for this first Christmas of the new peace and because what you accomplished was mighty and decisive notwithstanding the current disposition of the European press—now that the war is over and the prestige scramble for credit is on—to sneer and belittle. Therefore enjoy your dinner without reservation; enjoy the best Christmas dinner that any ordinary people on earth will have.

Don't let the news from Europe—it will be at its worst and most depressing just about this time—stay your fork. Even if you were in typical American generosity, willing to give up half or three quarters of your dinner to the people of less fortunate countries, they would not actually fetch another calorie or another mouthful to their meager table. The hunger in vast areas of Eurasia this winter is beyond charity. The reasons for this are vast and complex—and are another story. They stem from deep ill, from old grudge and festerings and unbalances, from stupidity and selfishness, from local political inefficiency and corruption and from international bungling and insincerity as well as from man unavoidable factors. None of these can be healed by distant benevolence.

A generation of Europe's children is growing toward the future with empty stomachs but with heads full of confused hatreds. Susceptibility to disease, not pretty theories of re-education, will be their principal teachers in the immediate years ahead.

With respect to the large picture of all this you are daily lulled by impressive statistics of moneys appropriated for UNRRA and relief tonnage shipments by it and other welfare agencies; by sonorous generalization and promises; by statements of eminent personages of what is being done and by statements of opposed eminent personages of what should be done. All these are good and useful in their way. Where that way falls short and what obstacles fall athwart it, we shall presently see; and we only remark now in passing that statistics are not edible and that figures in and for the millions diminish toward the vanishing point before they get down to individuals.

Moreover, your personal apprehensions of the world situation have no doubt been reduced indirectly and unconsciously by the lifting of most of the food rationing at home. That is natural.

Therefore it might be of thoughtful interest to you to cut right down to a smaller picture. Not to the very bottom, to those poor wretches who for one reason or another are unreachable by organized relief and will probably starve. We shall go merely to an average level, to a working class for which you can find a comparison in all countries; to people of a kind and of circumstance that you can recognize around you in the United States. We shall discuss the matter of

their Christmas dinner with a family that will not starve.

Here, then, is Maija Toviaken in Helsinki. Maija is an old friend of yours whom you met in the pages of Collier's ten years ago. She was a "rubber" in a *sauna*, or Finnish steam bath; a blond Amazon with ice-flake eyes, who could knead and toss a naked two-hundred-pound man as easily as she might a pound of bread dough—and as indifferently.

Maija has changed. Her frame is still large but it's all that's left. Her eyes have thawed into rheumy old age. She looks thirty years older than her forty-odd. She is no longer at the *sauna*; that is for the young and lusty. She is a part-time housekeeper for a businessman friend of mine, which is how, fortuitously, I got track of her again. Maija showed me pictures of her two children, ten and fourteen. Their father was killed in the first or "winter" war, as the Finns call it. The photos, she explained, had been taken some time ago. "They do not look so well now." Maija's aged parents are living with her too; permanent refugees from their ancestral farm in Karelia, which the Russians confiscated.

On a gray and forlorn morning with the teeth of winter already in this far-northern air, we talked about the Christmas meal. Apparently it had not occurred to Maija to think ahead to Christmas as something special. Eating was a puzzle to be met and contended with each day as she came to it. She was jolted into a long, silent contemplation of what for her was an imponderable.

"What can we have?" she finally said. "The authorities tell us things will be worse before they are better. And Christmas—the heavy snows and the ice when transportation is hard even in good times will be here then, and there may be no fish at all. Even now though it is not rationed it is difficult enough to buy. It takes a lot of getting up early and standing in line before I come to work at seven in the morning. Potatoes are not rationed either, because there are supposed to be enough to go around. Maybe there are, but I haven't been able to get any for weeks. You see because potatoes and fish are not rationed, the government has not set a price for them, so they run a little short. Their cost is worse than black market.

The Farm Folk Are Better Off

"If my old folks were still on the farm we would be all right. They're the lucky ones, those farmers, they and people who have relatives in Sweden to send them packages. We will have some bread, of course. That's nourishing—but if only we could have butter or lard or anything to spread on it to give it flavor. There isn't any meat for such as us. But I'll get hold of a fish, never you fear, and maybe I can manage a nice potato for each of us if I can get a little ahead with sugar and do some bartering.

"Sugar, the little we ever see of it, is not much good to us anyway except the children like to eat it raw. There's no coffee to put it in and no tea. Nothing to bake or cook that I can use it for. The fish and potatoes I'll have to boil because there's no fat to cook them any other way. Christmas dinner, eh? A lot will depend on luck, I think."

With the best of luck the Christmas dinner for Maija's family will be a few ounces of dry bread, dirty grayish and with the taste of wood dust, a slack-boiled fish, boiled potatoes and perhaps some apples. There might even be a cup of skim milk for each of the children.

With minor differences, governed by climate and geography, that fairly approximates the Christmas dinner to which millions of families in a dozen European countries from the Aegean to the Arctic Circle will sit down. In other days at least some of these people normally fared as well as you. Even today, mind you, they are the fortunate, the provident ones. Other millions won't have nearly so much, if anything at all. There are countless Europeans to whom Maija's dinner would seem as bounteous as yours would to Maija.

Yet even in the United States food will not be all of Christmas this year. Perhaps your home is one of those happy ones in which a chair, vacant these past two or

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Dutch workers form a continuous chain to rebuild their dikes so that flooded land can be reclaimed for farms



In the cities the old men scrabble in the debris for sticks which will give a little warmth to their homes

In Germany the women and children go out into the forests to gather faggots against the cold days of winter



Bitter Harvest

BY RAMONA STEWART

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Story:

The undercurrent of conflict between lusty, domineering FRITZI HALLER and her reckless, strong-headed daughter, PAULA, exploded into open warfare when PAULA turned to EDDIE BENEDICT, notorious owner of a large gambling syndicate, whose wife, ANGELA, had been mysteriously killed in an automobile accident some years ago. For years, PAULA had seen her mother acquire wealth and influence in the desert town of Chuckawalla by means of petty politics and corruption of the law—had watched her run the town and everyone in it, hand in hand with PAT JOHNSON, the sheriff, and BERLE LINDQUIST, the judge. But

PAULA was determined that nothing would keep her from seeing EDDIE: neither FRITZI's threats, nor the warnings of genial LUKE SHELTON, state highway patrolman, who loved her, nor the hostility of JOHNNY RYAN, EDDIE's partner, who hated her because he feared she would persuade EDDIE to give up gambling, served to balk her attempts. It was only when FRITZI had EDDIE thrown into jail, that PAULA, broken-hearted and defeated at last, promised FRITZI anything if she would leave him alone. But the battle was not yet over—before FRITZI could answer, EDDIE arrived at the house, still bleeding from PAT's beating, face violent and deadly . . .

Conclusion

BENEDICT'S white shirt was crumpled, marked by a rough hand. Blood had begun to congeal in the gash that ran the length of his face. His black eyes shone strangely.

For a long, suspended second, no one moved or spoke out. Benedict seemed to be as startled to find Fritzi before him as she was to find him in her house. The judge, who had been caught halfway to the dining room, was standing frozen, staring at Benedict, his delicate white features blank.

Suddenly, Paula from the still-life picture: She ran to Benedict, her hands extended. He drew her to him, one arm about her shoulders.

"What happened to you?" Paula asked. "Johnny?"

"No." He stared at Fritzi. "Pat Johnson." Caution quickened in the judge's eyes.

"I think you'd better get out of here," Fritzi said slowly.

Benedict's eyes appraised her slowly. "I wondered what you'd look like," he said.

"If you broke jail, they'll be after you," Fritzi said. "I'm going to like handing you over."

Benedict smiled. There was nothing nice about the smile. "I was beaten up, but I wasn't booked. There won't be any handing over." He clasped Paula's shoulder again and then released her. "We're going to get married, kid. Tonight."

Before Paula could speak, Fritzi moved from the hallway.

"You've got an ironclad nerve," she said.

As Benedict continued to stand in front of her, not moving, she turned to Judge Lindquist. "What are you going to do, Berle?" she asked.

He smiled nervously. "I can scarcely throw your guests out, Fritzi."

She continued to stand there, waiting.

He glanced back and forth between her and Benedict. "Now, Fritzi," he said.

"He broke into my house."

"I—" He stopped, uncertain.

Fritzi turned from him in disgust. She crossed to the hall telephone and picked it up. "Give me the sheriff's office."

When the connection was made, she spoke rapidly. "Pat? Eddie Benedict is here at my house. Now. I want him arrested." There was a long pause, as Johnson's answer came back to her. Slowly, her face grew hard and she put down the phone without speaking again.

Berle Lindquist had grown pale and old looking.

"You're through," Benedict told them. "You and Johnson and the judge here. I thought I'd let you find out for yourself."

Fritzi ignored him. "Berle—"

Without waiting to hear her, Lindquist turned and went into the parlor. When he returned, his coat was over his arm. "Pat Johnson is insane," he said. "But you are just a stupid woman. I should have known better than to countenance the influence either of you has had in this town."

"Berle—"

He shook his head. "Good night, Fritzi."

Without looking back, he let himself out the front door.

Benedict smiled. "Don't worry," he said. "The ship's sinking, but it's a long swim to shore. He won't make it."

She clasped her hands behind her back and stood staring at him. "Get out of my house," she said with slow emphasis.

He nodded. "I will." He spoke softly to Paula. "Get your coat, kid. We're driving across the state line and be married."

"Eddie—"

"I can't stand any more of this," he said vehemently. "Do you love me?"

Paula looked steadily at Fritzi before she answered. "Yes."

"Then you're coming with me now," he told her.

"I'll get my coat." She turned.

"Hurry up." His voice was strained.

She went up the stairs toward her room.

AS PAULA passed the telephone in the upstairs hallway, she stopped. A little frown narrowed the space between her eyebrows. She picked up the instrument.

"Highway Patrol." We have a score to settle, Luke, she thought. Just between the two of us. Before I go. If you had—

Luke Sheldon came to the other end of the telephone.

"Hello," she said.

"What is it, Paula?" He sounded casual, almost disinterested. Her earlier anger went through her again.

(Continued on page 53)



I can't stand it any more, Paula thought, getting to her feet. The confusion of her thoughts resolved then into one impulse—to get away



This method of killing deer, "jacking" them with light in a clearing, is illegal. No respectable hunter will do it

EIGHT million deer hunters! A force about three fourths as large as this nation's Army at peak strength! At least that many took to the field this year. The vast host of men and women who hunt deer each year was swollen by war workers finding their first opportunity for a well-earned vacation, and by great numbers of returned veterans who have been trained in the use of the rifle.

It is an amazing figure, in spite of the fact that we are, traditionally, a nation of riflemen. The war has swollen the ranks of gun pointers and trigger squeezers. City boys, who once had to content themselves with pointing a stick and shouting "Bang! Bang!" have learned how to handle high-powered rifles. Boys from rural communities, where the rifle over the mantel is a family institution, have become experts in the use of that weapon. Now that they are back home once more, they want to continue using their rifles. Big-game hunting offers them their golden opportunity and, in America, big game mostly means deer. They are the most plentiful of our larger game animals, they offer the greatest challenge to the skill of the hunter, and they are found in every state in the Union.

Unfortunately, as soon as the veteran announces that he is going deer hunting, he will be beset by well-meaning, sincere, but badly misinformed people. He will be accused by thoughtless people of all sorts of base motives underlying his desire to go hunting, when all he is looking for is exhilarating ex-

ercise, the peace and silence of the great woods, and a chance to pit his gun and his skill against the wiles of a deer. To many of these veterans, the America they fought for was the wood lot, and the forest, and the mountains they remembered from their youth. Deer hunting is their opportunity to meet them more intimately. There is no reason for them to feel apologetic about their desire to hunt.

People who have never gone hunting, and who are not familiar either with deer or the methods of hunting them, permit their sentimental misconceptions to form their judgment. Fairy tales, pretty pictures of gamboling fawns, does with maternal instincts, and majestic stags posing for calendar ads gen-

erally form their judgment. Undoubtedly, there are sincere people among them, and it is their honest belief that such a vast army of hunters descending upon the deer will quickly exterminate the existing herds.

Such fears are groundless. There are perhaps more deer in this country today than there were in the days of the Indians, and far more than there were a century ago. Modern methods of conservation and wise game laws have replaced the wanton selfishness of the

early settlers and the market hunters. And among the modern methods of conservation, the hunting of deer is considered an essential for the preservation of the species. We must kill some of the deer in order that we may continue to have deer.

And, in a few states, maybe a doe. Hunters killed more than half a million deer in 1943, and almost as many in 1944. This year the bag may be even greater, for the host of deer hunters has been increased by thousands of ex-servicemen

SHOOT A BUCK!

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

Civilization has helped disturb the balance of nature, and conservation must restore it artificially. When the white man first came to this continent, the deer lived in the valleys and the lowlands, and were constantly hunted by the Indians, and by wolves and panthers. The white man took over the lowlands for his agriculture, and drove the deer back into the forests and up onto the mountains.

The deer are browsing animals whose main diet consists of buds, tender twigs, and the leaves of a variety of young trees and shrubs. In the darkness of the primitive forest, there was little or no underbrush on which they could feed, thrive and multiply normally. Then, too, man and the predators followed after them and hunted them almost to extinction. However, the lumberman, who followed the farmer, gave the deer a new lease on life. He cut down the giant trees, and, as a result, the sunlight penetrated to the floor of the forest, and a maze of young timber and shrub sprang up, offering both food and cover from the deer's natural enemies.

The deer began then to stage a comeback. When the cattlemen and sheepherders killed off the predators, especially the wolves and panthers that preyed on their flocks, the deer lost their last natural enemy.

In sections where men did not hunt them, the deer multiplied, and the herds grew to such proportions that the range did not possess enough feed for all of them. They weakened, and disease ravaged them, and they

(Continued on page 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOLDEN



Fall from Grace

BY BRENDAN GILL

A moving story about a child whose humiliation and failure before those who loved him were almost too much to bear

MARK BOWEN'S brother, Edward, and both his sisters were dead set against his attending the wedding. Mrs. Bowen and Anna, Mark's nurse, favored it, while his father, always the final arbiter, reserved decision until the morning of the great day.

Edward, who was ten, said, "You know what'll happen, don't you? You know what always does when Mark gets excited? He throws up."

Mrs. Bowen said, "We won't talk about it at table, dear."

Ellen, the older of the two girls said, "Then he'll get cold and cry. He'll spoil everything."

Catharine, usually his closest ally, abandoned him by asking, "Then won't Aunt Lily be married? Won't it count?"

"Of course she'll be married, dear."

Catharine kicked the rungs of her chair in relief. "Because Anna says that Aunt Lily wants an awful lot to be married; she says she's waited a long time."

"Little pitchers have big ears," Mrs. Bowen said, in mild reproof. "Your Aunt Lily's making a fine match."

The only match familiar to Mark was the kind by which he had once been burned, but he joined his mother in laughter to show that he was keeping abreast of the conversation. Mrs. Bowen nearly always laughed when she spoke of Aunt Lily, then bit her lip, and said, "But she's as good as gold, really, poor thing."

Ignoring Mark for a moment, Edward said, "Will I have to wear my best suit?"

"Certainly, dear."

"Is Dad getting dolled up, too?"

"Your father will be going straight from the office to the church. He won't have time to change his clothes, but he'll be wearing a stiff collar. He promised."

Contemptuously, Edward said, "What would Mark wear—a baby dress?"

He could wear his last summer's sailor suit," Mrs. Bowen said. "It still almost fits."

"With my whistle," Mark said. "I could blow my whistle." Then, perceiving that he had said the wrong thing, he added: "Only, of course, I wouldn't. Nobody blows a whistle in church."

DOCTOR BOWEN felt unusually cheerful on the morning of the wedding. He hummed Old Gray Mare while he shaved, and at the end of every stanza he set a dab of soap on the tip of Mark's nose.

Mark crouched near the foot of the wide mahogany bed, resting his hands on its carved crossbar, and listened to the scraping sound of the razor on his father's gray stubble, the hearty, meaningless song, and his mother's voice as she walked back and forth between bathroom and bedroom. Mark liked to be allowed to sit in the big, sunny room while his mother and father dressed. Neither Edward nor Ellen would share their secrets with him, but he had a feeling that, without understanding most of what was said, he shared his mother's and father's secrets.

Standing in the bathroom doorway and drawing the razor with a flourish down his plump cheeks, Doctor Bowen said, "Lily must be feeling fine today."

Mrs. Bowen glanced at her reflection in the mirror over the dressing (Continued on page 43)

His mother walked ahead of Aunt Lily and Uncle Howard and just as she passed the pew, she whispered, "Darling," and winked at Mark

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN HUR BAZ

Westerns are Back in the West

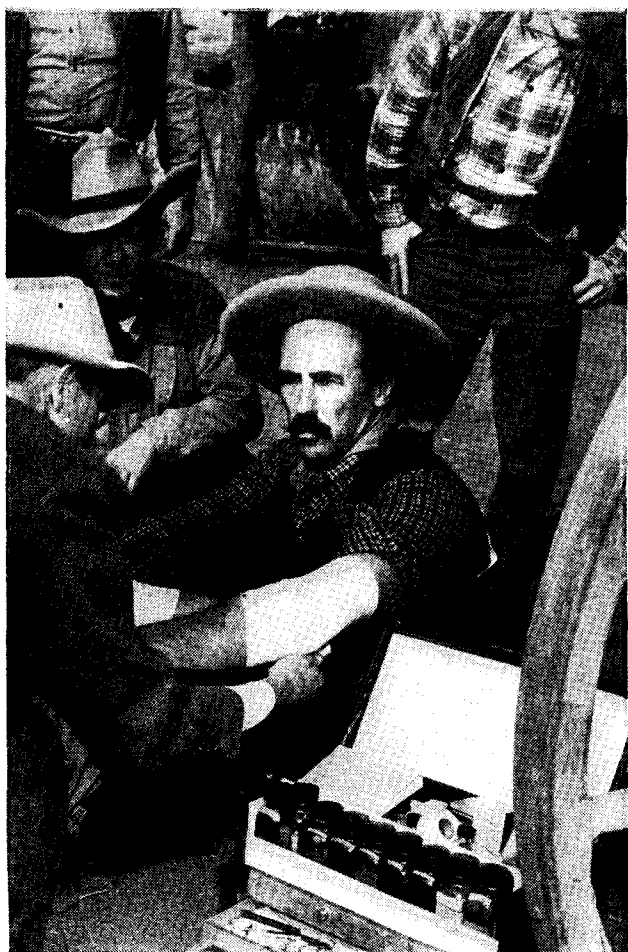
BY JIM MARSHALL

Oat Oprys, submerged by the war, are staging a revival. Come along into the desert and see how they're made

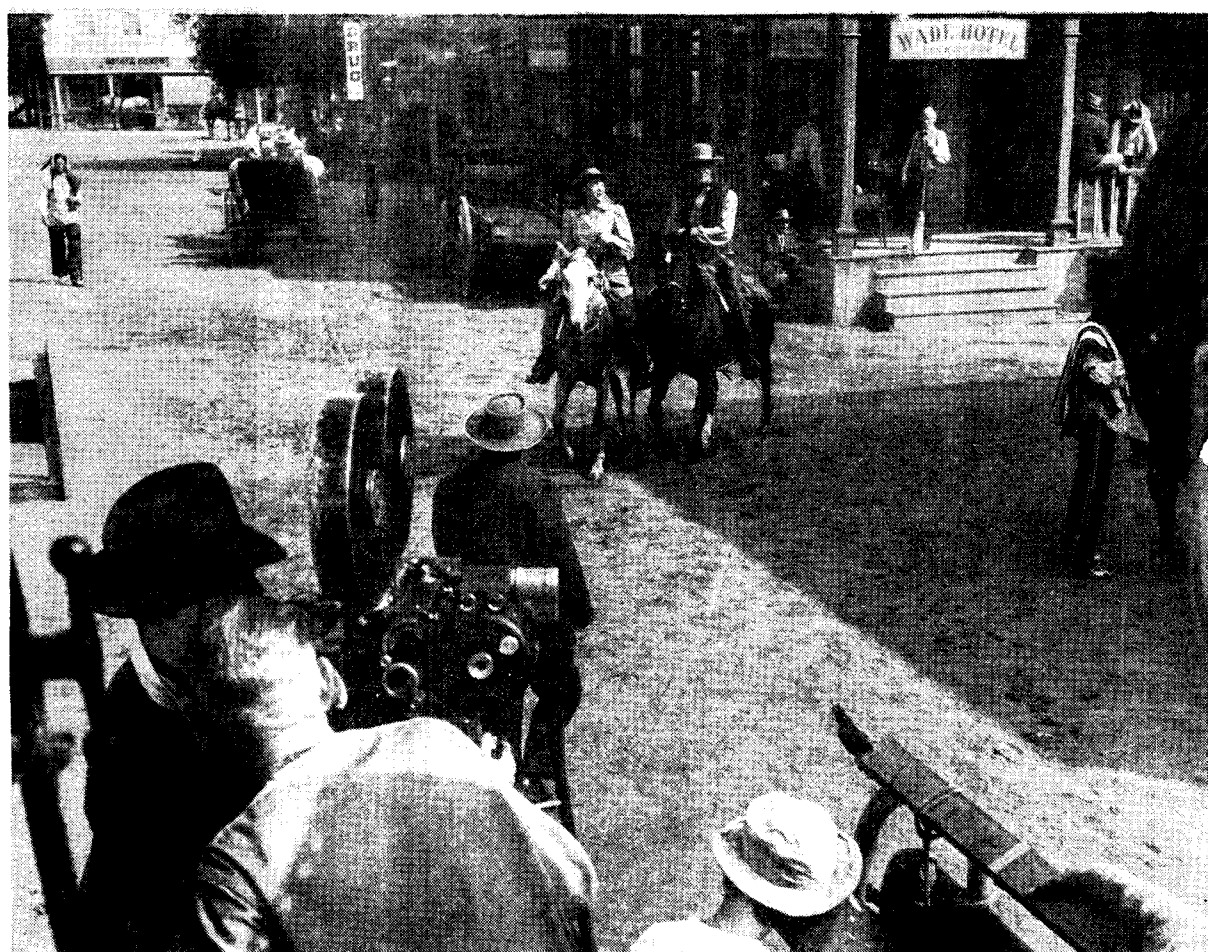
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN



The making of a Western usually follows a pattern. These are typical scenes on a set. Here James Warren fills in time playing cards—often he sketches



The droop of his mustache marks John Halloran as an old-timer in this Western about early Oklahoma



Randolph Scott portrays a traditional, hard-fighting sheriff, but the crusading woman's editor, lovely Ann Richards, isn't sure of his intentions. They join forces and here they ride down the main street

YOU can make a movie for \$50,000 or \$5,000,000, but if someone asks you to guess which is more likely to be profitable, you had better choose the little \$50,000 number. This is because almost certainly it will be a Western, and no Western has lost money since Cecil B. de Mille landed in Hollywood. The epics and colossals and deluxers make money sometimes and prestige sometimes—sometimes both, and often neither. But the bread and butter of most movie concerns comes out of the mustang mellers and oat oprys, as the literary boys call them. It's the profit on these that allows the studio esthetes to go arty or "significant" in Technicolor on the A pictures.

A Western has come to mean almost any picture made outdoors, whether it's cowboys-and-Indians, sheriffs-and-train-bandits or Northwest Mounties and half-breed killers. A Western spurns love interest almost altogether, glorifies the homely virtues, makes

right always triumphant and runs about an hour on the screen. Its heroes and heroines may gallop madly for miles over the dusty, heat-baked desert, but they always arrive for the close-ups with every hair in place, clothes neatly pressed and with only the gentlest glow of perspiration. Only villains sweat. But how they sweat!

You can make a good Western for \$100,000. You'll need about thirty or forty people, a fleet of cars, busses and trucks, a camera and some sound-recording equipment and a script. After that, all you have to find is a location, and start shooting. Your company will run from stars, a producer, a director and character actors along through make-up men, electricians, cameramen, sound experts and wranglers, to lampmen and grips.

During the war, Westerns had tough going for three reasons: Travel restrictions made it hard to get to locations; the sudden spate of war pictures proved hard competition.

There was a curious third handicap: Kids all over the country started packing guns into theaters and beating the sheriff or the bad man to the draw. This was especially true in the West, where personal six-shooters still are standard equipment in many places and the kids can snatch them out of the Old Man's holster.

Foiling the Young Gun Toters

After a few score movie screens had been punctured, canny exhibitors placed barrels in their lobbies and attached crude signs inviting juvenile gunmen to park their gats before entering. Since this was in the tradition of the Old West, the kids fell in with the spirit of the thing and worked off their exuberance by hissing the villain and jeering heartily at any manifestation of worldly love on the part of anyone—hero, heroine or villain.

Another reason for the temporary eclipse of Westerns was the heavy pressure on studios to make propaganda pictures, plus the fact that, for once, the studios were making so much money they didn't need Westerns to contribute basic income. They could run raw film backward through the projectors, and people would pay to see it.

Of late, there have been signs that people are tiring of war pictures; and so the mountains, mesas, mining camps, canyons and deserts are coming alive again, with movie companies shooting the old, old plots that never grow old—the gold mines that never peter out.

Few mines ever paid five for one in six months—but any Western that didn't would be classed as a floperoo. It has to be a dreadful epic that won't return half a million dollars for a layout of a hundred thousand. The solemn executives of great steel, motor, oil and electric concerns who proudly announce

Collier's for December 8, 1945



Sound recorders, engineers and producers scurry to get this scene ready. The picture is RKO Radio's "Bad Man of Territory," directed by Tim Whelan.



Between shots—Familiar characters of Westerns: gaudy, seductive dance-hall girls with feathers, ruffles, black net stockings and, of course, bare shoulders.



During the lull, James Warren watches the activity of the cameramen, unmindful of curvaceous Bonnie Blair in her dancing finery. She's busy making repairs.

eight per cent profits might glance at the humble Western producers—and blow it.

A thorough survey of movie popularity would show its heroes and heroines well ahead of the big names of movies. In fact, Western stars now are set apart in popularity polls because they run so far ahead of the Gables, Crawfords, Lamarrs and Temples that it isn't funny—at least, not to the producers of two-million-dollar epics. Yet the names of the ten toppers in the poll would be almost unknown to a great majority of sophisticated city folks.

If you'd like to see how they make it, Westerns come along with Producer Herman Schlom and an RKO crew. They are going to shoot *Wanderer of the Wasteland*, originally a Zane Grey story.

Some quickie Westerns are made in six days flat, with the shooting scheduled on a split-second basis. Any scenes that don't get filmed are just torn out of the script and

thrown away. *Wasteland*, however, is scheduled for sixteen days and will cost about \$100,000. Some days only ten or fifteen scenes will get into the camera.

A five-hour drive from Hollywood takes us to the Owens Valley town of Lone Pine, in Inyo County, a couple of hundred miles northwest of Hollywood, probably the most photographed spot on earth.

A Land of Strange Contrasts

The place is remarkable in that it contains every known kind of scenery except the polar, and that within a distance of a few miles are the highest and lowest spots in the continental United States. Mount Whitney, 14,495 feet high, is the top of the country; Death Valley, 280 feet below sea level, is the bottom.

Inyo has everything—incredibly old country like the Alabama hills, which geologists

say are remains of one of the earth's oldest ranges; mountains so new that the wind and the snow haven't yet softened their sharp jaggedness; it has lakes, forests, deserts, plains, sand dunes, old mining towns and saloons, lush farms, cow and sheep ranges. Naval battles and shipwrecks have been filmed on its lakes—before the studios built their own private oceans on back lots. You can find replicas of the Khyber Pass, the Australian desert, a Tibetan plateau, the Maine woods, Russian steppes or just plain old American prairie—and without traveling more than an hour or two, either.

Actors in Westerns sometimes almost parch to death on the burning desert and nearly freeze their fingers off clinging to an ice ledge 8,000 feet up on Whitney, all in the same day—maybe riding herd on a bunch of beef cattle past an alfalfa patch on the way.

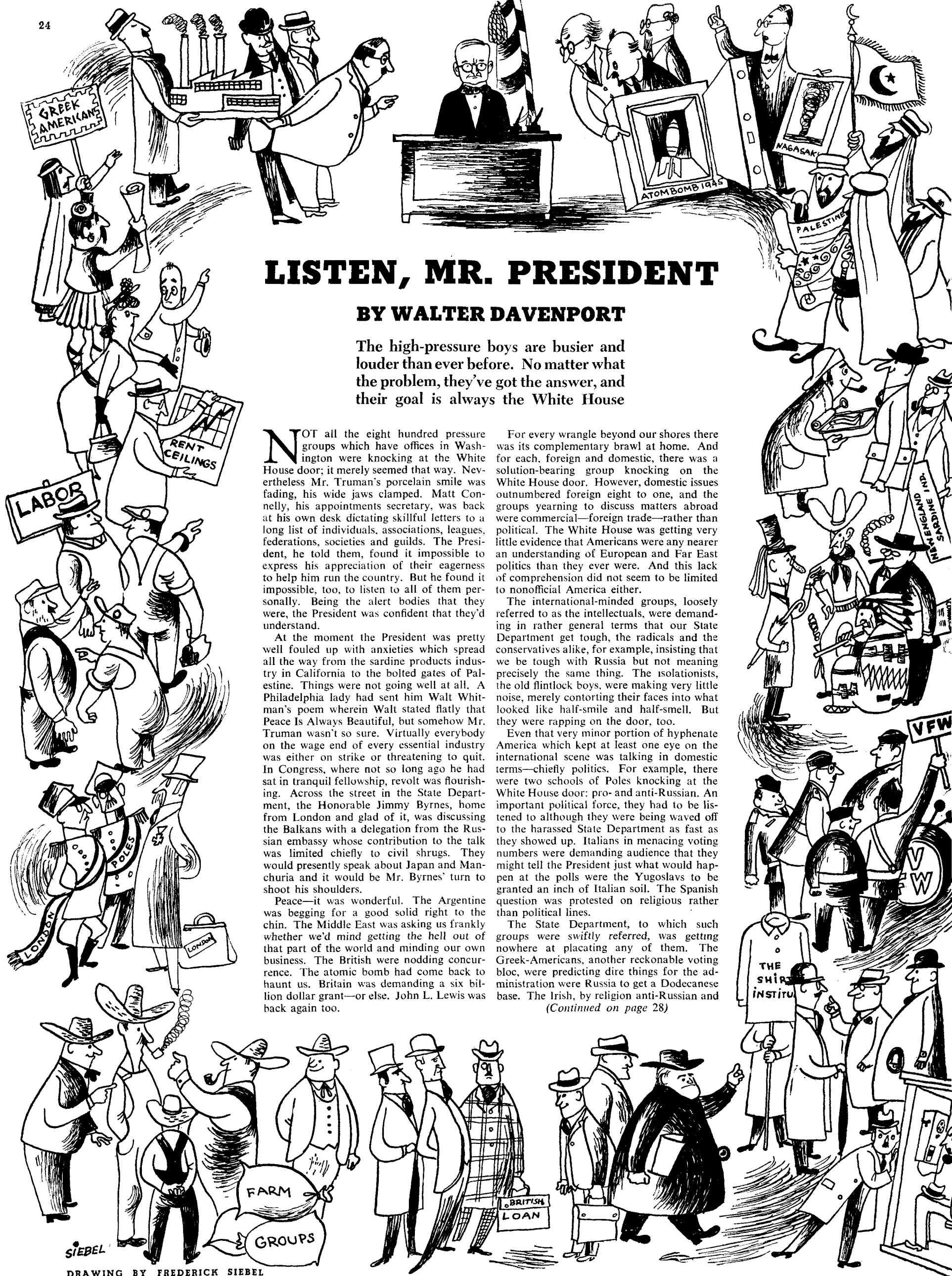
We bump slowly over the Chloride desert to the location, which is a dusty wagon track.

In this scene, Papa, Mamma and little Chico are traveling over the wasteland in a creaking schooner, driving a small flock of sheep ahead of them. Papa is singing an old Irish song. He's Harry Brown. Mamma is Minerva Urecal. Both are veteran character actors.

To photograph and record this are two trucks, coupled rigidly by an iron bar. Ahead is the sound truck, with cables leading to the microphone at the end of a long boom held by a man on the trailing camera truck, an open platform arrangement. In front of the sound truck is a similar camera platform for taking "going-away" shots. A little to one side and in the rear of the camera truck is the prairie wagon. It's spotted to the side so that the truck's tire tracks won't show in the picture.

The scene is rehearsed a few times. Then the rear end of a 30-foot truck goes down.

(Continued on page 77)



LISTEN, MR. PRESIDENT

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

The high-pressure boys are busier and louder than ever before. No matter what the problem, they've got the answer, and their goal is always the White House

NOT all the eight hundred pressure groups which have offices in Washington were knocking at the White House door; it merely seemed that way. Nevertheless Mr. Truman's porcelain smile was fading, his wide jaws clamped. Matt Connelly, his appointments secretary, was back at his own desk dictating skillful letters to a long list of individuals, associations, leagues, federations, societies and guilds. The President, he told them, found it impossible to express his appreciation of their eagerness to help him run the country. But he found it impossible, too, to listen to all of them personally. Being the alert bodies that they were, the President was confident that they'd understand.

At the moment the President was pretty well fouled up with anxieties which spread all the way from the sardine products industry in California to the bolted gates of Palestine. Things were not going well at all. A Philadelphia lady had sent him Walt Whitman's poem wherein Walt stated flatly that Peace Is Always Beautiful, but somehow Mr. Truman wasn't so sure. Virtually everybody on the wage end of every essential industry was either on strike or threatening to quit. In Congress, where not so long ago he had sat in tranquil fellowship, revolt was flourishing. Across the street in the State Department, the Honorable Jimmy Byrnes, home from London and glad of it, was discussing the Balkans with a delegation from the Russian embassy whose contribution to the talk was limited chiefly to civil shrugs. They would presently speak about Japan and Manchuria and it would be Mr. Byrnes' turn to shoot his shoulders.

Peace—it was wonderful. The Argentine was begging for a good solid right to the chin. The Middle East was asking us frankly whether we'd mind getting the hell out of that part of the world and minding our own business. The British were nodding concurrence. The atomic bomb had come back to haunt us. Britain was demanding a six billion dollar grant—or else. John L. Lewis was back again too.

For every wrangle beyond our shores there was its complementary brawl at home. And for each, foreign and domestic, there was a solution-bearing group knocking on the White House door. However, domestic issues outnumbered foreign eight to one, and the groups yearning to discuss matters abroad were commercial—foreign trade—rather than political. The White House was getting very little evidence that Americans were any nearer an understanding of European and Far East politics than they ever were. And this lack of comprehension did not seem to be limited to nonofficial America either.

The international-minded groups, loosely referred to as the intellectuals, were demanding in rather general terms that our State Department get tough, the radicals and the conservatives alike, for example, insisting that we be tough with Russia but not meaning precisely the same thing. The isolationists, the old flintlock boys, were making very little noise, merely contorting their faces into what looked like half-smile and half-smell. But they were rapping on the door, too.

Even that very minor portion of hyphenate America which kept at least one eye on the international scene was talking in domestic terms—chiefly politics. For example, there were two schools of Poles knocking at the White House door: pro- and anti-Russian. An important political force, they had to be listened to although they were being waved off to the harassed State Department as fast as they showed up. Italians in menacing voting numbers were demanding audience that they might tell the President just what would happen at the polls were the Yugoslavs to be granted an inch of Italian soil. The Spanish question was protested on religious rather than political lines.

The State Department, to which such groups were swiftly referred, was getting nowhere at placating any of them. The Greek-Americans, another reckonable voting bloc, were predicting dire things for the administration were Russia to get a Dodecanese base. The Irish, by religion anti-Russian and

(Continued on page 28)



It made hot news by cooling a tire

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

EVERY time a wheel on your car turns, a section of the tire flattens out or flexes as it contacts the road. This action (it happens about 15,000,000 times in 20,000 miles!) makes heat within your tire. And heat is a deadly enemy of rubber.

Long before the war, Goodyear pioneered the fight against tire heat by developing a *rayon cord* which gives a thinner, stronger tire generating less heat. Goodyear used rayon in making millions of truck and army tires during the war. But, some day soon, Goodyear Tires made with rayon will be

ready for *your car* . . . to give such mileage, safety and comfort as you have never before known in a tire. A set of these new, cool-running Goodyears will probably last longer than you will want to keep your car!

The perfection of the rayon cord passenger tire — another Goodyear “first” — is the biggest tire news since Goodyear’s development of the multiple-ply cord tire itself, 33 years ago. And its early appearance on the road will be still another reason why “more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.”

A pioneer in rubber and the world’s leading tire builder, Goodyear also is an experienced worker in many other fields — metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics . . . constantly developing new products that will serve you better.



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

THE WAY MEN ARE

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

a short short story complete on this page

Robert Fink



THE faraway noises of midtown Manhattan getting ready for another Saturday night drifted up the twenty stories and intruded in the half-dark, paper-littered office like muted jazz music in a morgue.

Al sat slumped at his desk for the last time, a slim, dark-haired man in his early thirties, with his desk drawers picked clean and five years of hopes and dreams and memories piled high in the wastebasket at his feet.

He looked up as Kennedy walked in briskly and stuck out his hand.

"Well . . . all the luck in the world, Al," Kennedy said. "Keep in touch, will you?"

"Thanks," Al said, taking the hand. "I sure will."

The hell he would!

Kennedy avoided his eyes. "And I want you to feel that if the new job doesn't pan out, your old desk will be waiting for you."

"Thanks," Al said. Kennedy didn't mean a word of it, and he knew that Al knew it, but that was all right. It was part of the ritual.

Kennedy's heels clicked down the hall to the elevator, and then Al was alone with the distant music of the streets, and his crowding thoughts—and Hilda.

He could hear her pattering around in Kennedy's office, doing all the unnecessary little things that were so necessary to her because they delayed her inevitable journey uptown to a lonely dinner—and the gay, romantic evening that happened only to other girls.

"Hey, Hilda!" Al stared vacantly out of the window at the lights in the tall buildings. "Don't you ever go home? It's twenty after six."

"Don't be silly," she sang out. "I love it here. I pay Mr. Kennedy to let me work overtime. You poor thing. I'll bet you're sorry you're leaving."

"Yeah," he said, hurling a paper clip hard against the wall. "You said it."

He was thinking about the first meeting with Kennedy, and the first meetings with all the bosses he had ever worked for. The love at first sight, like it is with a woman. The enthusiasm and the striving and the feeling that this is going to be the real thing. And then the gradual falling out of love, the slow melting of work into monotony, into discontent, and the desperate search for new fulfillment, always winding up on Saturday night with him in front of an empty desk and a full wastebasket, wondering if the next one were going to be any different.

He was thinking about a lot of things and, perhaps because he could hear her behind the partition, and because so much of his life on the twentieth floor of this office building had been part of her life, and hers part of his, and it was all ending now, he kept thinking of Hilda.

He thought of Hilda with her slip always showing. He thought of the limp hair and the thick ankles and the shapeless lump of a body and the querulous voice and the myopic eyes peering hopefully through rimless glasses at a world that would always come into focus a little beyond her reach. And he wondered, as he had wondered so many times, whether being ugly on the outside was any worse than being the way he was, and whether he too would some day discover a fantasy that helped.

HE RECALLED the first time she had complained to him about being annoyed by men. That one had been a man standing next to her on a crowded subway. Al had been with the firm only a few days, so he hadn't said anything. And then one rainy day when they had sent down for lunch and she had told him all about the fellow who kept calling her for a date, who claimed he'd noticed her in the elevator, Al had been on the verge of making a crack. But he had caught the look on her face, and something had kept him from doing it then, or ever after.

"It's awful, the way men are," she always said, visiting at his desk when things got slow.

"Leave . . . me . . . alone!" Hilda twisted in his arms, but Al grasped her head in his hands and kissed her

"Why, what happened?" Al would ask, as though he didn't know, approximately.

"Oh, last night I was at the movies and there was a man sitting next to me—a nice-looking man, too—and he started to work his arm around the back of my chair, and before the picture was over, he had his hand on my shoulder and he was talking to me and trying to make a date. The nerve!"

And when she told it to a girl friend over the phone, the man had even kissed her.

Al had heard plenty from Hilda in five years, and so had others. He had heard about all the men who had bothered her on the beaches and street corners and trolleys and subways and busses, and in the elevators and movie houses, and by mail and telephone, and always it had been in the same outraged, indignant voice, and when he was unable to look her in the face as she told these things to him, he never knew whether it was because he was afraid of laughing or afraid of crying.

SOMEWHERE in another world an impatient cab driver was leaning on his horn, and at the other end of the hall a girl was laughing a Saturday-night laugh, and a voice was calling to him.

"I'm going now, Al." It was Hilda. "Will you turn out the lights when you leave?"

He got up from the desk and stood in the doorway, watching her primping hopelessly before the mirror in the anteroom. Her whole body seemed to sag in weary, dispirited surrender to the glass.

She opened the door. "You won't forget an old friend, will you? Be sure to phone us once in a while."

"Of course I will," he said, knowing that he'd never even see her again because she'd always be just a terribly homely girl whose heartbreak he had once known.

"I guess it's goodbye, Al." She smiled her crooked little smile.

He stepped across the room quickly. "Wait a minute," he said. He took her hand and closed the door and pulled her close.

"Al," she said breathlessly. For a fleeting moment, her eyes searched his face eagerly, and then she drew back bewildered at what she saw there.

"Give us a kiss, honey, come on." He put a hand on her shoulder and his arm around her waist. "I've always wanted to—"

"Please, Al." She was backing into the corner, her face pale and frightened. "Al."

"Come on, Hilda. Stay here. You don't have to go yet." Both his arms were around her waist now and he bent his head to kiss her. "Just one little one, come on."

"Leave . . . me . . . alone!" She twisted in his arms but he shifted his hold, grasping her head tightly in his hands, and he pressed his lips hard on hers.

"Don't!" she choked. With a sudden surge of desperation she broke away and with all her strength, she lashed out and slapped him sharply in the face. It felt like a thousand hot whips.

"You're just like the rest of them!" she cried harshly, her lips trembling. "You're all alike!"

With a little cry, she opened the door and ran out into the hall.

"Goodbye, Hilda," he said softly to himself.

He could hear her hurrying down the corridor and then she was in the elevator, and he knew that by the time she reached the street her heart would have stopped pounding; the terrible hurt would already have started to heal, and in its place would come a new belief in herself.

He put on his hat and coat and took one long, last look at the office. Then he snapped off the lights and stepped out into the hall and watched the door slowly lock shut on part of his life. Somehow he didn't feel as bad as he had thought he would.

In a week or so, another man would be sitting at his desk. And when the work slowed down, or when Kennedy was gone for the day, or when it was raining out and there'd be luncheon sandwiches and coffee sent up from the drugstore, Hilda would be telling her stories to someone new. Only now, it would be different.

Always, for her, at least, it would be different.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FINK

YOUR PHILCO DEALER CAN TELL YOU NOW—

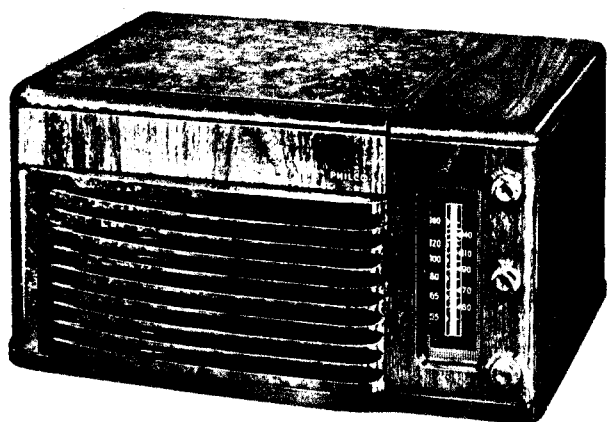
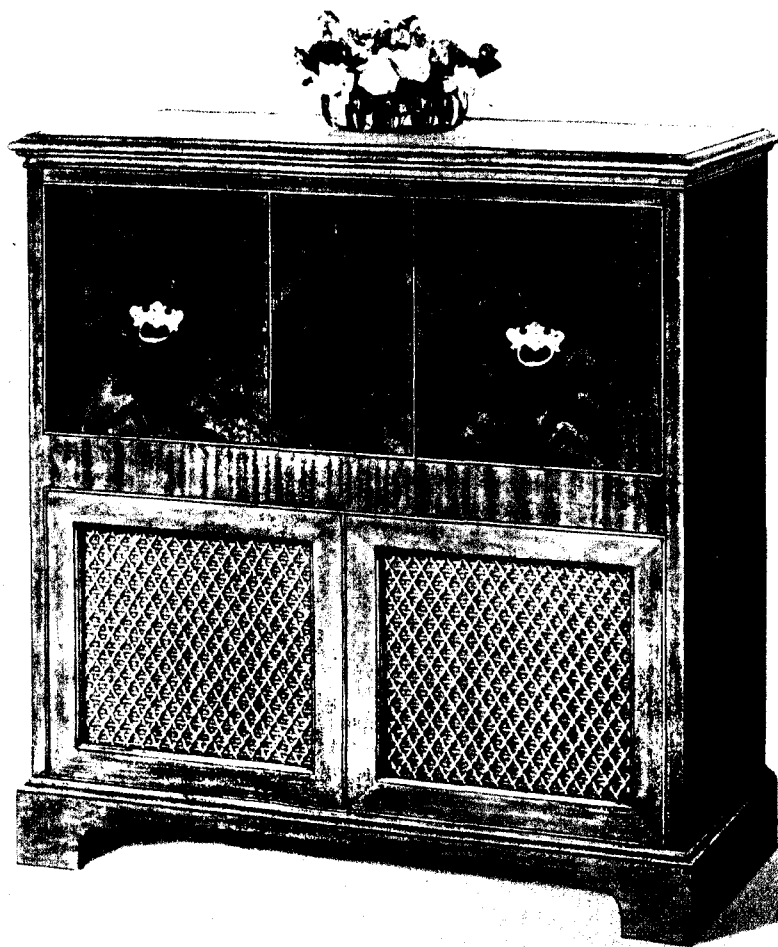


What's new in Radio from Philco, the Leader!

Yes, your Philco dealer has the full story now . . . and it's sensational! Philco returns to its unbroken record of radio leadership *ten years ahead of four years ago!* Again, from the laboratories of the leader come the newest and greatest radio and phonograph developments . . . electronic achievements that bring you a thrilling advance in the enjoyment of radio and recorded music, in tone, performance and beauty. Visit your Philco dealer today . . . he's ready to tell you and show you *the great and exciting news!*

Sensational Radio Phonograph Developments

New Philco Dynamic Reproducer . . . New Philco Automatic Record Changers . . . New Philco Advanced-FM System . . . New Philco Automatic Record Player . . . exquisite new cabinet designs . . . yes, new heights of radio-phonograph enjoyment.



Automatic Table Model Phonographs

Table radio-phonographs with Automatic Record Changer . . . brand new in design and convenience. Even the single record radio-phonograph is now *automatic*, thanks to an amazing Philco invention.

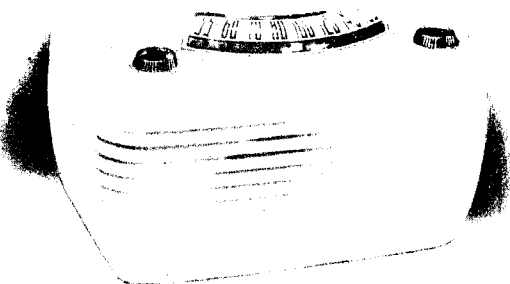
Greatest Performing Portables Ever Built



By actual test, the greatest performance ever achieved in a portable radio, even in the most difficult locations. Plays anywhere, indoors or outdoors, on any house current or self-contained battery. It's a sensation!

Exquisite Table Model Radios

A complete selection of compact and table model radios, exquisite in design, using modern plastic and new wood effects. Every one a tremendous value for the price in superb tone, powerful performance and modern cabinet beauty.



PHILCO

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the World Over*

TUNE IN! The Radio Hall of Fame, Sundays, 6 P.M., EST; Don McNeill and the Breakfast Club, Monday through Friday, 9:45 A.M., EST; ABC (Blue) Network.

Listen, Mr. President

Continued from page 24

by tradition anti-British, were trying to serve notice that disaster awaited the Democratic Party were a spadeful of earth given the former or a dollar granted the latter. Thus and thus.

Overwhelmingly, however, the audience-seekers have homework on their minds—domestic matters. Our foreign relations would take care of themselves. Jimmy Byrnes was a grand fellow and a smooth politician. He'd take care of our foreign relations. Let's get to work, Mr. President, let's get to work here in St. Joe, Minneapolis, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Seattle. Listen, Mr. President.

Some don't know the difference between Dalmatia and Iraq but want their G.I.s home. Do like the Shah or King, or whatever he is, says, they say—get out of the Middle East and release building and manufacturing materials so we can get busy. See? Make food price control permanent and don't let the landlords raise the rent, but give us a minimum hourly wage of sixty cents for forty hours. And listen, Mr. President, you know your way around Capitol Hill. Force Congress to give us at least twenty-five bucks a week for at least twenty-six weeks if we can't get a job. You know how.

Here's a group that wants immigration barriers lowered. Their office is just across the street from one which is ready to show you with charts and statistics that there is one sure way to lower the proud American standard of living—lower immigration barriers. They'll deny that they are prejudiced against any race or religion but—well, they say, look at the record. What record? Their record.

And here's a committee representing such political strength that they have to be heard. They're Negroes. They refuse to forget Congress' emasculation of the Fair Employment Practices Committee. Also they want Mr. Truman to appoint a Negro as one of six administrative assistants. They say that Mr. Roosevelt promised it. Incidentally half of the applicants for audiences say that: that Mr. Roosevelt had promised them something. Maybe so, maybe so, but Mr. Truman has no way of knowing what Mr. Roosevelt said, how he said it, and what he was thinking of when and if he said it.

Pressure Groups Date 'Way Back

There's nothing new about all this. There have been pressure groups, pull-and-haul committees, logrolling leagues, special interest seekers, lobbyists, shills, and tub-thumpers knocking at the White House door ever since Jefferson and Hamilton slugged it out on Federalism. Pressure groups started work as far back as 1768, when the present Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York was organized. Boston founded a Chamber soon thereafter and today's Board of Underwriters of New York, known then as the National Board of Marine Underwriters, came into being in 1820 and began at once to raise lots of noise.

Before 1865, such trade organizations as the American Iron and Steel Institute, the Wool Manufacturers, the Brewers Association, the Writing Paper Manufacturers, the Medical Association and the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to name a few, were telling new Presidents how to run the country. And between 1865 and 1875 the stove, silk, chemical, flour and jewelry industries had hard-working lobbies marching up and down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the White House. Nothing new, merely more of it.

They have a completely legal right to exist. There it is, clear and cold in the Bill of Rights: "Congress shall make no law abridging . . . the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Today the pressure group, the ballyhoo boy, the lobbyist, whatever you choose to call him, is a bit more adroit than the old silk-hat legislation buyer of our callower years. In some state legislatures there is still more than a suggestion of the old days when legislators

took their seats poor but pure and left them rich and rancid. Huey Long announced with complete justification that he "bought and sold 'em like sacks of potatoes." He did, too.

But in spite of much written and spoken innuendo, national legislators who are directly or even indirectly purchasable are today happily rare. There are, of course, a few but we've discussed it with a number of newspaper correspondents who are unanimous in saying that ninety-nine per cent of our national legislators are honest men in the common definition of that term. A smaller percentage, they agree, are intellectually honest too. A great deal regarding the reasons for the improved morals of Congress might be written but there's scarcely room for it here.

The eight hundred pressure groups with offices in Washington vary in size all the way from two and three persons to whom there is nothing quite so important as colonial antique furniture, to expensive suites filled with economists, statisticians and literary and oratorical spellbinders. There are lobbyists who, having retired from Congress or having been defeated for re-election, have opened law offices in Washington with industrialists, planters or commercial interests as their chief and sometimes only clients. There are public relations experts who have induced businessmen to let them represent them singly and in groups on Capitol Hill, and who keep their clients informed daily and weekly just what is going on in Congress and government departments, so that said clients might shape their courses. Then there is a set of guys like Herbert.

A Glamor Boy in Big Business

Herbert is the nephew of the president of a large corporation. Being thus related, the corporation tried to make life pleasant for Herbert by giving him a well-paid job. But Herbert, although a very hell of a fellow in extracurriculars, never managed in business to rise above the level of an irksome liability. Socially he was immense, the life of the locker room, a darling in mixed company. A gee-whizz card, his heart as big as a bucket, he knew more big shots by their first names than Jim Farley. But even his five-year-old daughter knew that Herbert had no brains.

Well, his uncle being president, the corporation didn't like to fire him outright, so they sent him to Washington. They rented him a nice office or established him in a house for which they paid five times its honest worth, gave him \$10,000 a year and a handsome expense account. This, you must understand, was a wartime arrangement, Herbert's firm being large war contractors. You must understand too that this type of pressure boy or lobbyist appeared during the war and probably will, it is hoped, vanish when things become normal again—it is hoped.

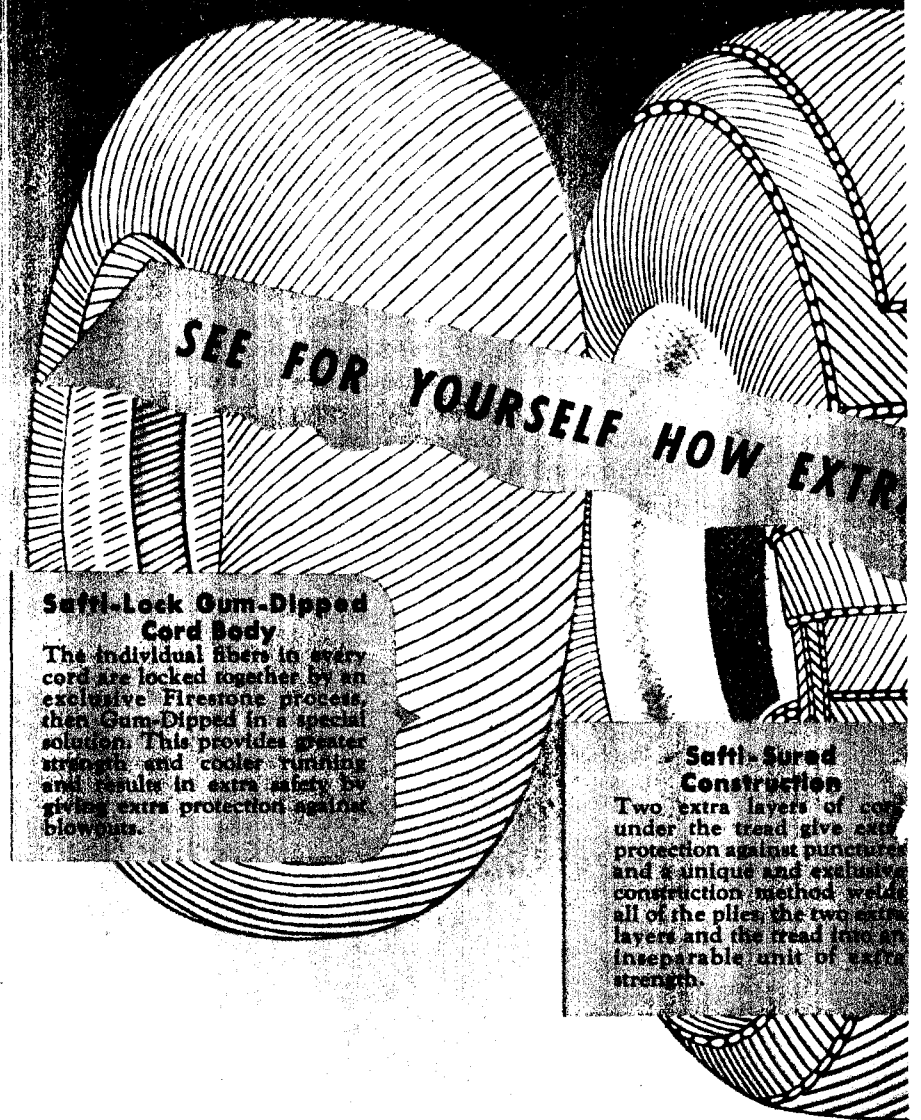
Even in Washington, Herbert did not become much of an asset to his corporation, but he did succeed in becoming a delightful nuisance on Capitol Hill, in the Army and Navy Departments and in the War Production Board. He had lots of money and nobody knew how to spend it more glamorously. His cocktail parties were not just swilling bees but events. From freshman Representatives to senior generals and admirals, everybody worth knowing was there. And not one word was passed, spoken or written about Herbert's corporation. Just a friend-maker was Herbert, which was, after all, the idea. He might be a jangling nuisance but everybody seemed glad to be annoyed by him. Whether this was worth ten grand and a parade-size expense account to the corporation, we don't know.

Another and more serious edition of Herbert is the fellow known as a Crisis Crier or Paul Revere. Generally this type of pressurist has sold himself into the Washington job for a corporation or business group. He is a hard worker although most of his mental activity is frankly athletic. In other words, at carefully chosen times, lest he be accused of crying wolf too often, he dashes off a hue-and-cry telegram to his retainers to tell them that a CRISIS is upon them. He has found a loosely worded paragraph or an ambiguous phrase in a bill just introduced into Congress.

The bill may have a minimum of likeli-

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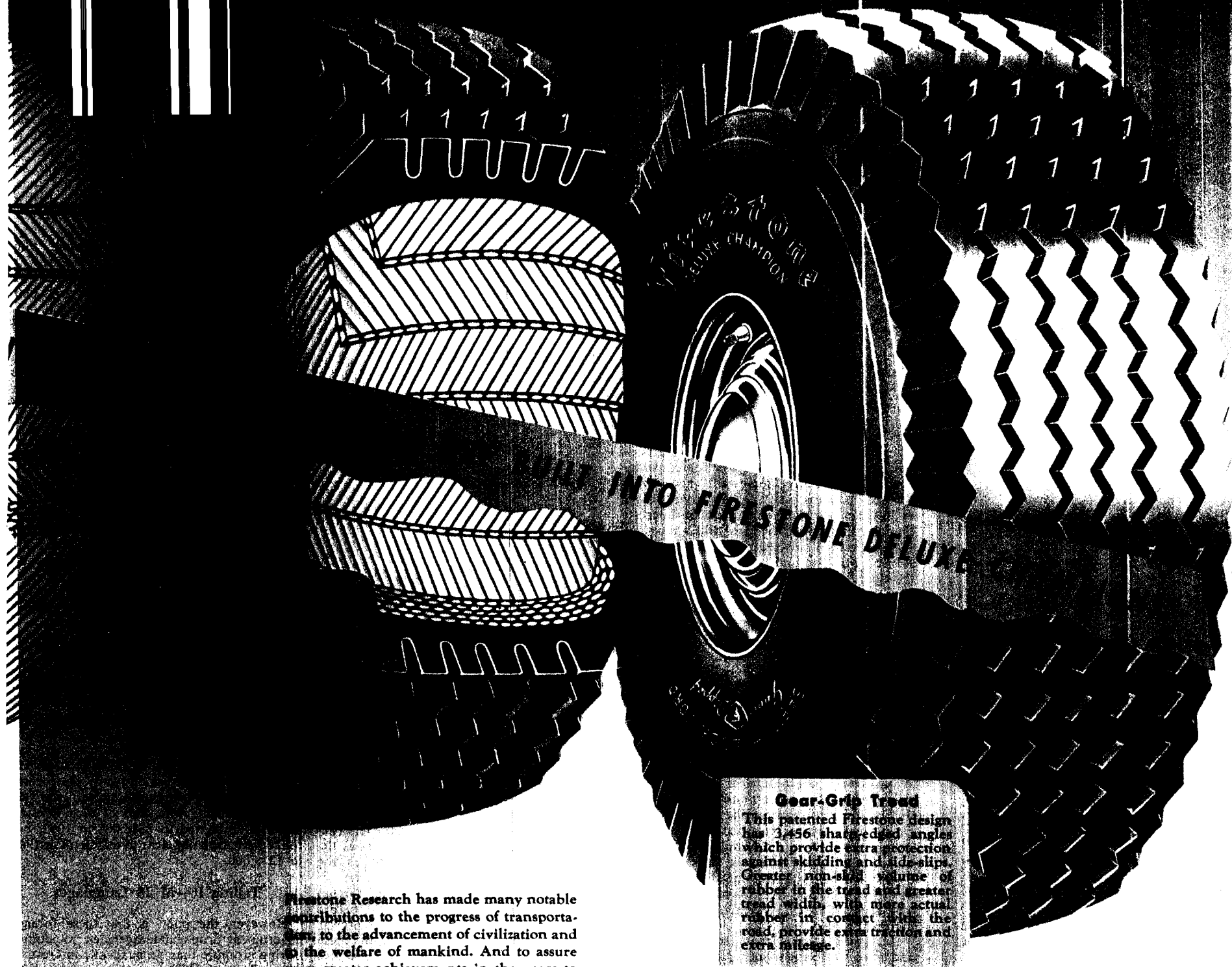
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This patented Firestone design has 3,456 sharp-edged angles which provide extra protection against skidding and side-slips. Greater non-skid volume of rubber in the tread and greater tread width with more actual rubber in contact with the road, provide extra traction and extra mileage.

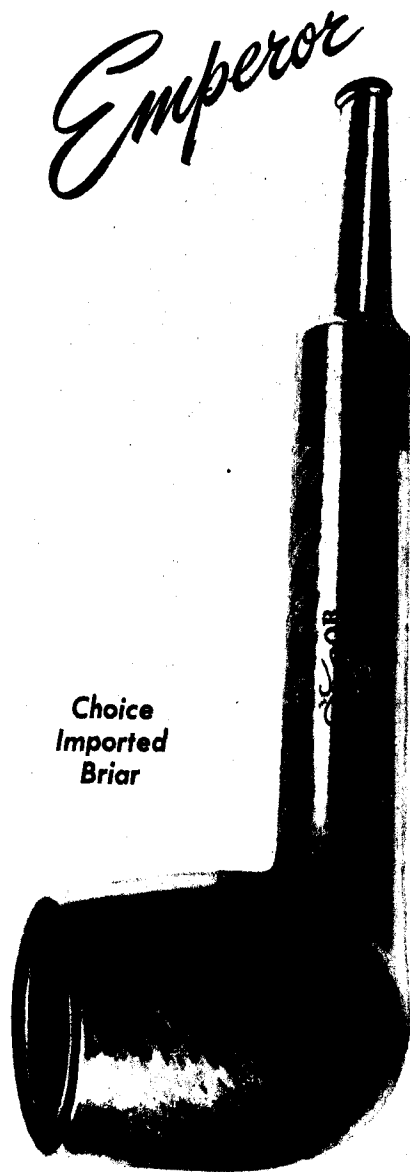
Firestone Research has made many notable contributions to the progress of transportation, to the advancement of civilization and to the welfare of mankind. And to assure even greater achievements in the years to come, Firestone recently completed one of the most modern and most completely equipped Research Laboratories in all the world, where science reigns supreme. Thus Firestone is equipped to maintain its tradition of always making the Best Today ... Still Better Tomorrow.



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The Pipe that Knows No Peer



Choice
Imported
Briar

FOR symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly imported briar—here is true perfection.

For every Emperor Pipe is a notable work of art, a masterpiece created in the custom tradition. These are pipes you can confidently discuss with any pipe-lover. Truly you who own an Emperor possess a pipe that is second to none in America!

The shape illustrated above can be had at

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hood of passing or even getting out of committee. But this Paul Revere mounts his steed and is off crying crisis. His directors go into a huddle. The officers of the corporation sit by their telephones. Their Washington man has told them that he'll notify them if their presence in the capital is necessary or whether they should write their Representatives and Senators. But usually nothing happens. The crisis passes. The Paul Revere has justified his presence in Washington. His employers back home tell each other that they have a whale of a man down there in Washington, a man on whom that crowd slips nothing over, and maybe they'd better raise his pay.

Government Agencies' Headaches

It is this type and the Herberts who became acute localized pains to such wartime agencies as OPA, WPB and the War Transportation offices. Not that they hadn't a right to be and not that these agencies weren't frequently asking for it. We merely set it all down that you may know what's going on. In Washington, particularly in the White House, they say that you'd think that now the shooting is over, most of these pressure boys would take a long vacation. But a job's a job, particularly a well-paid and interesting one, as you know as well as the next man.

However, as we said at the outset, not all of the eight hundred pressure groups were knocking on the White House door. There are groups and individual representatives of industries, both the White House and the Capitol assure you, that make valuable contributions to both the President and Congress.

They are frequently called in to give information about their particular industries. During the war they contributed experts and expert advice on price and materials controls. The officers of their corporations were periodically called to Washington for consultation. Occasionally some of them were accused, perhaps justly, of displaying more enthusiasm for their own special interests than for the general welfare. But almost invariably such ill-advised pluggers became the subjects for long and loud denunciations on the floor of Congress, and that usually was that.

Harried as Mr. Truman may be by the pressure boys, it might be much worse. Wholly aside from the racial, fraternal and foreign government groups, which maintain ballyhoo in Washington, there are more than sixteen thousand business or trade groups in the United States, and they all have very definite ideas of how America is to be saved from a most dismal future, if any.

How many of them are members of associations represented by pressure cookers in Washington is not quite clear. Americans, as you've probably heard a number of times, are the world's most enthusiastic joiners. A single business firm or corporation—and there are about three and a half million of them in this country according to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce—may be a member of from five to ten associations whose aim it is to make them happier by making them richer.

According to this same source, national and interstate trade associations vary in size from twenty members to almost twenty-five hundred. Their incomes—contributions from member firms and corporations—range from less than ten thousand dollars to more than a million. Just what they do with these funds is their own secret. There is no law at this writing compelling them to make public such intelligence. In the government reorganization bill now being put together in Congress, such legislation is being considered. But the pressure boys are fighting that, this time with the wholehearted assistance of the squeeze boys on the other side of the fence—labor. The Paul Reveres are riding this one hard, hoping it drops dead beneath them.

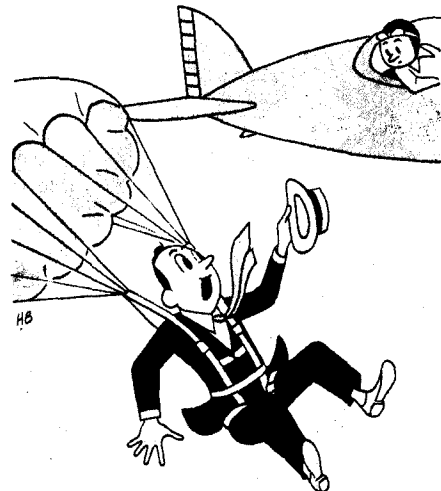
Pressure groups beget pressure groups. For example, there are as many as twenty-five subgroups serving the Heating Apparatus and Plumbers Supplies national organization. A shirtmaker may be and often is a member of the Shirt Institute, the National Association of Shirt and Pajama Manufacturers, and so on. It is hard to keep track of them. But

don't think for a minute that the pressure groups of this country aren't of themselves *Big Business*. The latest figures obtainable in the Commerce Department have it that American businessmen contribute annually something like a hundred million dollars to membership trade associations of various kinds. Whether they get their money's worth is beyond us. They seem to be satisfied. Anyway they keep it up.

There are 4,000 Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade (included in the 16,000 trade associations) in the country. And there are 10,000 businessmen's clubs—Kiwanis, Rotary and Lions not included. Of course the great majority of these are local in aims and influence, but again a majority of their members belong to some interstate or national organization wherein local hopes and fears are actively prosecuted until eventually they come rapping at doors in Washington, from the White House and Congress to departmental bureaus and emergency administrations. And government bureaus and administrations in their turn become pressure groups.

Among the more interesting aspects of this whole situation is what might happen to us if all these Paul Revere outfits were consolidated into one huge organization with a single head. Not that there is any call to lose sleep about the possibility. The competition between the lads is much too sharp.

No one seems to be quite sure how many racial, religious, fraternal and sociological organizations there are. But, local and national, there are several thousand of them.



*I Forgot to Buy an
Extra Victory Bond!*

During Mr. Roosevelt's regime they doubled, at least, particularly the last named. But everybody seems sure that they're with us to stay. Anyway they are beating upon Mr. Truman's door and in increasing numbers as the readjustment period lengthens and as the fear of coming unemployment increases.

And then there are the reviving foreign trade associations—875 of them just before the war. You have to go back to prewar statistics for this. The members of these groups are importers and exporters whose activities were, naturally enough, ended by war. But they're coming to now and are insisting that their future is wholly up to Mr. Truman, to Congress and the State Department. Probably none of the pressure outfits in the capital now is more insistent that international political differences be settled and that its members be given a chance to fetch and carry again.

The list of those who want to dump their troubles in Mr. Truman's lap seems endless. We've merely skimmed along, hopeful only of giving you an idea. We're ignoring the all-too-obvious, such as the labor and farm associations. You probably know what a squeeze such powerful groups can clamp upon the President. So we shall stick to the less publicized outfits.

Now that the shooting is over and most of the world beyond our shores is besieging Washington for cash and credit, food and clothing, the eighteen foreign governments who maintained propaganda agencies in

Washington during the war are working even harder. To these eighteen, eight or ten more have been added since V-E Day and the number will increase.

Under the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938, these pressure groups must file with the Justice Department their names, the names of their operatives, the amount of money they spend and what for, copies of their propaganda broadcasts and other details. The eighteen which operated throughout the war were Australia, Canada, Belgium, China, Czechoslovakia, Finland (for a while), France, Great Britain, Greece, India, the Netherlands, Newfoundland, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Union of South Africa and Yugoslavia. In addition to their printed matter and radio broadcasts before V-E Day, most of them had ready access to the White House—and they are having some difficulty getting over it.

According to the Justice Department's records they spent at least \$5,368,000 for propaganda in the United States, and this does not include the money devoted independently to their causes by many hyphenate groups of American citizens. Nor does it take into account the time and money spent by independent "Friends of" groups. The British Information Service was the most important of the conventional foreign government propaganda bureaus—\$2,143,000 in 1944. Surprisingly enough Poland was second with \$850,000. The Netherlands was third with \$530,000 and Belgium fourth with \$432,000.

Of course Axis nations were out of it during the war—on the surface anyway. They're still out of it, but very gradually the voice of Germany is rising above a furtive whisper. It comes of course from the silenced tongues of Bundists and others whose fondness for Germany has never quite cooled in spite of the Hohenzollerns twenty-five years ago and Hitler. These incurables are not rapping on the White House doors. They have no access to any officials that we know of. And yet as you trudge about Washington you hear enough to realize that they have hopes. Perhaps we had better wait a year or two.

Russia does not maintain a propaganda bureau, as such, in America. But it is interesting to see the U.S.S.R. keeps her cause alive in this country. The Russian embassy issues monthly bulletins. As an embassy with diplomatic immunity it does not have to register with the Justice Department.

The Soviet Information Bureau in Moscow plies the American press with frequent dispatches and articles sent by cable and radio. And the All Union Society For Cultural Relations With Foreign Countries (VOKS) supplies to individuals and organizations here many publications and exhibit materials. Then there are Soviet movies, photographs, books and magazines distributed to a variety of commercial agencies and only these commercial agencies are registered with the Justice Department. The sales of such Russian material amounted to \$316,000 in 1943, but for some reason not clear to us fell off in 1944 to \$279,000.

Telling It—in 28 Languages

However, the point is that these foreign government propaganda agencies, sometimes having no more than an academic interest, in fact, add very little sweetness to the daily labors of the President. From almost all states the propaganda rolls back, secondhand, to the White House doors. More than 12,000 different items of propaganda are filed annually in twenty-eight languages with the Justice Department. Thousands of reprints are broadcast to legislators, local and national. And members of Congress whose constituencies are readily responsive to the stories of the old countries beat on the White House doors.

No wonder the President goes fishing. In addition to all this his ears are filled with the din of government pressure agencies—the Army, the Navy, the Civil Service. And he never quite hears the end of the wails of government bureaus, old and new, which do not want to be consolidated or abolished in the name of painfully needed efficient and imperative economy.

No wonder the man flies off to clambakes.

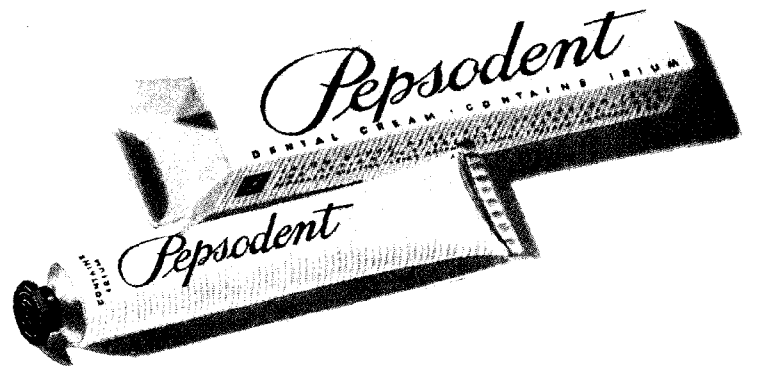
THE END

Collier's for December 8, 1945



Its cleaner brighter *Taste* means
cleaner brighter teeth — *Pepsodent* tooth paste
with *Irrium* removes the film that
makes your teeth look dull !

Use Pepsodent Twice a day — see your dentist twice a year



★
Choice of a lifetime...

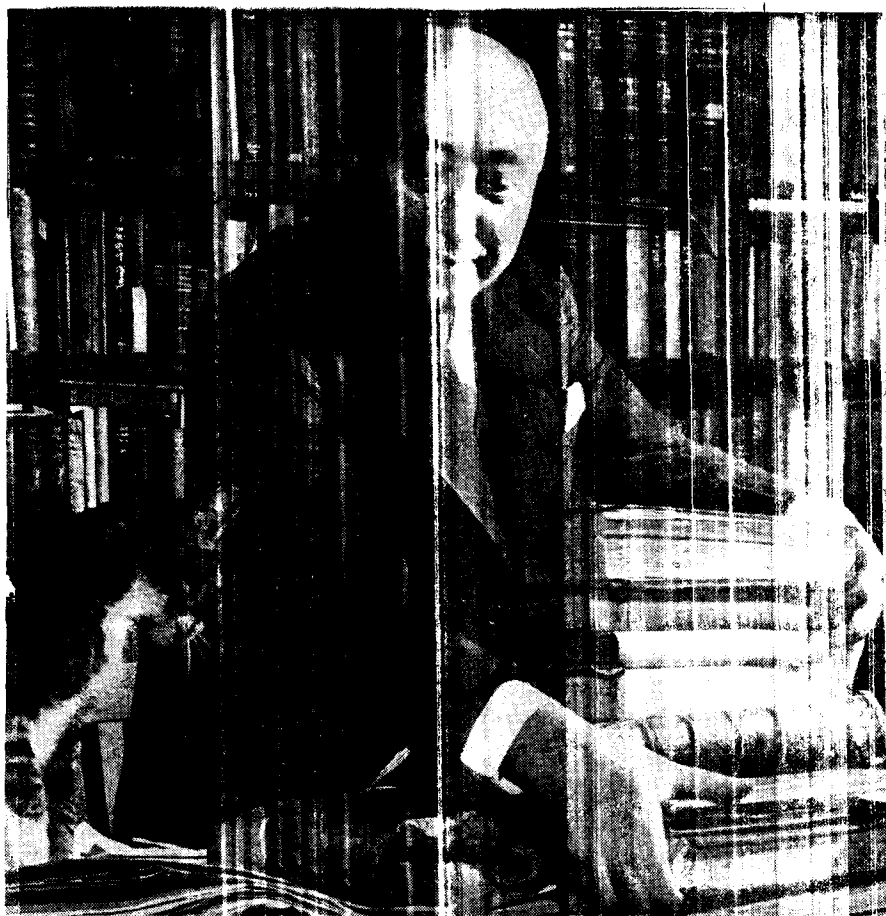


It's Tom and Jerry time! It's time to taste the lighter, finer flavor of the choicest whiskey ever to bear the grand old name *Golden Wedding*. Make it your choice of a lifetime.

Golden Wedding

Has
had no
peers for
fifty
years

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.



J. Williams, himself, and Ben Franklin, himself. Mr. Franklin is accustomed to being asked to move, by customers who always want the book on which he is doing

*Yours Truly
Mr. Williams*

BY JACK STENBUCK

One thing that Joe Williams has is showmanship. Another is books—a half million of them. The combination of these two makes his Boston bookshop as fascinating as Grandma's attic

Maureen Williams, the boss' daughter, displays a 14th-century handwritten anthology. Richard Tucker asks the price of the illuminated manuscript—\$1,000



SIX years ago, J. G. Williams, doing business in the heart of old Boston under the peculiar trade name of Yours Truly Mr. Williams, cast a critical eye over his stock of more than half a million used books lying all about him and spilling over into the basement, an upper story and two huge floors of a near-by warehouse, and decided it was time that America's largest store of its kind be tidied up a bit. He hired Stuart Peirce, a former competitor, to come in for a few weeks and see what could be done about arranging everything neatly on shelves. Peirce had no more than rolled up his sleeves when a customer, already chin-high in books on the floor, asked for help in locating one more book on bullfighting. Peirce went to the bullfighting section—a dilapidated, dust-covered sofa sagging under a mountain of books—and though he's been on the pay roll ever since, he hasn't yet got around to cleaning up the joint.

Meanwhile, Yours Truly Mr. Williams remains what it has been for 50 years—a delightfully informal book lovers' heaven, as musty as your grandmother's attic, as scrambled as a Fibber McGee closet, crammed with books, some for a dime, others for a fortune. A profusion of signs invites you to browse around to your heart's content and, once over the threshold, you're at home.

At Williams' you can get just about anything you want in the way of a secondhand book from a Vol. 1 No. 1 Deadwood Dick thriller to a fifteenth-century Incunabulum, a rare Omar Khayyam Rubaiyat, or the love life of a flea. But, except for the highest-priced rare items under lock and key upstairs, the chances are that what you're after will have to be dug out from piles lying topsyturvy on bare, battered tables, in makeshift wooden bins, on top of broken crates, or even on old-fashioned rocking chairs.

A Bookworm's Paradise

Everywhere you turn there are mountains of books—on the window sills, on the floor under the tables, even under your feet in the aisles. There are whole forests of shelves, too, rickety, unpainted, and uneven, but they are grossly inadequate and never were intended to hold more than a fraction of the large Williams stock. There's hardly a subject from apples to zebras, or an author from Dickens to last year's unknown, in almost any language, any style and binding and at almost any price you can afford, which Williams can't produce from stock or find somewhere. If he hasn't got it, just leave it to him. He'll get it, if it takes him three months or three years, and if he has to hunt all the way from Boston to Timbuktu. Blocking the entrance is a huge bin on wheels, chock-full of books, "10 cents apiece—new pickings daily" with an old cat named Ben Franklin on top of the pile.

Any morning or noon hour, winter and summer, you're apt to find a judge or a banker, a casual passer-by or a youngster on the way to school, pausing long enough to paw through the heap in the bin and, standing on the curb with a book open, sample a chapter. Regularly, the early risers line up outside before the store is open waiting for the bin to be wheeled out with the new day's pickings and first crack at any valuable "sleepers" that often are included.

Into this bin goes a hodge-podge of reading culled from Williams' own purchases of the day before—First Love, by Van Horst; Your Budget in Wartime; a Hoover biography; a Robinson Crusoe with fine color prints; an odd volume of Dickens or Dumas worth many times more than the 10-cent price. Occasionally, a shopper picking up one of the better buys for a dime will return in a few days after reading the book and resell it to Williams for more than he paid when he got it.

Inside there's a "great clearance table—any book 25 cents" near the door, a "pick-em-off section—any book \$1" and the assorted offerings from long-forgotten rubbish piles in private attics and basements, or from the elaborate libraries and lifetime collections of millionaires.

Recently, after Yours Truly had locked up for the night and was preparing for bed, the

(Continued on page 41)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY IKE VERN-PIX

"Ah-h-h!.."



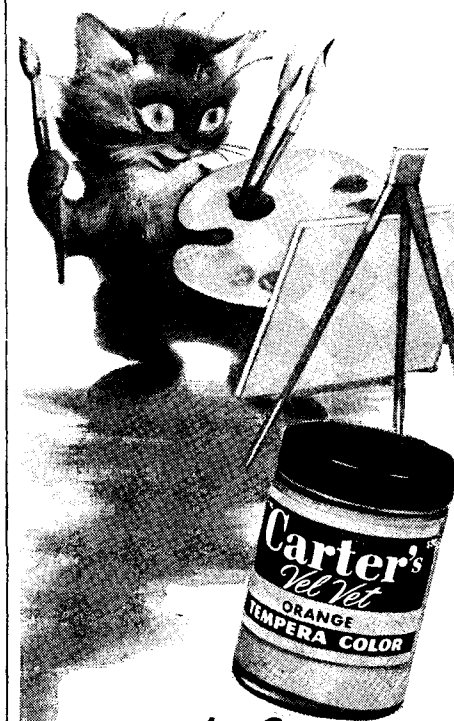
*Now I Can
Breathe Again!"*

Wonderfully quick, a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril opens the nasal passages—makes breathing easier—when your nose fills up with stuffy transient congestion of a head cold. Brings new breathing comfort at night—invites restful sleep. Works fine for relieving sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds.

Try it! You'll like it! Follow directions in package.

VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, helps loosen phlegm. **VICKS VAPORUB**



*Bright?
and how!*

Artists and amateurs alike swear by **Carter's Poster Colors**. The reason: from the start they are shades brighter without losing the tone depth which makes a poster look gayer longer! On sale—in a wide variety of colors—at better stationery and art supply counters everywhere . . .

One of the famous Carter family
At home . . . In the office

The **CARTER'S Ink Company**
Boston, Mass.

"AT EASE"

*After Shave
Lotion*

CREATED
BY THE MAKERS OF
**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**

Buy "AT EASE"
Try "AT EASE"

*Be
At
Ease*



A TIP TO THE WIVES!

Here's an *extra* Xmas gift for Hubby (you can get it at any drug counter) that's new . . . that's different . . . that he'll really appreciate! Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

6 OUNCES FOR

50¢

54% ALCOHOL

Any Week

Continued from page 4

ACCORDING to Mr. John Harden of Raleigh, North Carolina, the escort carrier, Bougainville, having been assigned to ferrying planes across the Pacific, arrived at V-J Day with no enemy planes to her credit. Back again at Pearl Harbor, the Boogie tied up alongside the proudly beflagged Saratoga. And then the Boogie's crew ran up on her bridge the following: No Nips, No Huns, No 'Eroes.

BUT Mr. Larry Downing of New York City, who is in the business of locating missing husbands, says that he has just heard from a lady whose man, the day gas rationing ended, got into her car, had it filled to the brim and made off. She has not heard of the fellow yet. She told Mr. Downing that she wanted her fugitive husband located at the earliest possible moment, because "I miss my car very much."

WE'VE had quite a number of letters referring to the charge of Mrs. Ida Darden of Austin, Texas, that we probably used the piano in a bawdy house. Almost all of the letters are sympathetic and some are clearly envious. But Mr. Mike Gavreau of Point

Pleasant, Pennsylvania, having consulted all the authorities in his territory, says that "There's nothing wrong in having played an honest tune for an honest wage." However, his musical friends "who now have their own Bucks County farms and are doing okay in Tin Pan Alley and who know what they are talking about although they were put out of business by the juke box," object to the cartoon that went with the Darden paragraph. For one thing the cartoon had spats on our ankles. "Of course," says Mr. Gavreau, "if the establishment was one of those snooty places where Bach only was played . . ."

WE'RE informed—and we hope reliably—that shortly after his return from the London Conference, Secretary Byrnes accepted an invitation to one of the several hundred cocktail parties which flourish daily in Georgetown. Mr. Byrnes got there a bit late and the party was running in high. He stood at the door a few moments, shook his head dolefully and departed. It was too reminiscent, he said.

AND then there was the Wac whom Mr. Joshua B. Smith of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, overheard remarking confidentially to another Wac: "Well, as for me, I just can't wait to get back into civvies and be wolfed for myself alone." . . . W. D.



"I was honorably discharged last week and I'm readjusting gradually"

COLLIER'S

MISCHA RICHTER

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

two years, and with emphasis on two winters. And at the end of that time his log book must show a minimum of 2,000 hours. This achieved, he must produce letters from four of the regular line captains with whom he has flown as copilot, letters stating that in their opinion he is good captain material and is qualified for the job.

After he gets the letters he is assigned to ride with two of the C. & S. line check pilots for two weeks each, on regularly scheduled flights. He is put in the captain's chair and must handle the entire flight, under the captain's supervision. If at any time during this period he receives a single "no" from his check pilots, the copilot must go back to his old spot and is not eligible to try out again for several months.

But if he passes all these tests, he is taken to the line's home base at Memphis and given

20 hours instruction and review on the theory and practical operation of the airplane he is to fly. Then he takes a final check ride with the chief pilot for three or four hours. The C.P. really tries to cross him up, putting him through every sort of situation in which he might find himself if he were flying the line as a regular captain. If he wins out here, he is formally promoted to captain.

Yet, he is still not allowed to operate an airliner on regular scheduled flights. He's got to be particularly qualified for the route to which he will be assigned. Suppose it is Chicago & Southern's new extension from Memphis to Detroit. He must make three round trips over that route, one at night with visibility at five miles or better, so he can get the lay of the airway after dark. He will make landings and take-offs at each terminal and also at the intermediate points of Evansville, Indianapolis, Fort Wayne and Toledo.

Only after he has qualified for his assigned route is he allowed to take out an airliner with passengers under his sole responsibility.

THE END

Collier's for December 8, 1945

The Black Nightie

Continued from page 13

find it out in time." And she jumps out of the laundry truck and runs up the sidewalk.

Connie's mother opens the front door. "Yoo-hoo, Albert," she yells, "stay for dinner. We got rice pilaffe."

"He's too busy letting grass grow under his big feet," Connie says. . . .

Well, naturally, I am by no means the first guy to find himself in this predicament because women are women, and who would have them any other way? But like many guys before me I tell myself that in Centerville we have maybe five hundred and fifty-seven girls, many of which has shapes and faces as good or maybe better than Connie Johannson's. In fact I take one out that night but at nine-thirty I bundle her off home.

Because by that time I know that for me it is Connie Johannson or nobody

I'M THINKING about this when I get home and there are the Bixler Booklets on the table. I pick up the first one and it starts off like this: ARE YOU LIKE A GIANT REDWOOD THRUSTING YOURSELF PROUDLY ABOVE THE OTHERS? OR ARE YOU SLOWLY DECAYING WHILE BETTER MEN REAP THE HARVEST? ARE YOU LIVING LIFE IN small OR CAPITAL LETTERS?

Altogether there's seven booklets, even if it kills me I read 'em all. I finish finally and when I think of all the time in my life I spend sitting down, it's horrifying. I think of all the ticking minutes going by, I'm just sitting, I'm wasting away at twenty-four. I'm meandering like a dried-up stream instead of rushing like a torrent to the sea of plenty.

I get up and rush out of the house and over to Johannson's like a torrent. It's all dark and I scratch up a pebble and throw it against Connie's window. After a minute the light pops on and Connie puts out her head.

"It's Albert," I say. "I just read the booklets. From this moment I'm a new man."

"Oh, Albert," she says, and blows me a kiss. "I'm proud of you."

"You wearing that black nightie?" I say.

"No," she says, "I'm saving it, Albert."

I rush on home, I can hardly wait for morning. Eight-thirty I'm in Mr. Klopstock's office, he's going over the books.

"Mr. Klopstock," I say, "you may have thought of me as an idle youth with little ambition, a drifter meandering like—"

"Albert," he says, "I always regard you as a very steady boy. You don't drive the truck too fast, you're courteous to the customers, don't get drunk—"

"Mr. Klopstock," I say, "those are negative qualities. I have positive ones as well. Mr. Klopstock, I ain't satisfied with being a route man."

"Well, Albert," he says, "I didn't figure you'd always be a route man. I have my eye on you. I thought you'd be a supervisor in another year or two."

"Mr. Klopstock," I say, "you know how many minutes are in a year? Five hundred and twenty-five thousand, six hundred. I can't wait that long."

"Albert," says Mr. Klopstock sternly, "let me smell your breath."

"Mr. Klopstock," I say, "I am through being one of the exploited!"

Bang! Mr. Klopstock slams the book. "Albert," he says, "you go home. Take the day off. Come back tomorrow and apologize."

"I don't get to be a supervisor?" I say.

"Get out," shouts Mr. Klopstock.

"Mr. Klopstock," I say, "I resign."

I go outside. It comes over me that from having a job I am now in the street, which is maybe building an empire backwards, but I shake this off. I go down to the park and sit on a bench thinking empire-building thoughts.

At noon I go downtown. I pass the Elite and see Connie inside eating pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut with Mr. Bixler. They got a table at the window. I see Connie open her purse and slide a five-dollar bill under the table. Bixler comes up with it and hands it to the waiter.

When they come out, I'm waiting for them. "Hello, Albert," Connie says, "you wish to drive us back to the office? How nice."

"I ain't slaving for Klopstock, watching him get hog-fat no longer," I say.

"I see you have read my booklets," Bixler says. "Let me congratulate you."

I WALK back to the office with them and I give Connie the high sign to hold up when Bixler goes inside.

"Since when women start buying men pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut and raisin pie in this town?" I ask.

"Mr. Bixler," Connie says, "is so wrapped up in his career he's absent-minded about petty things."

"Especially petty cash?" I say.

"Don't be crude, Albert," Connie says.

"What are your plans?"

"I'm going to open up a laundry," I say.

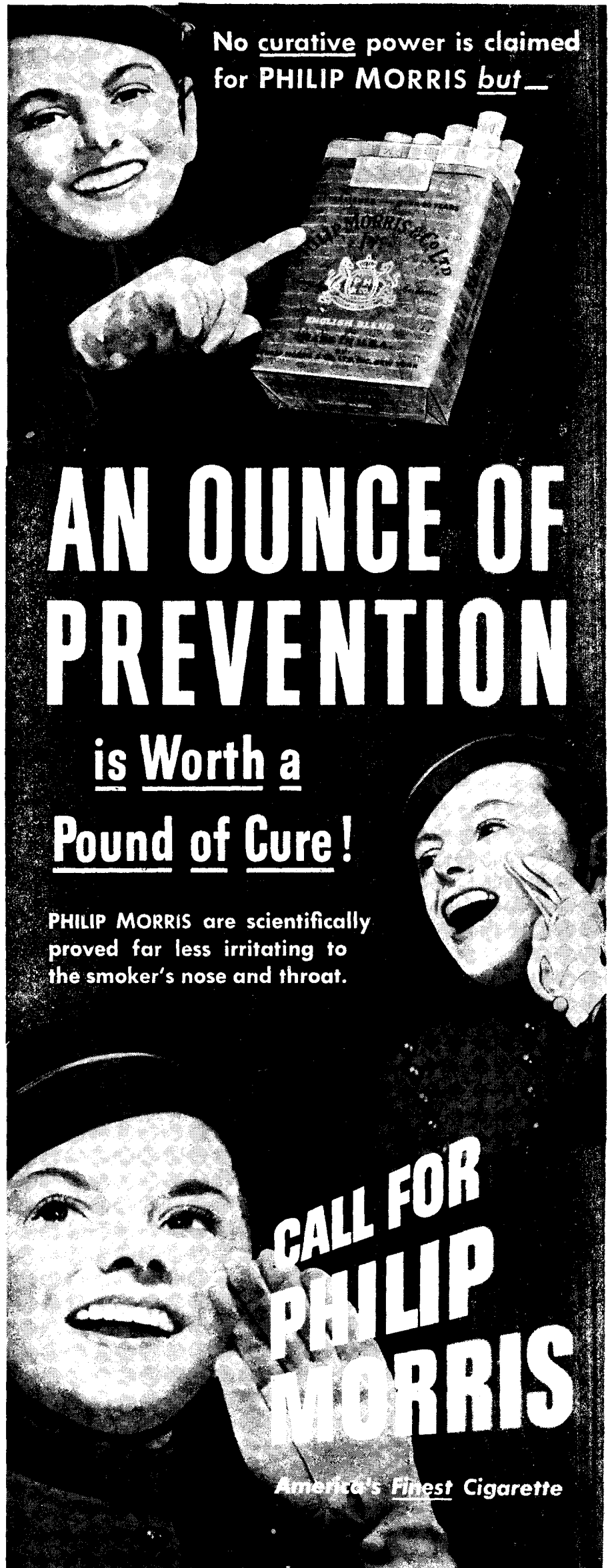
"And now I have to go, Connie. I'm a busy man."

I go home and make a sign to hang on the car. It reads MILLER'S DRIFTING SNOW LAUNDRY. The first thing a laundry needs is customers so I drive around the town.

By five-thirty I have thirty-two customers lined up, I'm practically a tycoon.

News gets around fast. That night I'm sitting in Connie's living room. Nine-thirty Mom and Pop Johannson go to bed. Con-

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS but—



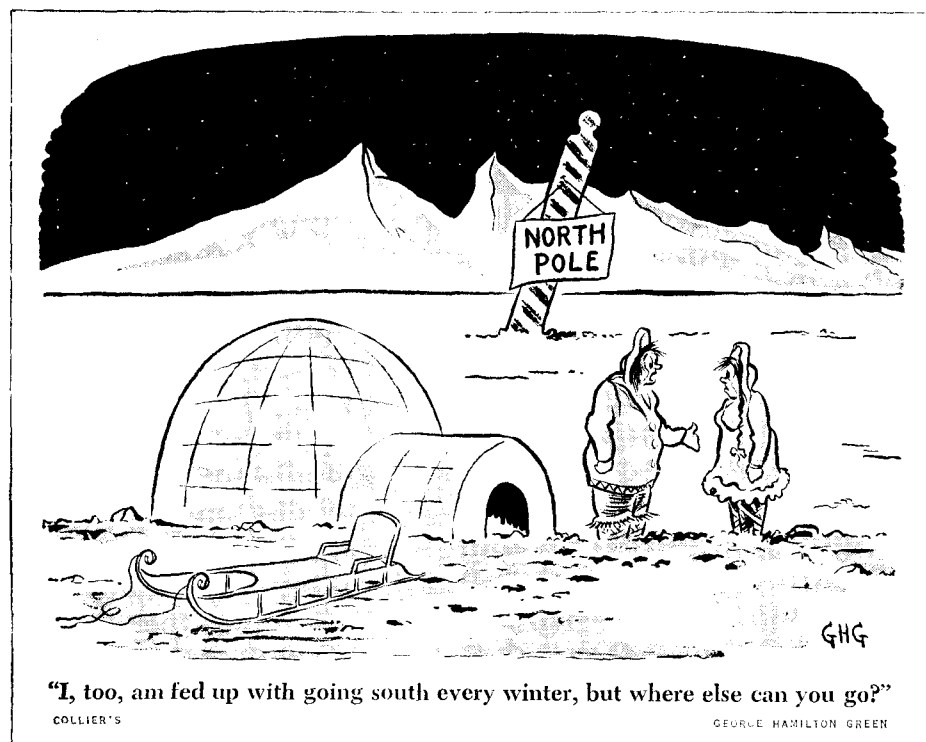
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is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.

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America's Finest Cigarette



The
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IT'S
CUSHION
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\$1

HANDKERCHIEF TEST

PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS
AND FREE FROM "GOO"—no matter
how often you smoke it!

**HESSON GUARD
MILANO**

nie's sitting on the davenport, she pats the cushion, gives me a look, I'm beside her like I flew across the room. She nestles down in my arms, it's wonderful. There's a knock at the door, in comes Mr. Klopstock.

"Albert," he says sorrowfully, "you think it's nice to steal my business? Is that the gentlemanly thing to do?"

I feel like a heel. "Mr. Klopstock," Connie says, "competition is the life of trade."

"Connie," Mr. Klopstock says, "you're a pretty girl. Sit there, look pretty and keep your mouth shut. I'm talking just to Albert. Why are you hanging your head, Albert?"

"Can I help it if I feel sorry for you, Mr. Klopstock?" I say. "I just got a big heart."

"Pushing me to the wall," Mr. Klopstock says. "Twenty-seven years in business, Albert. Now you're taking the bread out of my mouth. Who's exploited now, Albert?"

"Mr. Klopstock," I say, "no hard feelings." "Well," he says, "it's lucky I got insurance. Maybe it's best if I'm found dead some fine morning. My family gets enough to eat and clothes to cover their nakedness."

He puts a brief case on the davenport.

"Albert," he says, "I got here some things for you to study. First there's a copy of the contract with the union. Maybe you can profit by my experience and won't have labor troubles. Also I got here sixty-seven single-spaced typed pages of government regulations, you don't read them carefully you'll most likely get thrown in jail. Also here is a survey of income tax procedure for small business. Pay particular attention to the capital gains and losses chapter and the section on depreciation. It will save you money. Good night, Albert."

He goes outside and I pick up the books and start studying them. Connie sits beside me. After a while she yawns. She tucks her legs under her, I can see her knees. I put the chapter on capital gains and losses over her knees and study depreciation. Connie taps her foot on the floor. She yawns again.

"You got enough light?" she says finally, very sarcastic. "As long as you turn this place into a public library I wouldn't want you to strain your eyes. I guess I'll go to bed. See you tomorrow night, Albert?"

"Not tomorrow, Connie," I say. "I'm too busy."

"Albert!" she says. "You always take me to the Lyric on Friday night."

"Connie Johansson," I say, "make up your mind. What do you want, a great lover or an empire builder? I can't be smooching and building empires at the same time."

She sits there with her mouth open. "Close it," I say. "When you open your mouth without nothing to say you use sixty-three unnecessary muscles. Booklet three, page seventeen."

ALL the next day I'm busy. I'm down the lumberyard getting Mr. Johansson to make me a big sign. Next I'm getting a sign painter to paint on it, next I'm getting it hauled up on top of the Lyric roof, putting it up but with canvas over it so's nobody can see what it says. I'm buying all the confetti there is in town, I'm dicing up newspapers like chopped carrots and filling burlap bags. I got a trough built at the top of the sign. I got an electric fan set up.

I'm up there that night, nine o'clock when the first show gets out at the Lyric. I take off the canvas and turn on the lights. The sign reads MILLER'S DRIFTING SNOW LAUNDRY. I turn on the fan, it starts blowing the confetti and chopped paper down across the sign like falling snow. It's the sensation of the century in Centerville. People forget the second show at the Lyric to stand out and watch. I see Mr. Klopstock down there. I see Mr. Bixler and Connie.

Connie waves to me. "It's wonderful."

I'm not finished. I've got a rope on a pulley around the sign. I've collected laundry, hung it on the rope. I pull the rope and clothes start going by in front of the sign. Shirts and socks and tablecloths and sheets. Connie is clapping like mad and blowing kisses. Lastly on the rope is Connie's black nightgown I borrow from Mrs. Johansson without her telling Connie. Connie sees it and stops clapping.

I'm feeding more confetti into the trough when I hear somebody running across the

roof. Connie reaches out and grabs the nightie off the line.

"Albert Jasper Miller," Connie yells, "don't you ever speak to me again."

"Aren't we getting married, Connie?" I say.

"No," she says. "I turned Mr. Bixler down once but if he asks me again I'll accept him. So there!"

She runs across the roof and a couple minutes later I'm out of confetti. The people wander off and I go down to the street.

Pete Hobson is there, a cop, and he's up to his ankles in confetti.

"You responsible for this, Albert?" he says. "You stop to think somebody's got to clean this up?" He looks at me and twirls his nightstick.

"Where's a shovel?" I say.

THE next morning the phone rings like crazy. People who see the sign last night are calling me up. Eleven-thirty I go downtown and call on Mr. Klopstock.

"Mr. Klopstock," I say, "I got a bona fide proposition to offer you. I got a total of eighty-eight customers. Mr. Klopstock, I suggest a merger."

Mr. Klopstock shakes his head. "No, I guess not, Albert," he says. "I'll just go along in my feeble way until I'm crowded to the wall. Then, one fine morning, bing!" Mr. Klopstock pretends to be shooting himself.

"There's just one more thing, Albert," he says. "In case you can't take care of your

had troubles, he hasn't paid my salary in four weeks. He told me his money was entailed temporarily because of a Senate investigation."

"Well," I say, "you start building empires you run up against all sorts of things."

She walks along beside me. "Albert," she says, "you become a big businessman I suppose you'll have to be away some?"

"Oh, naturally," I say. "Maybe I have to run down to Washington every other week or so to do a little lobbying. Trips to New York to see my legal department, also my banking interests. Maybe I do a little stock market manipulating on the side, it all takes time."

"It would be lonesome, wouldn't it?" Connie says. "I mean for your wife if you were married?"

Her hand is swinging at her side, it seems natural for me to take it. "Well," I say, "she'd have the domestic staff around. We have a big house, fifteen or twenty rooms, it keeps her busy, seeing the butler don't drink up the beer. Stuff like that."

Connie stamps her foot. "I hate big houses," she says. "I like a little place I can take care of myself. Do all my own work. Albert Jasper Miller, you know very well I can cook and clean house myself."

We're across the street from Klopstock's Laundry. I see my laundry truck standing out front. It looks forlorn without me in it. We're standing there when a guy in uniform comes out the door. I don't recognize him



customers I'll take them off your hands and be glad to pay you a small commission. Come in and discuss it sometime. Right now I'm busy."

I go outside and wander over to Mrs. Johansson's and sit on the drainboard watching Mrs. Johansson make Swedish meat balls.

"You and Connie having troubles?" she says. "She cried half the night." Mrs. Johansson sighs. "She makes even better meat balls than I make. And housekeeping. My!"

"Mrs. Johansson," I say, "can I use your phone?"

I call up my eighty-eight customers and tell them I'm gone out of business. I recommend them to Mr. Klopstock's Angel Pure Laundry. It takes me two hours and a half to get them all.

"Goodbye, Mrs. Johansson," I say, and go outside. I start downtown and on Main Street coming my way is Connie, walking up the street, the sun shining on her face. It makes her eyes a deep blue, it turns me inside out.

She stops opposite me and we look at each other. She says I can't speak to her, she don't say I can't look.

"I'm sorry I lose my temper last night, Albert," she says. "I know you didn't mean any harm."

"Why aren't you working?" I say.

"Mr. Bixler didn't show up today," she says. "The printer came to see him and the landlord. They wanted money. Mr. Bixler's

at first and then Connie gasps. "It's Mr. Bixler!"

He don't see us. He gets in the truck and drives off. Me and Connie look at each other, then Connie drags me across the street and into Mr. Klopstock's office.

"Mr. Klopstock," Connie cries, "it's all my fault. Please take Albert back on the route. I must have been crazy."

MR. KLOPSTOCK says, "Well, that's too bad. I just hired young Bixler. He seems very efficient and he's going to take over Albert's route. I can't fire him without a reason. And I've divided up the customers Albert sent me, so I don't need a new route man. I'm sorry, but, like you said, Albert, no hard feelings."

Connie gives him a quick look, then she grabs my arm. "Oh, Albert," she says, "what are you going to do?"

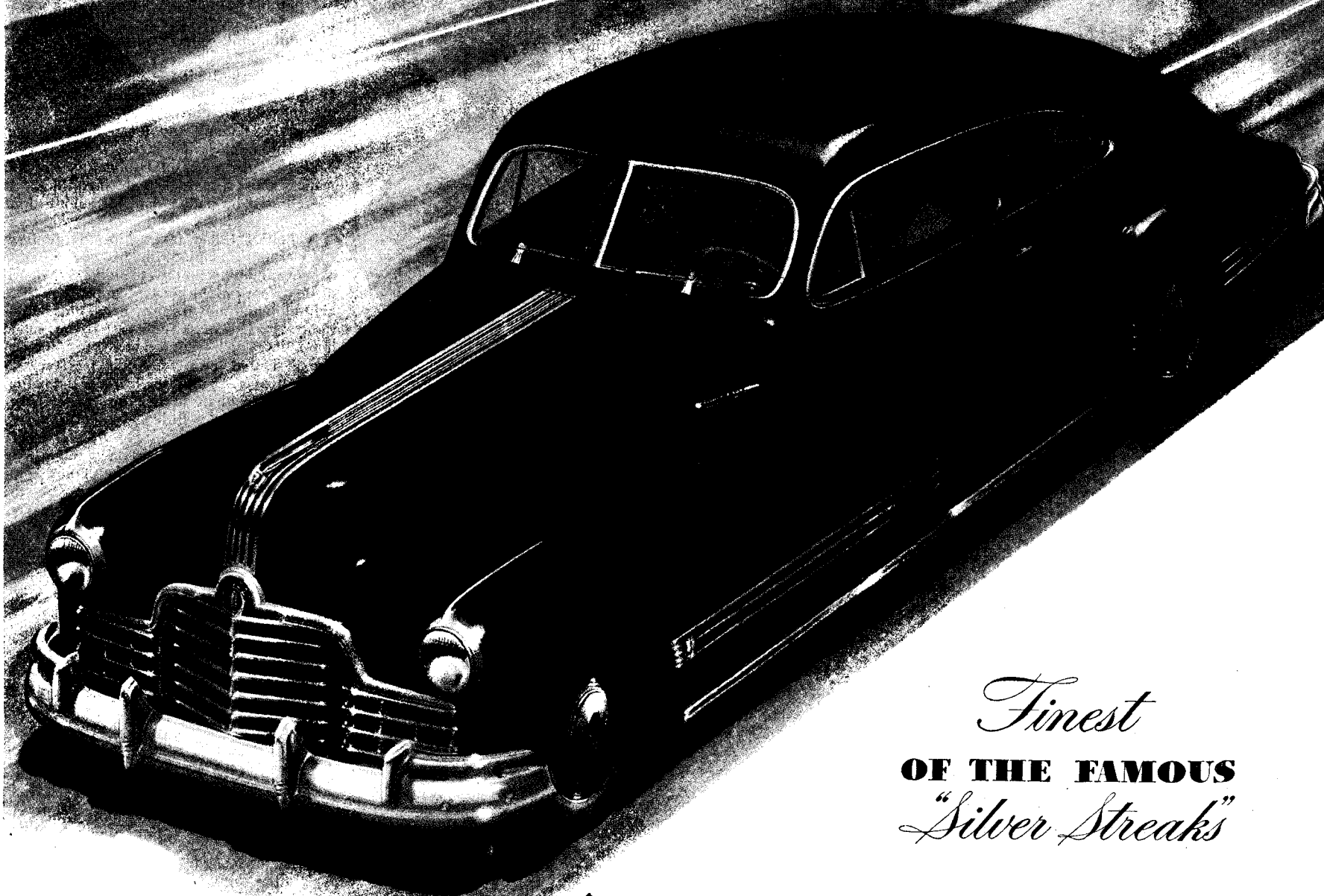
"Well, baby," I say, "I got two choices. I could still go in business for myself. Or I could be a supervisor for Mr. Klopstock because I think now with all his new customers Mr. Klopstock needs a supervisor. Right, Mr. Klopstock?"

"Right," he says. Connie's in my arms, she's crying happy tears all over my best suit.

"Don't stop," says Mr. Klopstock. "We also got a fine new pressing department."

THE END

NEW PONTIAC



Finest
OF THE FAMOUS
"Silver Streaks"

The beautiful new Pontiac carries to an even higher level the tradition of *extra quality* that began when the first "Silver Streak" Pontiac was introduced years ago. It has all the quality features on which the Pontiac reputation is built—and which became so evident to owners during four years of wartime driving. In

addition, it offers many improvements—as many, in fact, as in any normal peacetime year. This can mean but one

thing: the 1946 Pontiac represents a *plus value* in satisfactory, economical transportation that will remain a *plus value* long beyond the time when the present temporary shortage of new automobiles has been filled.

WHAT'S NEW AND IMPROVED IN THE 1946 PONTIAC

New, beautiful exterior appearance . . . Improved, rust-resistant bodies . . . New instrument panel . . . Heavier chrome finish . . . New interior trim . . . Improved clutch . . . New, wider wheel rims . . . Longer-life muffler and tail pipe . . . Improved cooling.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ONE MORE RIVER



BY MARGARET McDONELL
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOLDEN

Alone with her child, the decision she faced was terrifying: whether to shelter a man branded as a murderer, or to drive him into the desert—and into certain death

I DIDN'T know it was *him* till he'd been rooming at my place four days. You would have known him at once, but I don't see many papers. Out here in the desert I don't get time for reading, and I don't care for Tommy to read the kind of things they fill the papers with. So I didn't know it was him when he came. He stalled in the

dip where the sand is very thick and loose.

"Mom, there's a man acting so funny in the dip," Tommy called. He was wheeling borax for me in his little truck.

I came out of the mine. "Stay here, Tommy," I said.

"But, Mom, I want to see—"

"You stay here, Tommy."

After the mine, the sun made my eyes ache. It beat up from the polish of his automobile. He was kicking the automobile.

I said, "That won't help."

He stood still in the sand, his arms stuck up in the air like a Joshua tree. His face was screwed up like a woman's. You would have recognized him from that. There were plenty of pictures like that of him during the trial. You would have seen he had on the same suit he wore in court, smart and very expensive cloth.

He put his arms down. I wished there was someone here besides Tommy and me. He had quieted at my voice a bit, but I could see he was very strung up.

"Where is this?" he asked.

"Dry Gulch."

"It isn't on the map. What is there here?"

I pointed over the dunes to the house and the entrance to the mine.

"Is that all there is? No other houses? No people?"

"That's all."

"Your husband?"

"He died two years back."

He looked all around. It was so still you could almost hear the heat haze quiver between the dunes. The sun made the sand between the dunes look like still water. He gave a sigh.

I knew a little how he was feeling. I used to stand and look at the desert most every day after Jed died. It was quiet. Its heat and silence emptied your mind. It frightened me at first; then I got used to it. I could see he was getting used to it.

"Can I rent a room from you?" he asked.

"Well—" I said.

"Please. I've been—I've been sick. I'm looking for somewhere quiet." He looked sick, all right.

Archer carried Tommy above his head as though out of reach of something. "Get back!" he shouted. "The water's too deep"

"Well, I've never. . . . How long would you be wanting to stay?"

"A few days—a week, maybe."

I could feel the sun burning. He put his hand up to his head.

I said, "All right. You'd better come in now. It's cool in there."

Tommy carried his things up to the house, drew him some water from the cooler.

The man sat in the big chair on the porch while I went into the kitchen and set the beans on to heat. I could see his head over the back of Jed's chair where he was sitting. He was smoking. The smoke climbed up like the smoke used to from Jed's pipe; only this smoke wavered a bit.

I set the table. There was salt pork and beans. He ate hungrily.

"We get our fresh meat in four days," I told him.

"Do you drive in for it?"

"Ephraim comes over with stores every two weeks," said Tommy. "We don't have any automobile since Dad died. Just Toby. He's a mule."

When we had eaten I cleaned the dishes. He had gone back to the porch, sitting looking out over the desert.

I said, "Tommy and I can help you get your automobile out."

"I don't feel good. I'd sooner lie down a while." His face had that lined look. It looked as if he hadn't slept for a long time.

WHEN I had taken him to the back room and made up his bed, I called Tommy and we went into the mine. When Jed died, I went on working the mine. I used to help him, and now Tommy helped me. Ephraim, who had been Jed's best friend, made him a little truck—not too heavy for a boy of ten. I figured the mine would be Tommy's one day, and the more he learned, the better. We made enough to live on so we never went short, and a little work never hurt a boy.

Now I scraped the borax from the crystallizing rods. It filled Tommy's truck.

"When I've wheeled this, can I dig out the automobile with my spade?" Tommy asked.

"You'd better leave it alone. Maybe tomorrow you can help him." I put the leather harness on him. It was easier for him to pull the loaded truck up the slope.

"When I've wheeled this, can I go to the Old Workings?"

"Seventeen miles before tea? No, you cannot." He kept worrying me to go to the Old Workings in the foothills. A man had told him there was still gold there. "You know I won't have you going there. Get along with that load now."

I set the rods again. Then I followed Tommy to the packing shed. He was standing looking away to the foothills. They were mauve and shadowy.

"I'm going to be a placer miner when I'm a man," he told me. "I'm going to get gold for you."

I began to shovel the crystals into white bags. "Borax is as good as gold," I told him, "and a whole lot safer."

"Why, Mom, that bag's full!" he cried.

I had been shoveling, not noticing the crystals were overflowing. Tommy was laughing and laughing. I liked to hear him laugh.

"You can ride Toby for half an hour," I said. "Be back in time for tea. You mustn't be late when we have a guest."

When the food was ready and the table set, I went and knocked on the door of the back room. With Tommy still out, the house was very quiet. The hens in the yard were not clucking, so there was no sound to come in from outside. My knock on the door sounded very loud and sharp.

Inside, I heard him give a bound off the bed. The bed creaked. "Who is it? Who is it?" he called. It was more of a shout. I thought I had never heard a man frightened before.

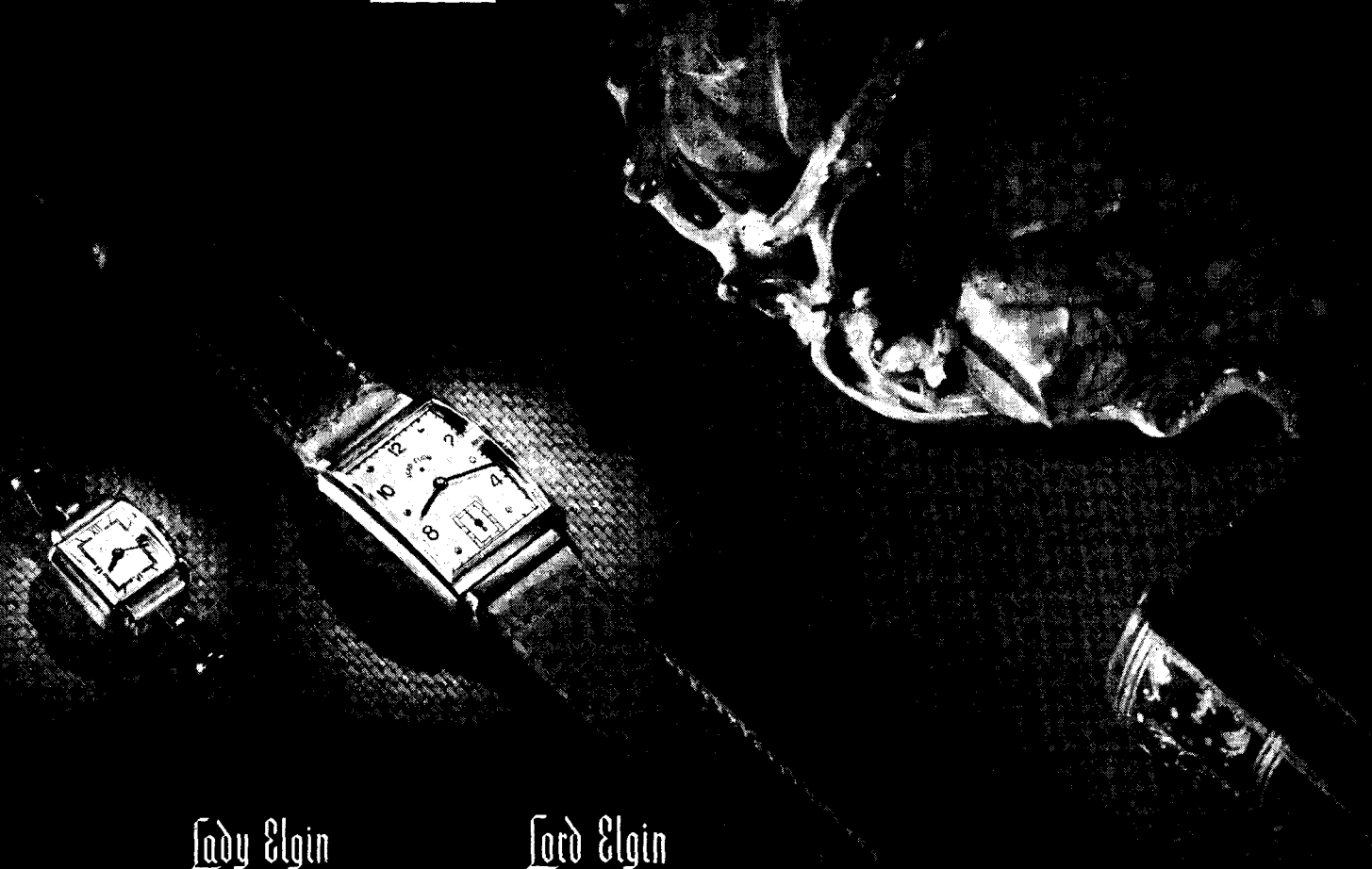
"It's me," I said. "Your tea's ready."

(Continued on page 50)

Collier's for December 8, 1945

Hold fast to your desire...

THERE WILL BE MORE ELGINS



Lady Elgin

Lord Elgin

To you who have waited for the most favored of all fine timepieces, this will come as a part of the good news of America's magnificent victory.

Elgin craftsmen, who stayed so faithfully on their job of making vitally needed precision instruments and timing devices for our armed forces, are now using their war-sharpened skills in the creation of Lord and Lady Elgin

Watches for you. It will be a while yet; the making of fine watches is a painstaking work.

But new Elgins *are* on the way . . . watches of dependable accuracy . . . watches your jeweler will be truly proud to show you.

So when you see various sorts of foreign-made watches with their strange-sounding names, hold fast to your original desire.

There *will* be more of the superb American-

made Elgins. New Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin DeLuxe models—all reasonably priced, exquisitely styled and timed to the stars!

These will be watches most satisfying to own . . . and most worthy of your thoughtful giving. *You'll be glad you waited for an Elgin.* Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A. (*This is our 80th Anniversary.*)

BUY THE BONDS OF VICTORY!

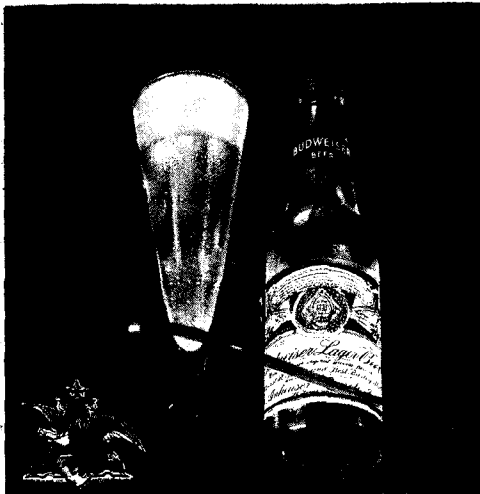
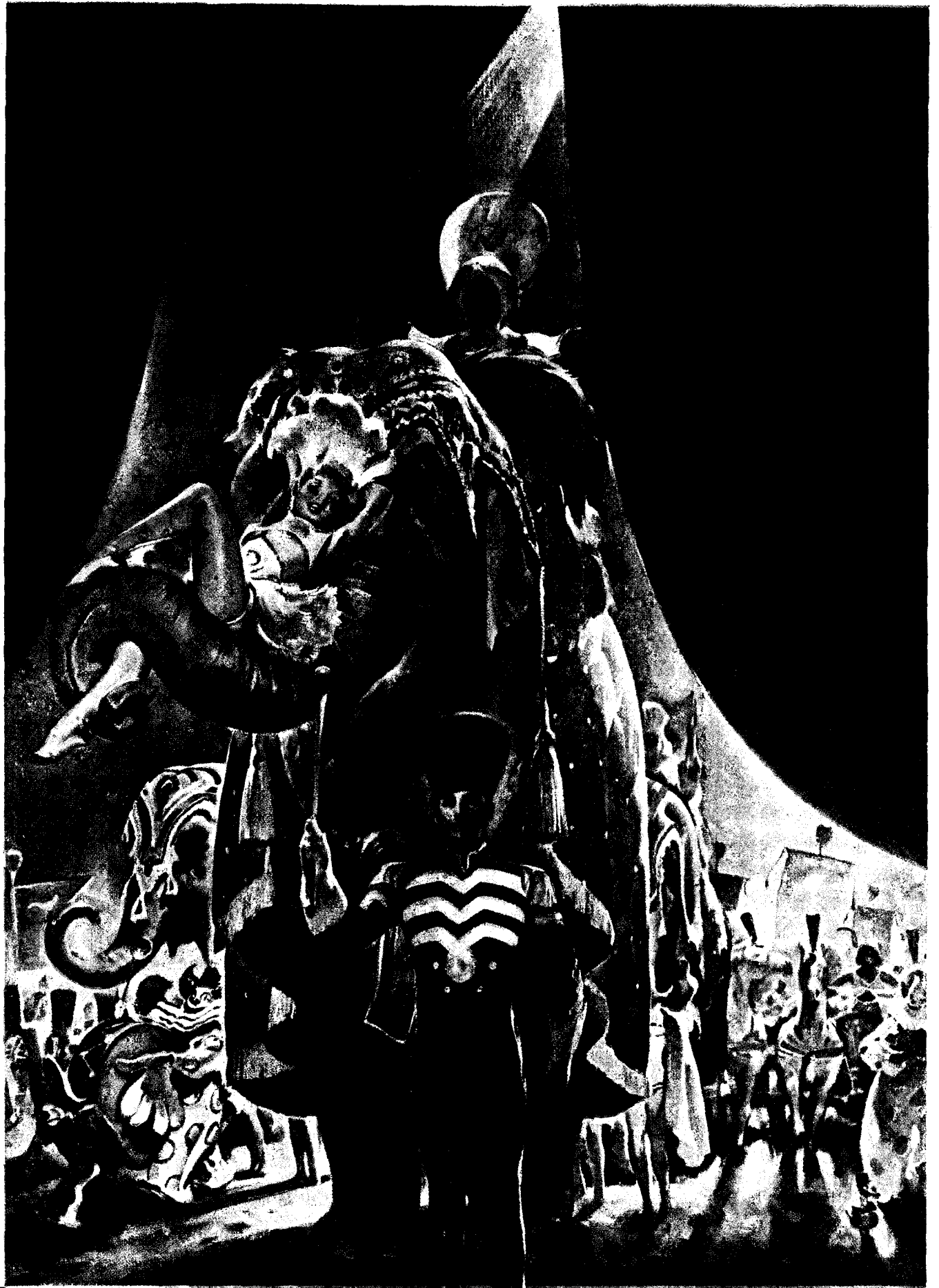
Gift choice of American **ELGIN** *Families since 1865*

*You Have
to See It
to Believe It*

Imagine trying to describe the circus to someone who never has seen it. You tell him about the three rings jam-packed with action, the acrobats flying 'round the tent top, the gay antics of the clowns, the crowd's roar, the terrific tempo of the brass band, the big cat's angry snarls. But to him these are only words. He sees none of it, feels none of the astonishment aroused by the great feats which make the circus a magnificent, indescribable spectacle.

Even in more everyday matters, we see examples of how words fall short of actual experience. For example, Budweiser. Millions of words have been spoken in praise of its goodness, but only when you raise a golden, foaming glass of Budweiser to your lips do you experience the utterly distinctive taste and delightful bouquet that have made this the world's most popular beer.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS



*Every sip tells you what words can't
—why Budweiser is
something more than beer...a tradition*

Budweiser

© 1945 A-B Co.

Yours Truly Mr. Williams

Continued from page 33

telephone rang in his home. "I'm locked in your store," the caller explained, "but don't bother to come down tonight to get me. I'll just go back to the basement and finish picking out the books I came in for during my lunch hour." In the morning, when Williams arrived, the customer still had his nose contentedly buried in a book.

Williams himself, a born showman as well as a shrewd book dealer, pours it on thick. Consciously or unconsciously, he exaggerates the surface chaos and confusion, emphasizes the air of informality and warm welcome, and exploits his merchandise and unconventional methods so well that book collectors from all over the world eagerly scan the frequent schedules of rare volumes he mails out.

Between the rare books that he sells for collections, sometimes for as much as \$5,000 for a single frayed copy, and the popular works he gets rid of to patrons interested only in the joys of good reading, he does an annual business of \$300,000, selling and replacing at least 50 per cent of his tremendous stock each year.

His regular clients include men of wealth and position and plain folk, some with barely more to their names than the dimes or quarters for the books of their choice. Admiral Byrd browses around for books on travel; Arthur Fiedler and Koussevitzky come in to add to collections of music; Robert Frost, the New Hampshire poet, for first editions of his own works. Kenneth Roberts, the author, looks for background material on places he writes about and recently, after an operation, with his neck still swathed in bandages, made it his very first stop on leaving the hospital. Years ago William Howard Taft used to come over for books on American history.

Einstein asks by mail for books in German on logic and philosophy; Mark Twain in the old days was a frequent buyer. The late Doctor Harvey Cushing established one of the most complete medical libraries in the

country with some assistance from Williams.

There have been many others—Alexander Woolcott looking for books on the theater; Gene Autry, who collects everything he can find on American humor; Julian Street, the author, who buys cookbooks; Booth Tarkington to check up with Williams on what the first edition of his *Gentleman from Indiana* is bringing—\$90 in the current market; E. H. Sothorn, Otis Skinner, Edna Ferber, Oswald Garrison Villard, "Old Bob" La Follette, Eugene V. Debs and Edwin Markham—Williams has served and known them all.

In keeping with the rest of his surroundings, the proprietor of Yours Truly Mr. Williams has neither a desk nor an office. A short, round man in his late sixties with shining bald pate, Williams stands behind a cheap showcase, the only case on the main floor. Here he invites you to browse around, reads his mail of about 100 pieces a day and eats homemade sandwiches from a paper bag.

Finds Time to Advertise

With only two clerks to help him wait on the downstairs trade, he finds time nevertheless to carry on negotiations for a private library of perhaps 50,000 volumes to add to his stock, or to write crayon-scribbled signs by the dozen on the backs of used envelopes or anything that's handy, which he's continually sticking up on tables or pasting all over his display windows. "Fine summer reading—come in—browse around and pick 'em yourself," he writes on an old cardboard. Or "Slashing 'em to the bone—just unpacked—a rare bargain—books on graphology."

Always the signs contain the signature he's made famous—"Yours Truly Mr. Williams"—a trademark he chose as a boy of 16 in 1895 when he first became a book dealer at a street stand in Worcester, Mass. "Yours Truly," he explains, "has a businesslike ring, sounds friendly and is easier to remember than a man's name," but those who know Williams are inclined to believe that even

at 16 he was a master showman and already aware of the value in an odd kind of billing. His help, his oldest customers, even his daughters call him Mr. Williams or "Yours Truly" and he has almost forgotten that he ever had the name of Joe.

On the main floor stands a cash register. When Williams is around, no one else is permitted to ring up a sale. When Williams is off at an auction, Harriet, the elder of his two daughters, succeeds to this right. Sometimes, when trade is especially brisk and Williams can't stop long enough to go to the register, a clerk making a sale brings the cash to him and he stuffs it into his pants pocket where it remains until the crowd thins out and he can ring the combined sales up at his leisure.

The rare books are Harriet's department. Like her father, she has almost forgotten she has a first name. Yours Truly formally addresses her as Miss Williams. To everyone else she is "H. E." Unlike her father, she is extremely well-read and brings to the business an impressive background of education and experience. As a youngster she took so many books out of the store, Yours Truly laughingly accused her of trying to put him out of business. At Simmons College she majored in library work for her bachelor's degree, then obtained a master's at Columbia. For five years she worked in the public library in Brooklyn, organizing the rare book department there before joining the Williams staff. In her field she's considered a leading authority and her judgment of book values is as rare as her stock.

There are collectors of all kinds, many with the strangest desires, and Miss Williams finds something for them all. There are those, for example, who buy only first editions, others who want elephant-size volumes only, still others who want Shakespeare but only in miniature sizes a few inches square. One Bostonian collects anything by or about Oliver Goldsmith, first editions or later, frayed or in good condition—it makes no difference—and never reads a line of it.

Williams will buy a single copy or one hundred thousand at a crack. He paid \$10,000 for the complete library of nineteenth-century first editions belonging to a New England doctor, then sold the books singly. A first edition of Keats' *Endymion* alone from this collection brought \$500. A second folio of Shakespeare, part of another collection, went to a Williams customer for \$5,000. At present, the shop has a little book, only eight pages in all, which has a price tag of \$450. It is in a red morocco case and beautifully illustrated in color, entitled *Lessons in Dancing* by a Dilettante. It was published in 1828.

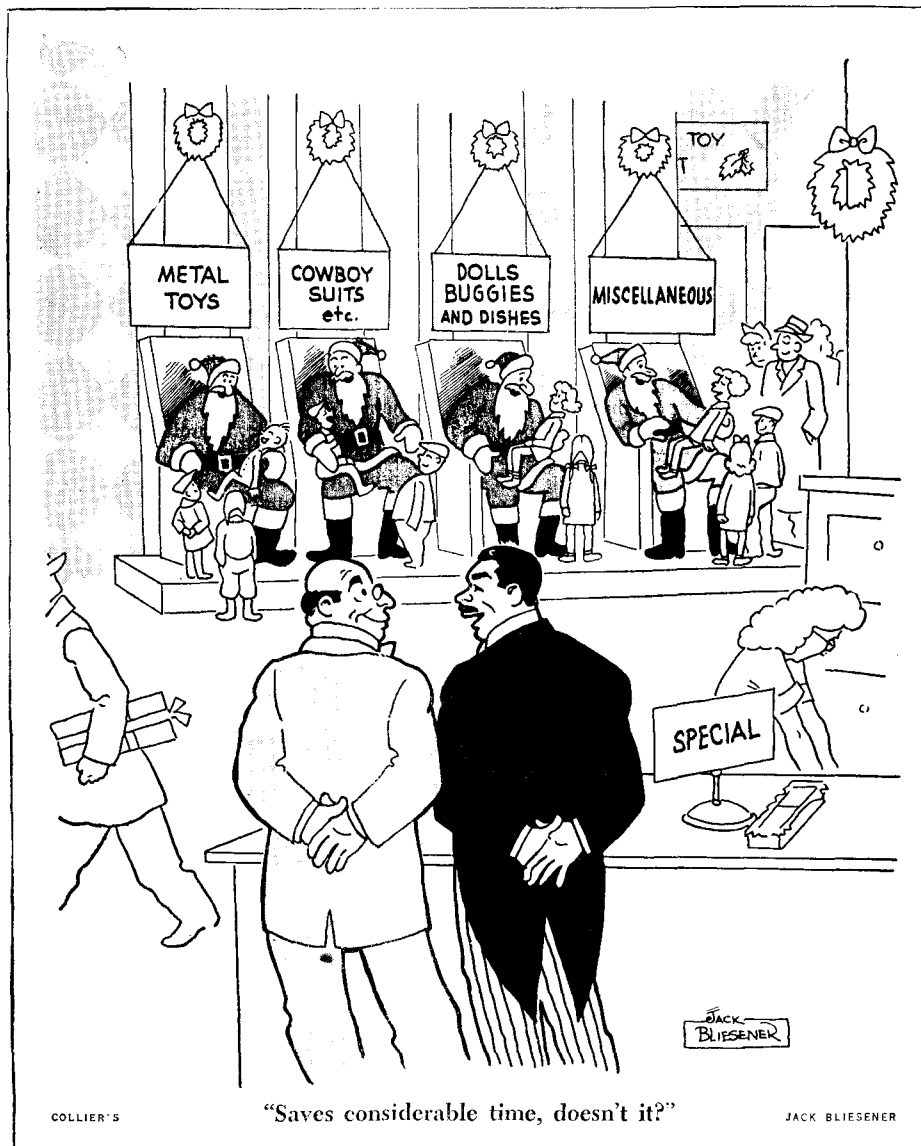
Collectors of All Kinds

Aside from individual customers, representatives of outstanding libraries are frequently calling on Williams to add to their extensive collections. The Smithsonian Institution occasionally finds old pieces it wants and even the Library of Congress, despite millions of books of its own, buys as many as 3,000 books there a year, especially rare legal matter, rare books printed in America, fine press books and illustrated manuscripts.

Not so long ago, the library of Fordham was enriched through a Williams collection of books on World War I filling 20 large cases. Harvard purchased a collection on fencing and now Williams is seeking a buyer for probably the finest Napoleonic collection in existence which the shop does not own but which it has been commissioned to sell for \$100,000. It consists of 20,000 books and thousands of letters and is owned by a 90-year-old man who has built up the collection over the span of his lifetime.

By far the greatest part of Williams' business is with men, but there are plenty of women and youngsters too. Let a father or mother come in for a purchase accompanied by one or half a dozen offspring and, if Williams is around, he'll dig out a "book on the house" for each of the juvenile visitors. It's good business, Williams will point out. Many a youngster remembered in this fashion has returned to the shop a few years later as an adult collector in his own right.

THE END



"Saves considerable time, doesn't it?"

Collier's for December 8, 1945

MALLORY Tropical* DRY BATTERIES

Fundamentally
Different—with
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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

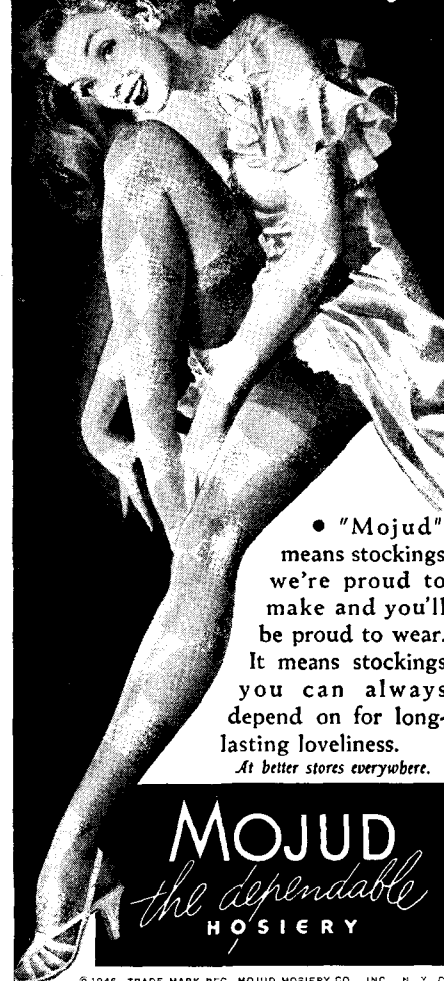
Originally developed by Mallory for the Signal Corps to meet the toughest conditions, Mallory Tropical Dry Batteries gave from four to six times the service life of batteries they replaced, with practically constant output and a far longer "shelf" life. They are smaller, lighter in weight for comparative power.

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For here is a shoe that gives you, at a moderate price, both virtues of fine shoemaking—comfortable fit and smart good looks. And their rich husky leathers have the stamina to make easy going of rugged weather! Choose from many handsome styles. For the name of your dealer write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.

It's a **FREEMAN** *shoe*

charge of Mrs. Lindy. The depression was on and the going tough until Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* opened at the Guild Theater, just around the corner. The play started at 5, broke at 6:45 for a dinner intermission, and most of the playgoers flocked to the near-by Lindy's. By 1939, Lindy's was an institution, the store was doubled in size, and even with the doubling, lines began to form outside. Today people wait half an hour to get in.

Leo Lindy is a short and paunchy character with little hair on his head, a repressed smile on his face, and a hang-over of a German accent. High-strung and temperamental, he either loves you or hates you. If he loves you, there's nothing he won't do. Walk by on a hot night and he'll drag you in and stuff you with cold borscht. As you leave, he'll shove a box under your arm—a box full of delicious strawberry custard cake.

But bring a friend in with you whom Lindy doesn't like and he'll call you aside. "You have to bring that fellow in? I hear he swears at his mother."

Lindy looks like the mildest guy on Broadway, and usually is. But he doesn't tolerate drunks or loud cussers. And he can get rough. There was the time a murderous gent named Pretty Amberg came in and smashed the glass pastry enclosure, a Lindy pride and joy. Lindy flattened him quick and threw him out. Pretty never went back.

Leo is the constant butt of practical jokes. His great pride is cleanliness. One night Fredric Fradkin, the radio violinist, found a store that sells fishing flies. Fradkin sneaked some of the flies into a Lindy sugar bowl, then dropped them in coffee while Lindy was sitting with them. When the sugar dissolved and the flies bobbed to the surface of Lindy's own coffee cup, Fradkin set up a holler. Lindy rocked back and forth, holding his head in his hands, stunned, until the trick was explained.

It was the same Fradkin who one night got a half pound of sliced tongue at a near-by delicatessen, then ordered a sliced tongue sandwich in Lindy's, and, adding the smuggled tongue to that which was already in the sandwich, built himself a decker slightly shorter than Lindy himself. When Leo came along, Fradkin greeted him with kisses. "Such wonderful sandwiches you're serving tonight, Leo! Such bargains!" According to Fradkin, Leo rushed for the kitchen and started throwing plates.

Clowning Takes Over

There's never a quiet moment. Zero Mostel, the comic, comes in and taunts Lindy by dancing with the waiters and pouring coffee down his own ears. Frank Libuse of the Olsen and Johnson show gets the Lindy dander up by posing as a waiter and handing customers mops as they come in, or leading them to the washroom.

One character comes in, sits down and eats, then goes into his specialty—falling off his chair in a pretended faint. He's revived, starts to eat again, then goes into what appears to be convulsions. With his lips turning blue and foam coming out, it looks like the real thing. It invariably drives Lindy frantic.

Lindy is proud of the decorations in the restaurant. He regularly attends art exhibits, buys up paintings, hangs them in the store. "Wonderful, eh?" he says. "Just think: A bum like me cuts up baloney, buys things that belonged to the Morgans. It shows the power of baloney, hah?"

Although the boys enjoy ribbing him, they love him. They tell of the time a few years ago when he took his wife to look at an apartment in a building he said he was going to buy. When they arrived, there were her father, then 88, a sister and two other relatives whom Lindy had managed to get out of Poland ahead of the Gestapo and had installed in their own apartment as a birthday gift to his wife.

They also tell of the time he was offered a certified check for \$50,000 for a three-year

checking concession in his restaurant. He turned it down and donated the concession to Otto Gallin, one of his waiters who was having trouble moving around because of a bad leg.

One of the big crises in the restaurant's career came not long ago when Lindy one day decided that he was carrying too much weight. "When it comes I can't tie my own shoelaces any more, I got to get rid of this German goiter. I got to weigh bedside forty-five pounds less."

He picked up a twenty-five-cent book on calorie values and put himself on a rigid diet. But in his usual wholehearted fashion that wasn't enough. Every time a customer with a slight paunch showed signs of enjoying himself over some pastry, Lindy came running with his little book. "Look," he'd pant. "Look at the calories you're consuming. You want to pop?"

It got so that finally many customers went complaining to Mrs. Lindy at the other store. She put a stop to it.

A Case of True Partnership

The Lindys have been married thirty years, and theirs is one of the love sagas of Broadway. Lindy never goes anywhere without her, never engages in a conversation for more than five minutes without mentioning his Clara. She, too, in her capacity of running the other Lindy restaurant, has become one of Broadway's favorite characters. People run to her with their troubles. She's one of the town's best listeners. Damon Runyon calls her Mrs. Broadway. The Lindys have no children. They love the simple life. They live on the twentieth floor of an apartment house on Central Park West. In all their time on Broadway, neither has seen the inside of a night club.

"The music of my own two registers," says Leo, "is better than two bands."

Lindy arrives at the restaurant at ten o'clock every morning, does his buying, meets his department managers. From 12 to 3, he conducts luncheon service on the floor. At three o'clock he goes for a walk in the park or, in summer, home to the terrace for a sun bath.

At 5:30, the Lindys meet for dinner in the big store. Then Mrs. Lindy goes over to conduct dinner at the little one, and Lindy does the same in the big place. At ten, they meet, go to a movie, then return to the restaurant.

People are always trying to analyze Lindy. They call his place an Emporium of Exhibitionism. That's true. They class Lindy himself as the master exhibitionist. That's true, too. Everybody suspects that Leo is not so much the unwitting butt of jokes as a cheerful—though he conceals it well—participant in them.

Lindy's generosity is unlimited. It extends from begging Broadway column mentions for down-grade comedians to sending large checks to various charities—with flourishes.

Every year he sends \$1,000 to the Red Cross, sometimes five times that amount. But not direct. He passes it to Mayor La Guardia. That way the Little Flower will mention it on his radio talk: "Got a \$1,000 check from Cheesecake-and-coffee Lindy."

Lindy claims that he has never had a press agent. Yet his is one of the most publicized restaurants in the country.

Lindy has a language all his own. When he forgets something, he doesn't let it go at forgetfulness. With Lindy, it's "I got galloping senility." If he sees a mongrel on the street, it's not just a mongrel, but a "mixture between an oil sardine and a canary bird."

Jesse Block was in one day, but not eating. He called Lindy over. "You think, Leo, if I eat cake and tea, it'll hurt me?"

Lindy looked at him with an inimitable reproachfulness. "For two bits, you want medical advice, too?"

When his patrons get excited because they order calf's liver and the liver has a vein in it, Lindy shrugs his shoulders. "Must have had aggravation, that calf."

THE END

Fall from Grace

Continued from page 20

table. "Poor Lily! Nobody will say that Len must be feeling fine." She brushed her thick black hair fanwise onto her shoulders. "After all, she is a sweet girl. And thirty isn't old. They'll make a nice couple."

"Sure they will. Len's what my mother would call a good provider. He's building up the biggest business in town."

"I'd rather not think of that. It's the one thing about Len I don't like."

"Somebody has to do the work. It's lucky Len has such a passion for it. He's a real artist. He can't bear not to have the hair and the fingernails and coloring just so. I'll bet he knows more about rouge than most women do."

"Tom, please!"

"But he does. He was working on a smash-up case a couple of weeks ago when I happened to be going by. He insisted on my coming in and looking at it. He'd just finished attaching a false ear. Prettiest thing you ever saw—pink and fleshy. Looked all ready to be yelled into."

Mrs. Bowen shivered. "Now, that's enough. Every time he shakes hands with me, I'm sure I smell formaldehyde."

Doctor Bowen shaved carefully around his mustache. "I wonder if people will be suspicious of me because there's an undertaker in the family? Looks like a conspiracy to get my mistakes out of sight in a hurry."

"By the way, you mustn't call Len an undertaker. Lily says the word they use now is mortician."

"Mortician?" Doctor Bowen groaned. "Has Len fallen for that?" He set a coin of soap on Mark's chin. "It's getting so people won't admit there's such a thing as death any more. Insurance men talking about final expenses instead of dying! Still, when people die they're as dead as they ever were. If you ask me."

"You talk as if we were going to a funeral instead of a wedding," Mrs. Bowen said. "I hope Anna has my dress pressed and the children's things ready."

Mark tapped at the carved crossbar of the bed, but his mother and father paid no attention to him. Doctor Bowen said, "Tell Ellen to remember to take along a handkerchief. Every time she goes to church she has to blow her nose, only she doesn't blow it; she just sits there sniveling."

"She gets excited, poor thing."

Mark leaned back on the bed, raising his legs in the air. Then he turned a somers-

sault in the tangled bedclothes. His parents went on talking. Finally, he said, "Mummy, I want a drink."

"There's a glass in the bathroom, dear."

He shook his head. "No," he said, adding in a whisper the word, "church."

Mrs. Bowen smiled across the room. "Darling, I'm sorry; I'd forgotten. Tom, what shall we do about Mark?"

His face buried in a Turkish towel, Doctor Bowen demanded, "About his tonsils, you mean? Leave them alone."

"No, not about his tonsils. About going to the wedding. Do you think he's old enough?"

Doctor Bowen lifted his head from the towel, pretending to study Mark, who sat straight and unmoving in the bed. "Why, he's still pretty young," Doctor Bowen said, in his deepest professional voice, "but if he promises to be a good boy. . . ."

MARK had never been in a church before. He noted especially the height of the arched doorway through which he passed, and the hard, multicolored marble floor under his feet. As Anna led him down the aisle, he found it impossible to muffle the unsteady clicking of his heels. The aisle itself, which had steeple-topped wooden benches on either side, was as long as a street.

Several of the people sitting in the benches nodded and smiled at Mark, but, with his hand resting sweetly in Anna's palm, he tried to keep his eyes focused on a man in striped trousers who was leading Edward, Ellen and Catharine ahead of Anna and him. Edward had put on a brand-new blue suit, and Ellen and Catharine wore puffy white dresses, each with a blue sash. The man in striped trousers pointed out to them a bench near the front of the church.

Mark recognized his Grandmother McNally in the bench before him, and he called out, "Hello, Grandma!"

Anna said, "Sh-h-h!" and his grandmother failed even to move her head.

After sitting quietly beside Anna for a minute or two, Mark turned his attention to the altar, which was a castle of white stone decorated with flowers, candles and a golden cross; then to the ceiling of the church. Where a number of stone arches grew together, he discovered a painting circled with electric lights. The painting was too far above Mark's head for him to make out the story it was meant to tell.

At the rear of the church, on a platform



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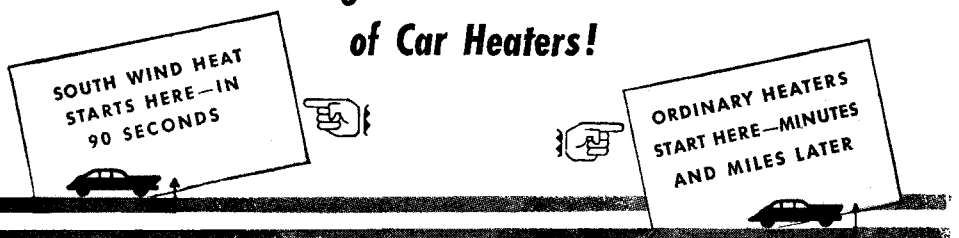
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WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Oh, no, no—I'm not your man. Ex-Sergeant Mac Reddy—U.S.M.C., Purple Heart, DSC, Silver Star—right over there!"

COLLIER'S

Collier's for December 8, 1945



Buy Victory Bonds . . . and Keep Them

What adds so much to teen age charm as the smile that frames attractive teeth! This favorite of her set has learned that her teeth can be kept clean by regular brushing with our Baking Soda, Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand, which also helps to brighten teeth to their natural color.



ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA



OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA



And last thing before his best date, Junior, too, gives his teeth a good Baking Soda brushing. He likes its fresh, clean after-taste

and its convenience. Baking Soda is inexpensive—a package which will give many weeks of brushings, costs just a few cents.



CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., 10 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

over the doors, rose a cluster of yellow pipes. The sound that came out of them, a kind of thunder that went up and down like a song, shook the air in a way new to Mark. He swallowed hard to relieve the pressure on his ears.

The thunder lessened, and the people in the benches stood up and turned their heads expectantly. Ellen stopped sniveling for a moment, wiping her nose delicately with her finger, and even Grandmother McNally, her face sharp and expressionless behind her veil, appeared aware that something was about to happen.

Anna said, "Careful, now. Watch out for your mother."

Mark leaned far out from the pew, Anna's hand on the collar of his sailor suit and the cloth of the collar reddening his neck. He saw his mother walking toward him at an odd, slow pace, followed by his Aunt Lily. Aunt Lily, in a white dress with a net as long as a bed sheet dragging on the floor behind her, was walking beside Mark's Uncle Howard, who lived in another town and whom Mark chiefly remembered for the smell of his slick black hair.

Mark noted that his mother and Aunt Lily were carrying bouquets, and he was glad that his Uncle Howard, who carried no bouquet, had at least a flower attached to his coat. When his mother drew abreast of the pew, Mark feared that, since she walked so strangely, with her head back and her eyes fixed in space, she might not recognize him; but as she passed the pew, she whispered, "Darling," and winked at him. Mark felt almost sick with pride. Edward, Ellen and Catharine, sitting beyond Anna in the interior of the pew, had been ignored.

MARK barely found time to tug at Anna's skirt before the accident took place. He felt a tickling in his throat, then the inevitable, the unstoppable surge.

The windows of the church shuddered and dissolved in rosy light. The altar at which, dimly and plumply, Aunt Lily knelt by a stranger dressed in black was swallowed up in his tears, and all the candles turned into shooting stars. Mark always cried in such a crisis, not merely because he was uncomfortable, or because he was afraid of being punished, but because he wanted to distract attention from the act itself. He liked people to think, if only for a little while, that he had managed to hurt himself, that he might be, indeed, in serious danger.

But he never deceived Anna. She gave his arm a tug and whispered fiercely, "Be quiet! Be quiet! It's all right."

Her false assurance made matters worse. Grandmother McNally nodded once, all but imperceptibly, and Anna, taking this as a signal to remove Mark from the church, led him, stumbling blindly, down the great length of the aisle, while the priest on the altar behind them raised his voice to intone, "Dominus vobiscum," and the cluster of yellow pipes broke again into sound.

At last the aisle ended in arches of daylight, and Mark tripped down the granite steps to the street. Still holding him like a soiled rag, firmly but at a distance, Anna said, "Now we'll miss it, we'll miss the whole thing! The other children were right. You shouldn't have come!"

"I didn't mean to," Mark said, falling back on the familiar excuse. "I couldn't help it."

"No, that's just it, you never can help it," Anna said, standing at the curb and looking down the street for a trolley. "It was so beautiful!" she said, evidently referring to the wedding. "To think I've missed it, missed the best part! After all these weeks of talking about it, and after buying a new dress and all." She bent down and shook Mark by the shoulders. "You little devil!" she said. "You spoil everything!"

Mark felt too heartsick to fear Anna's temper. Sooner or later she would forgive him, but nothing could restore him to his place in the wedding. He had not seen his father there, but somewhere among all those people his father must have been standing and watching him. His father must have been remembering his promise to be a good boy—to be grown up, to be a man. Mark stood dumbly, scuffing his toes in the dirty gutter

of the street, while Anna drew up a list of reproaches.

After a few minutes, the trolley that would take them home stopped at Anna's signal, and they climbed aboard. Ferdie, the motor-man, a tall, stoop-shouldered man with a gray mustache, was an old friend of Mark, Anna, and Eva, the cook. Mark suspected that there was something unusual about his friendship with Eva; at any rate, Anna and Eva giggled whenever they spoke of Ferdie.

Anna would say to Eva, "When are you going to give in to him, Eva?" and Eva would throw her apron over her face and cry, "Is nodding! Is nodding dere!"

Mark sat upright on the caned seat, staring through his tears at the houses and trees sliding past. He tried to imagine what was happening in church, and he cried all the harder when he found that he couldn't imagine it. Then he tried not to think of what was happening in church, and that was worse. At last Anna, who had been gossiping with Ferdie, turned to him and said, "You ought to be ashamed, a big boy like you! I might forgive you if you'd act like less of a baby."

Since there were no other passengers on the trolley, Ferdie felt free to offer advice. "Leave the boy alone," he said. "Ain't it enough he's been sick?"

"It isn't only the wedding," Anna said. "There's going to be a breakfast afterward."

"In the middle of the day?" Ferdie gave

he wanted to go into the kitchen with her.

He climbed the stairs and shut the door of his room loudly behind him, thinking that, like Ferdie, he would show Anna he could get along without her. His room was so clean and bare that his heart sank. It was easy enough to be alone when his toys and furry animals were scattered about the bed and floor, but without them he felt cut off from everyone else in the world. Yet, if he took his animals and toys from the closet after Anna had spent so much time making everything neat, she would be more angry with him than she had been at church. Mark's lower lip trembled.

He took off his soiled clothes and climbed into the bed. The air felt cold on his bare body. Whatever was happening at the church, or at that strange breakfast Anna had spoken of, or downstairs in the warm kitchen, it was easier to bear their loss with his eyes closed, his mouth pressed against the white cloth of the pillow. He was already too tired to cry. Now and then the first breath of a sob came up aching out of his throat. Because they were no longer wanted, the sobs made his chest hurt. After a minute or two, he fell asleep.

WHEN he woke, he felt that he must be dreaming. He kept his eyes closed. He could feel his mother's hand on his bare arm and he could smell her perfume in the air



his brass lever a flourish, and the trolley gained speed. "Breakfast at lunchtime?"

"It's always breakfast after a wedding," Anna said. "I don't care what time it is. And Mrs. Bowen said I was to come. There's going to be champagne and sherbet and chicken à la king. Chicken à la king! And music. And it's going to be at the country club. Oh!" Anna said sharply, "Oh, if we'd only left him at home!"

"Then you wouldn't have been able to go at all," Ferdie said matter-of-factly. "Ewa didn't go."

"Ewa's a cook," Anna said, "I'm a nurse." Mark saw that Anna had hurt Ferdie's feelings. Ferdie turned his back on them for the remainder of the trip. Though he was not supposed to do so, he often stopped the trolley directly in front of the house. Today he continued on to the corner.

Anna said, "Thank you, I'm sure," in the same tone of voice she had used with Mark.

Mark wiped his eyes and said, "Goodbye, Ferdie," and Ferdie said, "Goodbye, boy. You give my best regard to Ewa, you hear?"

"All right, I will."

"Chicken à la king!" Ferdie said indignantly, and the trolley swept away up the street, its yellow frame rocking.

Anna led Mark down the wide stone sidewalk to the house. As soon as they entered the dark hall, Anna said, "You better go up to your room. I got work to do."

Mark knew that this was Anna's way of saying she wanted to talk to Eva, and for once he did not beg for a glass of milk and a cookie, which was his way of saying that

around him. He heard her say, "I've a surprise for you, darling."

He sat up in bed and opened his eyes. His mother was seated beside him on the bed, dressed as she had been at the wedding. She held two paper cartons on her lap. One of them was filled with what appeared to be thick creamed soup, and the other was filled with pink and white ice cream.

His mother said, "You'll have to eat it out of the box. I brought up a spoon."

Mark held the spoon tentatively over the carton of soupy stuff. Though it looked unpleasant, he wanted to eat it. His mother had thought to bring it to him; he had to eat it. He said, "What is it?"

"Chicken à la king. It's your wedding breakfast. I saved it for you."

Mark shook his head. "Maybe you better give it to Anna. She's been wanting some."

"I brought enough for Anna and Eva. They're eating it down in the kitchen."

Mark said, "Did—Daddy see me?" He added slowly, "I mean, at the church?"

"He wasn't there. He was called over to the hospital."

Mark ducked his head to conceal his relief. The carton of chicken à la king was hot against his hands, but he felt too unsure of himself to risk eating it. He said, "I guess I'll eat the ice cream first, just so it won't melt. Is that all right?"

His mother smiled. She said, "All right, darling. You do whatever you like." Then she leaned forward and kissed his bare shoulder.

THE END

Collier's for December 8, 1945

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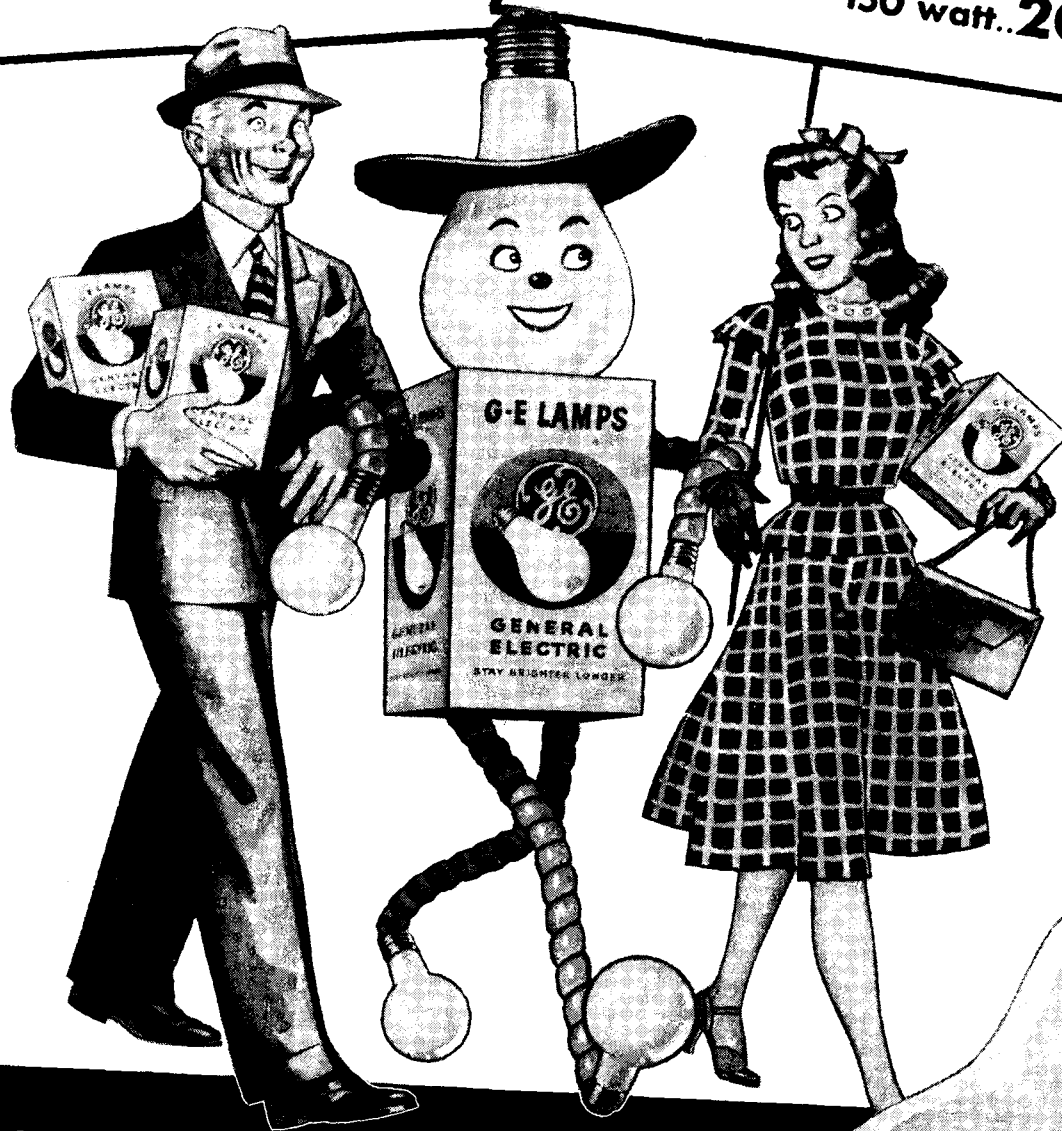
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WATCH HER LIPS ANSWER THE CALL...WHEN

Charles Boyer whistles for Lauren Bacall

HE'S GOT THAT LOOK
IN HIS EYES...AND
"THE LOOK" IN HIS
ARMS! AND IT'S
ALL SO VERY
CONFIDENTIAL!

WARNERS'
"Confidential"
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SEE! SEE! SOON!

with KATINA PAXINOU • PETER LORRE • VICTOR FRANZEN
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MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN • From a novel by Graham Greene

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR VICTORY BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRES!

Europe's Hungry Winter

Continued from page 17

three holidays, is filled again by a young stalwart, so grown you scarcely know him. In the American way of thinking, full plates are no compensation for an empty chair. However, in other scores of thousands of our homes destiny has not left us the choice, and there will be empty chairs though no enduring change in the sentiment of valuations.

For such American families there will be no consolation but only sad wonderment in what a young French housewife told me. She was not unique among all those I talked with during a two-months journey along the backroads and highways of ten nations. On the contrary, she was typical. In her terse realism she was the unwitting spokesman of Europe's dazed, frightened common people.

Her husband was killed in the last days of the fighting. She was holding a sixteen-months-old baby in her arms as we stood outside her small house in a town near Colmar. There was a stack of kindling in the yard. She had cut it herself against the winter. Every inch of the yard was planted to vegetables, but these looked scraggly. In southern Europe this has been the worst crop-growing period in decades. Drought has alternated with high winds and with unseasonably cold and gouging rains. But there were geraniums and nasturtiums in her window boxes and this was the only note that held your mind steady when she said:

"An empty plate is much worse than an empty chair, much worse." She looked at her pinch-faced, apathetic infant. "The consequences last longer."

For Americans the war has been a hard and unwanted adventure. For Europeans it has been, more than you can ever realize unless you have sifted firsthand through the material and human wreckage, an unprecedented catastrophe. Here you find our own kind of civilization with its veneer peeled off by a desperate universal obsession for bread, for shelter, for warmth. The familiar homilies of our folklore and faith no longer have validity. All the love and tenderness, the affections and loyalties, of ordinary human relationships have fled before the struggle for mere survival. The news headlines of large political issues do not tell you this. The little people, sitting on their rubble heaps or in their foodless and heatless homes, do.

Just to restore their bodies and souls, let alone rebuild their lives, is an immense responsibility in the face of which the disagreements, the posturings, the stalling and chess playing of diplomats seem nightmarishly unreal. Slaughter by weapon has given way to slaughter through protocol. Even their own have failed Europe's needy.

More Hunger Than in Wartime

The truth, bewildering because it follows so fast upon the relief and optimism that inspired us all on V-E and V-J days, is that the four horsemen of the Apocalypse did not recede from world skies with the coming of official peace. One, indeed, the dreaded black rider of famine, is ranging now with greater fury and swiftness than in the years of fighting. Europe is reviewing the old lesson that is never remembered: that for the poor and unrepresented, peace can be more difficult to endure than war. For in war it is to the advantage of governments to keep you adequately fed because you work and fight better then.

So it is not only a contradiction of war-long propaganda but a shock to American self-esteem and natural kindliness to be told furtively as I was several times in this survey, "It was better before the liberation, when the Germans were still here and managing things. At least until the very end we had more to eat."

This, mind you, in Norway, in eastern France, in Holland from persons of unquestionable patriotism—but hungry. Such remarks are no doubt impulsive and not meant as bluntly as they sound. The misunderstanding, if any, lies in the fulsome pre-invasion

descriptions by OWI and the B.B.C. of a great happy day coming. Those broadcasts, although not specifically intended that way, led the simpler people of the oppressed nations to dream that, with the advent of Allied soldiers, life forthwith would be as before the war.

The Nazis left a smashed world behind them, and the Allies, still fighting for their lives, could not halt to patch the pieces together. So hunger and hardship continued, and the inability of the busy Allies effectively to deal with either caused the liberation hysteria quickly to swing to the other extreme, disillusionment. The point, heavily charged with both social and political dynamite, is that most European civilians today do not talk from their heads but from their stomachs. Did you ever try to reason with a hungry man—one who is worried about his even hungrier children? You cannot recite pedantically to people whose approach to its assessment is so different from that of the well-fed liberating armies that "liberation is worth its cost." For these plagued nations sometimes have been ironically the victims of friends as much as of foes.

R.A.F. Bombings and Ruined Dikes

In Holland, engineers have worked frantically in a race against bad weather to repair the dikes that were breached by the bombings of the R.A.F. If they lose, it is certain that another winter under salt water will ruin for decades some of the most fertile districts of Holland. Thousands of acres will return to the seas, and the farmers will be homeless, futureless and without means.

In the suburbs of Paris, all the way along the Seine to Rouen and beyond, as well as across the Oise, Meuse, Rhone and other rivers, the road flow of food to French markets is still gravely impeded by the reconstruction work on bridges that were demolished by the United States Air Forces.

In Normandy and Brittany you can see the bones of many once-prosperous market towns now inhabited by no creatures save rats. Surrounding them are shelled and mined acres that could not be tilled this year and perhaps cannot be for some years to come. On them rot thousands of skeletons of milk and beef cattle. This was a key area in the feeding of northern France.

In parts of Belgium, eastern Holland and Luxembourg it is the same. Food-raising activities are prostrated by Yank and British engines of war—and I mention only that ruination which bears upon food growing, not upon the related food production factors of industry and transport. France alone has borne a twenty-five to fifty per cent reduction in the livestock population she had before the war, and livestock is not a crop that can be hurriedly regrown. France, too, as of the end of the war, had five million homeless persons. Most of these lived in agricultural districts and most of their million and a half homes fell to Allied shells and bombs.

Yet the devastation in all these liberated places caused by the Germans, sometimes in the exigencies of warfare but oftener in wanton malice, is far greater and more widespread. From France alone the Germans stole more than two million herd cattle and three quarters of a million draft horses in addition to those they killed. In Holland, Norway and Belgium they did the same or worse. But the mark of Nazi debauchery was left most deeply on Poland and the Ukraine, western Russia's lushest food section.

Since little enough is known of any conditions inside Russia it's not possible to give a sympathetic world a precise chart of her land and crop despoilment. It is reasonable to surmise it was formidable, because three years of vicious fighting scourged those lands. Thus, pious eyebrow-lifting is not in order because Russia now helps herself to the food and materials both of those she has conquered and those she has liberated. It is only fair to note, however, that this has been an upsetting consideration in the over-all plans of the western Allies for relief and rehabilitation work.

Meanwhile in Poland the Poles are too busy tracking down and kicking out every person with a taint of German blood, and in eastern Germany the Russians are too oc-

Collier's for December 8, 1945

cupied with dividing old Junker landholdings into small allotments, for either power to do much about emphasizing actual food production. Here, undeniably, vengeance and politics are being placed before succor.

It is not with sympathy but with concern for the wrenches they throw into the anti-famine machinery that we look upon the ten to twenty millions of refugees of German descent—four times more than the number displaced by the Nazis—herded along the drenched autumnal roads of eastern Europe into the Allied zones and the already strained mercy of the British and Americans. This is the greatest heira of history and yet it has not received abroad a hundredth part of the propaganda accorded the “displaced persons.”

West of the Russian sphere, in the Europe about which we do know something, agricultural experts have calculated that the war has ruined several millions of the all too few food-creating acres. Even the fisheries, a very large branch of the food industry of Europe's seaboard countries and a vital item of her general food pattern, have been shrunk and demoralized by the war.

A Tragic Case of Waste

It is further estimated that in some areas 20 to 30 per cent of what crops were successfully grown this year, despite heartache and drought and confusion, were left to decay in the fields by lack or maladjustment of manpower. France, for one and by no means the worst example, could not possibly harvest more than 70 per cent of the bread grains required for her absolutely minimum needs. North Africa, upon which not only France but also much of Europe once looked as an important auxiliary granary, must itself have outside help.

“All this,” a Belgian agriculturist remarked wryly, “in a world in which not long ago the United States was plowing crops under, feeding good milk to pigs and decimating its livestock herds, while other nations were dumping sugar and coffee and similar commodities into the sea in order to keep up prices in glutted markets.”

Switzerland, at the center of Europe's desolation and popularly deemed a land of limitless abundance, had to kill off one in six of

her cattle and one in two of her swine during this war because she could not provide imported fodder.

To understand such anomalies and fully to recognize all the implications, complexities and dangers of the distress in Europe it is necessary to review something of the nature and importance of food in man's affairs and the reasons why, in this twentieth century, starvation can assault whole continents.

Food is the greatest single industry in the world. More people work in food production than in any other activity. Of about thirty-four million men employed in the United States in 1940, nearly one quarter were directly in food growing or farming while many other millions engaged in such related things as canning, packing, advertising, transporting and merchandising of food products. There are more food stores than all other types of retail shops combined.

In all of Europe the proportion of agriculture to other industries is higher than ours. More women farm than with us. Europe is more intensively farmed, too, and lacks the boundless spaces of wasteland and wild forest that we have. Unfortunately the economic balance varies sharply when you get down to the separate nations, all of them divided by trade, customs and language barriers—and by transportation difficulties like different railroad gauges and different highway regulations.

In family budgets among civilized peoples, food is the largest single item of expenditure. In the United States, under normal conditions, more than a quarter of each household's income goes into food. In Europe, with rail and highway network development inferior to ours—every potato you eat, every cup of tea you drink entails integrated labor and handling by thousands of workers. And the growing, processing, distribution and consumption of food draw so many and such varied lines through the whole scheme of organized society that when they are hopelessly sundered—as in Europe now—destitution, disease and lawlessness must inevitably result. The most generous relief projects can be no more than partially availing.

(The second of two articles by W. B. Courtney on hunger in Europe will appear next week.)

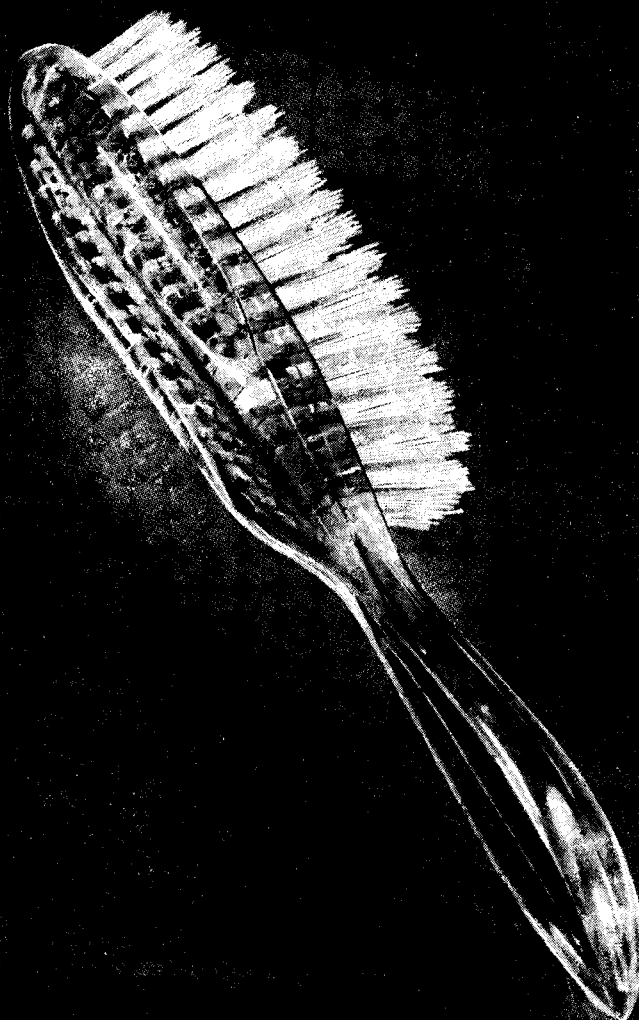


COLLIER'S

JOHN M. PRICE

Collier's for December 8, 1945

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A hairbrush beautiful enough to grace the dressing table of every lovely lady in the land! That's what you'll say when you see dainty brushes with backs and handles of gleaming “Lucite”* and bristles of clean, strong nylon.

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Look for the name—nylon—stamped on each brush.

Yes, this Christmas you can have yours... you'll be glad for years that you have one. (Du Pont does not make hairbrushes; we supply the nylon bristles and “Lucite” to brush manufacturers.) E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Dept., Arlington, N. J.



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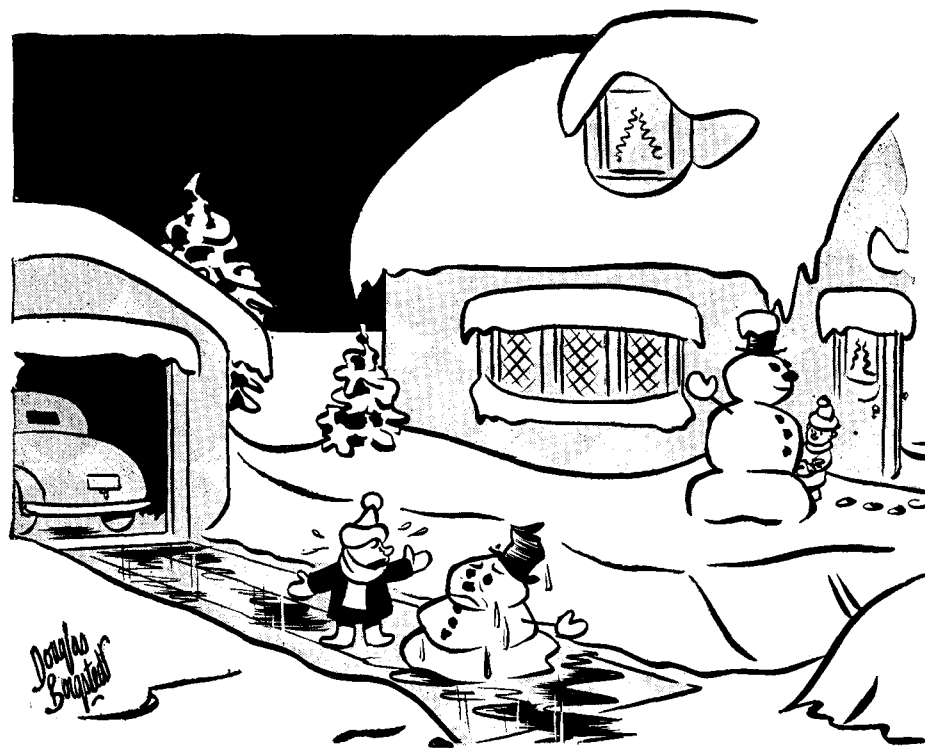
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Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Put Away That Snow Shovel!

Sunday—and snowing hard all day. By midnight Mr. Jigger's driveway is completely drifted; his car is marooned. But he will get it out on time Monday morning, without doing a stroke of shoveling. Down cellar he has a small gas heater, specially installed. When he gets up he merely turns on a valve and the snow in his driveway melts away in little over an hour. This pleasant little miracle, he figures, will cost him about sixty cents.

All that is necessary is a run of pipe, buried under the two sides of the roadway. The heater circulates a mixture of water and antifreeze through the system, warms the ground enough to keep snow and ice on the move.

No standard melting apparatus is on the market yet, but several amateur installations have been so successful that the principle may become standard in tough climates. A heavy coating of ice can be melted off in fifteen minutes, while a fifteen-inch snowfall can be removed in a couple of hours.

For industrial plants waste steam is often available without adding special boilers. For homeowners a small hot-water heater can be hooked up to pipes beneath driveways, front walks and even back yards at moderate expense. The saving in trouble alone has been found to repay the cost in a season or two.

X-Ray Jack-in-the-Box

Though atom bombs may take over the lion's share of warmaking, there must always be bullets to back up the authority to control these superweapons—bullets that travel faster and strike more accurately than ever before. To keep up with the parade as war ended, an X-ray instrument of incredible speed and penetration was invented. This blitz camera could not only photograph the invisible bullet inside the barrel of a rifle but could take half a dozen separate shots of it as it hurtled down the barrel.

Invented to help prevent ammunition jamming in machine guns when lives were at stake, this X-ray jack-in-the-box has many peacetime uses that will help solve the mysteries of what goes on inside whirling everyday machines. For instance: What makes your automobile engine lose its pep as it grows old? Is it the valves, pistons, crankshaft? Do the gears deform under severe load? None of these hidden parts could be

studied, in action, until the X-ray flash camera was invented.

How does the dust flow through a vacuum cleaner? Answer that and your cleaner can be more efficient. The X-ray camera can see inside while it is running. Why do you make a poor drive on the golf course when you're in top form? It may be the ball itself. What happens to that ball during its first six inches of travel? This new device can see inside and recommend better core materials, shapes and weights. Anything that moves fast and is hidden can be pried into by the flash camera that can take instantaneous snapshots through several inches of steel.

A small vacuum tube does the trick. Hit by a sudden burst of 600,000 kilowatts of power, it creates enough X rays to take a sharp picture in one millionth of a second. That much power, flowing continuously, would supply a city of a million people. But the time is so short that the tube uses scarcely 1/600th of a cent's worth of electricity for a picture.

They Won't Break

Tomorrow's phonograph records won't crack up, even under severe blows; you can sit on them without hurting them, and they can be dropped on a hard floor without damage. The new records are made of a bright red plastic that is lighter than the standard type and can be bent without harm.

Because of the smoothness of the material, they give clearer music, without scratching, and the mineral filler used in ordinary shellac records is not needed. They are more expensive, but they can be used with any standard needle and operate on the usual record changers. Plastic recordings are not expected to make the regular hard record obsolete, but only to add a deluxe grade of product that will give the same "high fidelity" results that are now available only in the radio studio.

Unscorch That Shirt!

Now and then the most careful housewife will scorch some of her ironing, making unsightly brown blemishes on white goods which will never come out. The news now is that they will come out, under a new process which is being applied already in the shirt manufacturing business and may soon be simplified enough for use in every home. Unscorching a singed shirt (or any other piece of textile) can be done provided that the fibers have not actually been carbonized—or

burned. The trick is done with water at certain type of sunlamp, arranged to expose the damaged area for just the right length of time.

Thousands of white shirts have had to be rejected every year by makers because of small singed places on them. The only such damage could be undone—and the hope of the housewife, too, in similar trouble—was to give the goods a long bleaching in the hot sun. Great quantities of shirts to be put aside to wait for summer's bright sunlight to go to work. Now a machine does the same thing any time of year and in a few minutes.

A scorch, research engineers have discovered, is usually not an actual burn, merely a drying out of the fibers. If the water can be replaced in the microtubes composing the fibers, the discoloration can be "bleached" or cured. The ultraviolet light in sunlight does this very slowly by process of photosynthesis, it was found. Substituting sunlamps for the sun turned the trick.

It Shines!

Costume jewelry with a new brilliant luster, metal kitchenware that glistens, shiny doorknobs, cocktail shakers, metal trim, bathroom mirrors, cars and an endless variety of familiar objects—all these are possible with a new process called "electropolishing" that is slated to come to the fore of older methods. Because the surfaces of objects polished by electricity can be made glass-smooth and free of all tiny scratches and holes, they will stay bright longer and will be easier to keep in top-notch shape.

Electropolishing was discovered by an engineer who wondered what would happen if he reversed the ordinary process of electroplating. Instead of depositing metals such as silver, gold, copper and chromium on objects in a chemical bath, he tried removing metals already put on, in very small amounts. He found that the surface remaining quickly became flat and smooth, producing the mirror finish.

The process can be used for solid metals as well as for plated products. One important advantage is that the polishing can be done in the crevices and "dimples" of irregular articles that could not be reached by standard polishing tools.

High-Skill Jobs for the Blind

Using the marvelously delicate response of electronic control to assist the fine sensibilities that the blind already have, inventors are rapidly turning out machines that will open many new jobs to the sightless and put them on a par with highly skilled workers relying on eyesight.

In an Ohio factory, the electron tube now acting as an interpreter for the blind is translating visual impression into carefully adjusted musical tones so that sightless operators can "hear" correct dimensions down to one twenty-five millionth of an inch and thus work accurately in precision jobs. The device, called the electronic gauge, allows them to work alongside people with normal sight, equaling their production in every way.

Now You Can Get . . .

Recently this column reported upon an ingenious little machine that would project microfilm recordings of books upon the ceiling. It was to be especially valuable for invalids and elderly people who must lie flat on their backs for long periods. The machine, it is reported, can now be bought for about \$100, and films are available for covering a selected list of good books at selling for \$1.50 or less. . . .

Sterilamp, the special ultraviolet light that has been killing germs in hospital operating rooms and "scrubbing" the air of drug laboratories, is now on the market. It will be especially useful in schools, offices and public gathering places, where the tubes can be installed in groups or distributed about the room to keep down the spread of the common cold and some more serious diseases. Sterilamp can be built into air-conditioning systems and worked into the wall decorations of private homes. ★★

Collier's for December 8, 194

How science outwits the weather



1858 **WEATHER** forecasting has "grown up," is no longer pure guesswork. In 1858, almanacs were the only weather forecasters, but progress was being made. The invention of telegraphy, in this year when Corby's was introduced in Canada, made it possible to plot weather reports.



1912 **THE GREAT** ocean of air above us was explored by captive balloons carrying weather recording instruments to altitudes of 19 miles. Storm areas were thus reported nationally and weather forecasting became more accurate, as Corby's reached its 54th year of fame in Canada.



1939 **ARCTIC OUTPOSTS** were established by the U.S. and by Russia to report oncoming weather by radio and to chart world-wide atmospheric conditions. Meteorology became an important science in a world plunged into war in Corby's 81st year as a great Canadian name.



1945 **SCIENCE NOW** uses every resource to forecast the weather for airlines that circle the globe. We all benefit from weather information. But no matter what the weather, there's a light, sociable whiskey that is always "fair and milder." The name Corby's has been a renowned Canadian tradition for 87 years. Today this name in the U. S. A. brings you a blended whiskey that is well worth watching for in your bar or store.

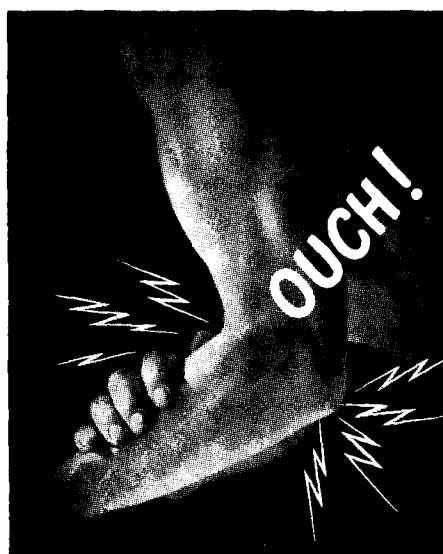


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★ Help increase the flow of nature's own lubricating fluids!

Does bitter winter weather make your joints sore and stiff—almost creak with pain? Here's the reason: Cold weather actually constricts tiny blood vessels cutting down the supply of nature's own lubricating fluids to your joints—that's why they creak, and feel stiff. But rub those aching joints with Absorbine Jr. and your local circulation speeds up. That wonderful "warmth" helps those tiny blood vessels feed your joints with more lubricating fluids—and you feel grand! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy at all times. \$1.25 at your drugstore.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.



ABSORBINE Jr.

One More River

Continued from page 38

He waited a minute, quite still. Then he made a funny, laughing noise. "Oh—thanks," he called. "I was sleeping—forgot where I was. Be out in a minute." His voice was strong again; I didn't like it when it was high. But he was all right again when he came out.

He was all right for the next three days. He seemed jumpy and strained, but the quiet of the desert suited him, I could see. He liked to sit about all day, smoking and staring over the dunes, and Tommy and I left him to himself.

Then Ephraim drove in on the fourth day with our meat and stores.

I was watching for Ephraim from the entrance to the mine, and just when the sun was behind the big Joshua tree, I saw the cloud of dust in the distance, the same as I always do.

I went down to the dip where Ephraim stopped his car. He was sitting looking at the blue automobile still in the sand there.

"Trouble?" he asked.

"Been there four days. It belongs to a city man who's been sick. I let him have a room."

Ephraim looked beyond me up to the house. He narrowed his eyes against the blaze of the sun. He has eyes which are blue from looking into distance. "He's sitting in Jed's chair."

I could feel he was hurt. "He doesn't know," I said.

"I never done that, Alice. These two years I never sat in Jed's chair."

He began walking up the slope. I followed behind. I thought it was different—a stranger sitting in Jed's chair. I heard the scrape of the chair as it was pushed back. When I looked up, the two were staring at each other. Then the stranger went quickly into the house. I felt frightened.

"Do you know each other?" I asked.

"He don't know me," said Ephraim. I had never heard Ephraim speak like that.

TOMMY ran out to meet us. He slid the last few feet and ended up in a cloud of sand beside Ephraim.

"I've cut a whistle," he told Ephraim. "It can blow two different notes."

Ephraim said, "Run down to the car, sonny. In the rumble there's a pick I made you. I want to talk to your mother."

Tommy started off. Ephraim didn't say anything till he was far enough not to hear.

His eyes looked angry. "Do you know who that man is?"

I said, "He told me his name was James Andrews."

"He is John Archer. He was let out of jail four days back when the trial finished. No one knew where he had gone."

I looked back quickly over my shoulder. There was no one in sight.

Even I had heard of Archer's trial. I had heard how his wife had been found shot, and how everyone thought he had shot her.

"The jury acquitted him," I said.

"Every man in the country knows he's as guilty as hell." I had never heard Ephraim swear before. "He killed his wife."

"The jury acquitted him. People oughtn't to go against justice."

"Justice! Why, the whole country—" He pulled himself up short. "Hell, Alice, it's no good arguin' about that. I'll go up to the house and send him away." He started walking.

I went round quickly and got in front of him. I said, "It's my house." He stopped still, as though I'd hit him.

"That's no reason to shelter a murderer."

I stamped my foot at him. I had never been angry at Ephraim before. "He's not a murderer. He was acquitted, I tell you. You don't move a step to turn anyone out of my house."

There was an awful silence when I stopped. I felt I was right in what I meant, but I had said it the wrong way. A pulse was beating by the scar on Ephraim's temple. He looked at me as if I were a stranger.

"I'll be getting home," he said.

He always stayed the evening. After supper he told Tommy stories while I sat listen-

ing and knitting. I wanted to ask him not to go.

"You're an obstinate woman, Alice," he said.

"I aim to do what's right."

"Right by Tommy?" he asked. Then he went down the hill to the car, and I heard him tell Tommy to help him unload the groceries. They made a pile of them. On top was a square pink box. I knew it was candy. Ephraim laughed at me for being fond of candy, but he always brought me some.

I turned round and walked back to the house. I was afraid he would look up and see I was crying. I heard him start the motor, but I wouldn't turn. Then I heard him drive away.

I went into my room and sat down on the bed. I wished I hadn't quarreled with Ephraim. I wished I had let him send John Archer away. Then I remembered how Jed had said, "Never refuse food and shelter to a man in the desert." I didn't see how letting Archer stay could do Tommy harm. I thought how Jed used to say if you do right, you can't do anyone wrong.

Tommy came to the window. He pressed his face against the pane, smiling. "I'm hungry, Mom," he called. "Can't we eat?"

I washed my face and combed my hair. Then I got supper. Halfway through, Archer came in. He said, "I've been for a walk."

I knew he had been hiding till Ephraim had gone.

I could feel he knew I had been told who he was. I made myself behave just as usual. I could feel he wanted to ask me what Ephraim had said. I didn't want to talk about it. I was doing what I reckoned was right, but I got no pleasure from it.

"That man," said Archer, "will he come back?"

I shook my head. Then I got up and took the dishes into the kitchen. I was afraid I would start crying again.

I went to bed early. Archer went to his room almost as soon as supper was over. After I had cleaned the dishes and tucked Tommy up, I went to bed myself, but I couldn't sleep.

After a long while, I gave up trying and went out on the porch. I sat down in the rocker beside Jed's chair with a light blanket around me. The moon was three quarters full. The tops of the sand dunes looked as if they were cut out of black paper. In between the dunes, the sand glowed with moonlight.

Down in the dip I could see a hunched mass. I knew it was Archer's automobile, but in the shadow it might have been anything. I turned a little so that I was looking away from it.

I SAT there for a long while. Then I decided to go back to bed and sleep. I must have been drowsy already, for I got part way across the living room before remembering the blanket. I turned back to fetch it, and then I heard Archer crying and moaning in his sleep.

I was opposite the door of his room and I could hear him plainly. He sounded like an animal in pain; his voice had fright in it. When I realized he was talking, I couldn't move; just stood there and listened to him. He didn't say much. "Don't look at me like that, Helen. You gave me good reason. If people knew—"

I didn't move from there for long after Archer had stopped dreaming. When I began to shiver I realized I was still standing and I went and sat down at the table. Nothing made any sound the rest of the night. I sat there until the sky became light.

I went into Tommy's room as the sun came up over the hills. I had cut some sandwiches and filled Jed's water bottle.

"Would you like to go to the Old Workings today?" I asked him. I wanted him safely off the place before I told Archer he must leave.

"Do you really mean it, Mom? Can I take my pick?" He saw the package of food, his father's water bottle. He was out of bed and getting his clothes on before I said yes.

I helped him saddle Toby, tied the water bottle on the saddle. He was excited. He had never been so far alone before.

"Bet you I find a pocket!" he shouted. He

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pushed the wide-brimmed hat back so that it sat on his shoulders.

"Keep that hat on," I told him. "And be careful of the water. It's going to be terribly hot today."

I stood and watched him ride away toward the hills. It frightened me to let him go all that way alone, and in the burning heat of the desert. But it frightened me more to think of keeping him.

I watched him get smaller and smaller. He halted Toby on top of a sand dune and waved his hat to me. I waved my handkerchief. Then he rode down the other side of the dune and I couldn't see him any more.

About half an hour later, Archer came into the living room. I couldn't look at him. He must have seen something in my face.

"What is it?" he said.

I picked up a kettle from the stove. Then I put it back where it had been.

I said, "I—we shall want your room today, I'm afraid."

He didn't say anything.

He didn't speak for so long I had to look at him. His face was a bad color, whitish, and his mouth was drawn into puckers at the side. He gave a kind of jerk when he felt me looking at him.

"Sure," he said. "Sure—I'll move out." He pulled out his pocketbook, took out a ten-dollar bill.

I said, "I don't want any money."

His hand with the bill in it stayed in the air between us, and the look on his face told me that he knew I knew who he was. I wanted to turn and run. I wanted to run anywhere. I thought: He killed one woman. . . .

I don't know just how I got out of the room. I must have turned and run, though I don't remember doing it. I ran to the mine. I thought: Even if he follows, I can find a place to hide.

Inside, it was dark; outside, the sun was a fierce blaze. I knew I couldn't run far under that sun.

I knelt behind a high pile of sacks. I knelt there until my heart had stopped choking me. I must have stayed there a long while. I couldn't hear anything. I kept listening to hear if he was waiting for me outside.

I knew I had to go back. Later, Tommy would be riding home. I had to go back and face Archer before Tommy got home. I guess it was the hardest thing I have ever done.

The sunlight was like a white-hot furnace after the dark mine. When I could see a little, I looked at the windows of the house. They didn't tell me anything. I made myself cross the hot yard and open the back door. The kitchen was empty.

I stood and held my breath to listen. Then

I walked straight to the living-room door and opened it quickly. The room was empty. There was a sheet of paper on the table. It was weighted down with a cup.

He wrote: "You have been very kind to me. I know you won't take my money because you know who I am. I have left you my automobile. You needn't mind taking that. It was never mine. It was hers, so you needn't mind taking that."

I had to sit down when I read his letter. He must have been gone all the time I was in the mine. He must have been gone several hours. I drank some water from the pitcher on the table. Then I shut the windows and pulled down the shades. No one had seen to that, and the house was getting very hot.

I didn't do any work. I sat quiet in my empty house and rested. I was glad of a rest now that there was nothing more to be frightened of. I thought I would be rested and freshened up by the time Tommy came home.

LATE in the day I heard voices outside. Hardly anyone ever comes up this way; I went quickly out to see. I recognized Ephraim at once. He was much taller than the men with him. There were ten of them, come in three cars, and I knew them all. I saw Jake Doughty's white head behind Ephraim's shoulder. Young Tim Slattery was there, too.

Ephraim called, "We've come to ride Archer out of the district."

I said, "It's all right, Ephraim. He's gone."

"Did you send him away?" It was between the two of us, as though the others weren't there.

I thought: I mustn't lie to Ephraim. I looked at old Jake Doughty. He was shuffling a coil of rope behind his back where he thought I couldn't see. I thought: If I tell what I know, there'll be a lynching.

"Did you do what I asked?" said Ephraim.

I thought: If Ephraim led a lynching party—

"Yes, Ephraim," I said. As he smiled at me, I crumpled Archer's note. I knew the men mustn't know more than that Archer had gone.

"We'll ride him out of the district just the same," said Jake. "Which way did he go, ma'am?"

I looked at the rope. "I don't know," I said. "Let him be."

Jake looked at the automobile. "He can't get far on foot. Did he take food and water?"

"No," I looked up at the burning blue sky. I remembered for the first time then that



A flat party
may have
its pleasant
surprises . . .

...but a flat drink
is always a dud!

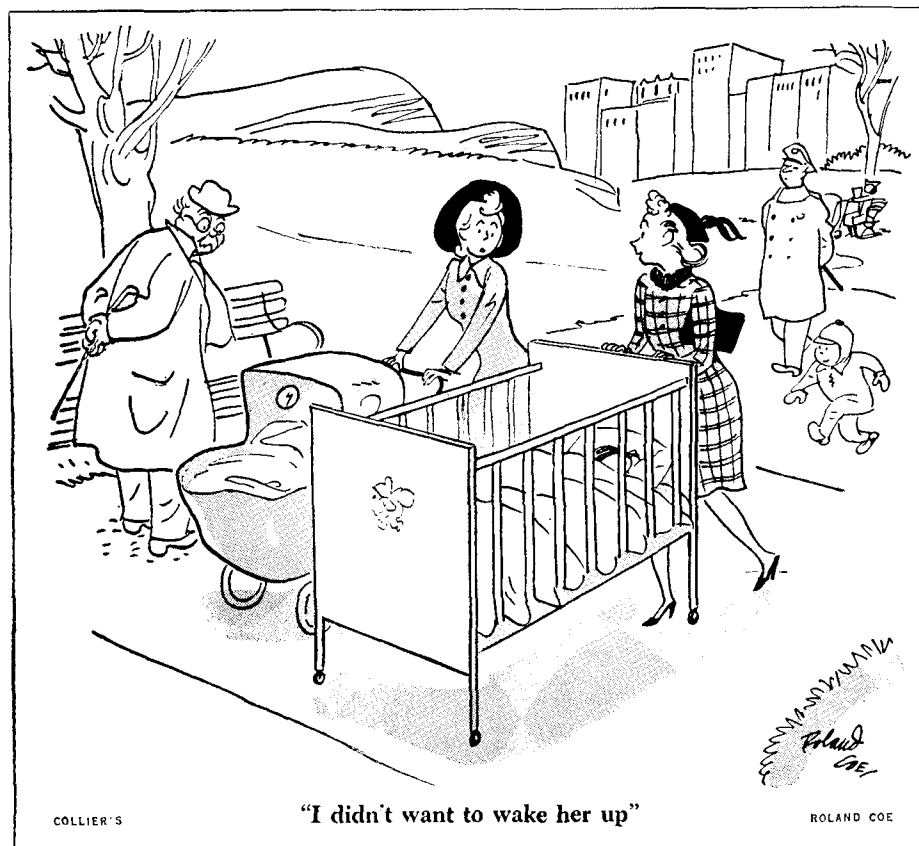


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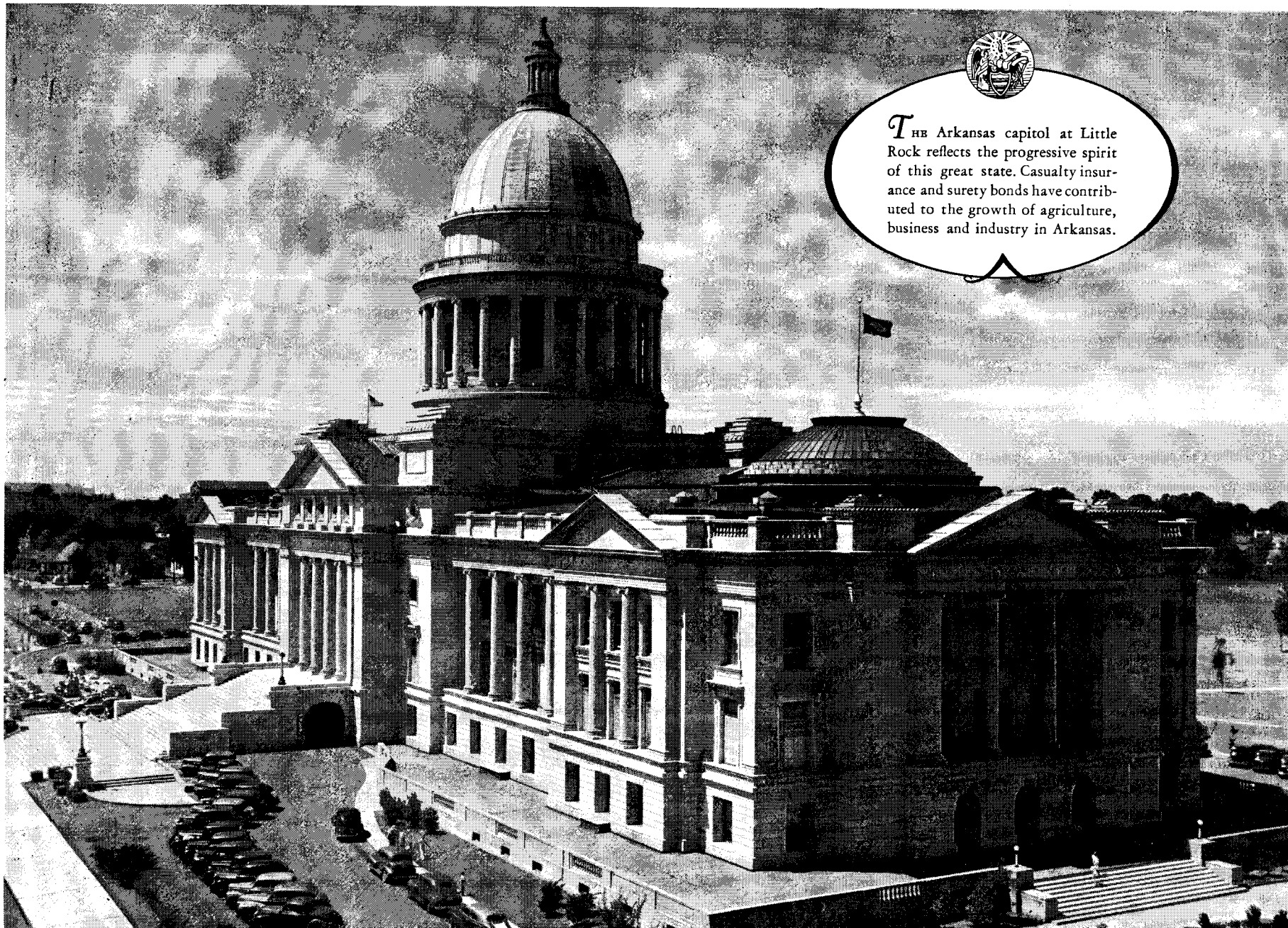


"I didn't want to wake her up"

COLLIER'S

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Archer had gone out without food or water, without a hat, even. He had walked unprovisioned into that burning heat, and I didn't even know which direction he had taken.

I think we all heard the hoofbeats at the same moment. "That'll be Tommy," I cried, and we turned to look. When I realized it was Toby, riderless. I think I screamed.

The old stirrup leather had broken, and the saddle had slipped right 'round. Jed's water bottle was still hanging to it. I thought of Tommy lying hurt in the sun with no water. I thought how I should have fastened it to his belt instead of to the saddle.

Ephraim put his hand on my shoulder. "Where did the kid ride to?" he asked.

"To the Old Workings," I said. "Early this morning." My throat was stiff and dry. "He was going to find a pocket for me." I began to walk down the slope.

Ephraim came and stopped me. I looked at him but I didn't see his face. I saw Tommy's face, drained of color, maybe streaked with blood.

Ephraim said, "Alice, if he's gone so far, there's no sense trying to find him on foot. You stay here and get things ready. We'll go in the cars and bring him back."

"I'm coming with you," I said. "You can't stop me."

"No one's aimin' to stop you, ma'am," said Jake. "You come down and set in the car. Ephraim here will rustle up a few things we'll need to take along."

I went down with Jake and got into the car. Ephraim and Tim Slattery ran quickly into the house.

"Water—we must take Tommy some water," I said.

Ephraim came running out with a big jar of water. He had some pieces of wood under his arm, the kind that make good splints. Tim ran down with my medicine case in his hand. "How about some rope?" he shouted.

I looked at the coil of rope Jake still held. "I've got that," he called back. I could see he had forgotten why it was there. Everyone round was fond of Tommy.

IT SEEMED a very long time before they were ready to start. Ephraim got in beside me and got the motor going. He jerked the clutch in. "Soon be there," he said. I stared past him to the hills where we were going.

Then Ephraim stopped the car. He stopped so suddenly that I was thrown forward. The others put on their brakes hard. We had only gone a few hundred yards.

"What are you doing?" I cried. Then I saw what they were staring at.

John Archer was coming toward us round a big sand dune. He was stumbling in the thick sand. He was taking long, heavy strides, lifting his legs high with each stride as though wading. Then I realized he was carrying Tommy high above his head, as though out of reach of something.

Tommy's face was very white and streaked with dirt from the heat. He looked ex-

hausted, and his knee was bound up in a white handkerchief. Tommy's handkerchiefs are colored ones, so I knew Archer must have bound up his knee.

I called out something and got out of the car so quickly I caught my foot and stumbled. I ran to meet them; the others followed.

Archer heard me call out. He looked up and saw us and stopped still where he was.

"Get back!" he shouted. "The water's too deep."

I stopped instinctively. I had been told how the desert drives sun-struck men to believe they are breasting deep water. The sand shimmers like water.

Archer jerked his arms more stiffly upright, holding Tommy higher in the air. He took high, heavy strides toward us, fighting floodwater we could not see. Tommy never stirred or spoke, but his eyes were frightened. I was frightened. I took a step forward. Ephraim put a hand on my arm.

"The kid's all right. He's only scared. We'll take him from Archer."

Archer was struggling forward. His chin and mouth were held high into the air. His eyes were frightened, but I could see he wasn't frightened of us.

He stopped. "River's too deep," he shouted. He began to sway in the sand. Tommy clutched at him. I ran to him and tried to take Tommy away.

Ephraim and Jake reached us and half supported, half dragged Archer forward. He was gasping for breath. I held hard on to Tommy's hand.

Then Archer gave a lurch and collapsed onto the sand, and I only just caught Tommy in my arms. I didn't stop to help with Archer; I knew the others were there. Tommy was holding tightly to me, and that was all I had time to think of. I carried him clear



"I Forgot to Buy an
Extra Victory Bond!"

Bitter Harvest

Continued from page 18

"I wanted you to know your tip-off didn't work. Benedict is here now. I'm going away with him. To be married."

What was this thing in her that made her speak so coldly, so calmly, when there was a boiling, muddy pool where her mind should be? Why, for that matter—

Luke was speaking. She tried to clear the pool. "No, Paula. I didn't tell her," he said. "I almost did. Maybe I should have."

There was no doubting him. Not that gentle, quiet voice. Then, who? She fought the confusion within her. "Well—" She hesitated. She couldn't apologize. Even if she should, she knew, she could not. "I'm leaving with him, Luke. Now," she repeated.

There was a short pause. Her throat closed tight and suddenly the weight of the telephone in her hand was almost too much for her. "All right, Paula. Are you sure that's what you want?" he asked. "Really sure?"

Sure? What was sure? Where was anything sure? Quick tears burned like cinders in her eyes. She took the receiver away from

her ear and stared at the mouthpiece. There's nothing like consistent behavior, she told herself. The bride was beautifully dressed, in a strait jacket. What is wrong with me? I've got what I want, what I wanted all along; I'm going to live my own life, at last—why do I stand here afraid to talk because I can't trust my voice?

She waited a second but her throat muscles were still constricted. Well, that's that. I guess I can't even have an exit line. She replaced the receiver. Then she went slowly to her room for her coat.

DOWNSTAIRS. Eddie Benedict faced Fritz Haller alone. They stood measuring each other for a long moment. "What have you got against me?" he asked finally.

Her eyes flickered over him. "You're a cheap Broadway hood. No matter what you've done or what money you've made, you'll never get away from that. It's written all over you."

"Anything else?" he asked.

up to the house. I felt I never wanted to let him out of my arms.

"My stirrup broke, Mom," he told me. "I came an awful thump, and Toby got scared, I guess, and galloped off."

I put Tommy down on my bed. When I had given him some water, I looked him all over. The only hurts he had were some bruises and a sharply wrenched knee.

He said, "I was trying to crawl home when he came along. But it was so hot. My, I was awful glad to see him. He tied up my knee and said he'd carry me home. He was awful kind, but I guess he was crazy, Mom. I guess the sun had got him."

I let the cold water run over Tommy's knee. It was badly swollen.

Tommy said, "He scared me he was going to drop me, Mom. Why did he think he was wading through rivers?"

I put a big pad over the knee. "He was sun-crazed," I told him.

I thought of the way Archer had held Tommy high above the water he thought was pulling him down. I put my arms round Tommy. Then I made him promise to lie down and rest.

I SAT by him a little until I saw that he was asleep. The tiredness was going out of his face. The skin of his forehead was blistered a little with the sun. I put some cream on it without waking him. There was nothing more I could do for him then.

I went out on the porch. Ephraim was waiting for me. I was glad he was there.

He said, "How's the kid?"

"He'll do nicely," I said. I couldn't go on or I would have burst right out crying. I wanted to bury my head on Ephraim's shoulder and cry because Tommy was asleep on my bed.

I looked out at the desert so that my eyes would get dry. The sun was getting down behind the tree now. It was very still. I realized suddenly that Jake and the others had gone.

Ephraim said, "We did everything we could for Archer, but it wasn't any good. They've taken him away with them." His voice was slow and quiet. He was looking out over the dunes. They were getting silvery.

I said, "You mean he—"

Ephraim nodded. "He drowned," he said. "That's all you can call it. He kept saying there was only one more river."

The sand between the dunes didn't look like water any more now. It was smooth and flat. I looked at the big dune round which Archer had come. You couldn't see that anyone had ever been there. There was nothing to show that a man who had taken a life had brought back a life.

I heard Tommy call softly from my room. I turned to go to him and caught against Jed's chair. Ephraim was still standing.

I pushed Jed's chair toward him. "Sit and wait for me," I said. "I won't be long."

THE END

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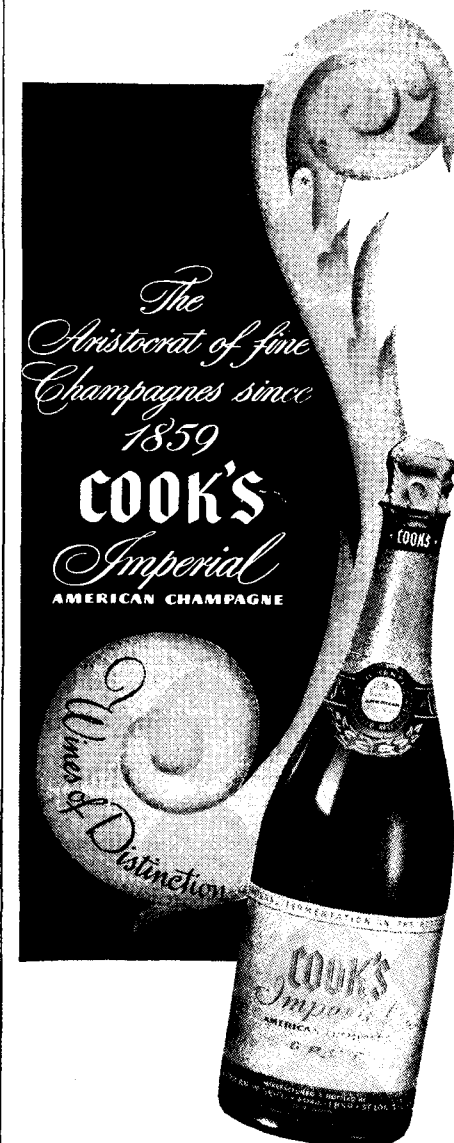
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Gums bleed even a TINY bit? then you may have **GINGIVITIS**



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Paula shook her head. "I'm sorry, Fritz." "I forbid you to go."

"Fritz!" She paused. "I have to go with him."

Fritz's face was marble. "You're my daughter."

There was triumphant cruelty in Benedict's smile. He moved behind her and held out his hand to Paula. "Come on, honey."

Grasping his hand, Paula came down the last step. She put her fingers out to touch Fritz's arm but Fritz moved away.

"If you leave this house, you'll never come back."

Paula answered her slowly. "All right, Fritz. I'm sorry. But I'll never come back."

Benedict put his arm about Paula and together they moved past Fritz and went out the door into the darkness.

THEY drove off in the black limousine. Benedict was nervously excited. Sitting in the seat beside him, Paula could see the effect of the overstimulation of the evening in the stiffness of his shoulders, the tautness of the skin over his knuckles as his hands grasped the wheel. When she moved nearer him, he put his arm about her and drew her closer to him but the action was involuntary—he did it more from habit than from an awareness of her presence and a desire to have her near him. He did not even look away from the road.

"Where are we going?" she asked him finally.

"Vegas."

"We aren't coming back to the desert, after?"

"I hope I never see the lousy place again."

"The fresh air, the sagebrush, the quiet—all the things you were telling Johnny about this morning?" she asked. "What's happened to them?"

He moved his hands restlessly on the wheel.

"Did Pat Johnson change it?" she asked.

"I told you we aren't coming back here. There's no reason for all this talk."

"After we're married where are we going?"

"L.A."

"To pick up the boys?"

He nodded.

"I thought you were quitting."

"You don't quit the racket. Guys like Johnson and your mother and that judge keep you in it. They hate you for ever being a step above them. They're waiting for you to come down where they can get at you. Once you start to climb you got to keep climbing—so you're always in a position where you can kick them in the face."

"Eddie—" she began.

"I told you to stop asking questions."

He had never spoken to her in this tone of voice before. She looked at him quickly and then fell silent.

When they came to the Hambly cut-off, Benedict swung off the highway and the car's headlights picked up the rutted washboard road, a grayish-white trail in the darkness. Suddenly, Paula remembered her accusation of Luke.

"Johnny—" she said.

Benedict glanced at her. "What about him?"

"Nothing."

"He must have told your mother a lot, if that's what you mean," he said.

"Where is he now?"

"Back at the ranch." He pressed down hard on the accelerator and lapsed into silence.

At the Hambly place, he stopped the limousine and got out. He went up the veranda stairs and put his hand on the front door-knob before Paula left the car and ran after him.

"I didn't ask you in," he told her.

"Somebody's got to dress that cut." She looked at the jagged tear on his face. There was something wrong, she knew. Very wrong. Her feeling was too strong for silence. "Eddie—what's the matter? Don't you want to get married?"

He grasped her elbow. The pressure of his thumb sent pain through her arm. "We're getting married," he said. "Tonight. So get that straight. Nobody's backing down now. Neither you or me."

He steered her in front of him into the hallway.

As they came into the hallway light, they could see Johnny Ryan, sitting in the parlor, reading a magazine. He looked up as they entered but Eddie went by the parlor door and up the stairs. Paula followed him, making her way past the valises stacked in the hall.

Upstairs, she bathed Benedict's face with cotton, soaked in alcohol, doctored it with iodine and then sat on his bed, watching as he packed his grips. He packed them neatly, taking a long time, as if he were deliberately stalling, waiting for an attitude, a thought, to intrude itself upon him.

Finally, he finished and stood back.

"Okay, kid. That's all the business we have here."

They went downstairs into the hall again. Johnny was nowhere in sight.

Benedict opened the door. He stood waiting for her to go ahead of him. "It's all yours."

She looked at him. "Is it, Eddie?"

He glanced at her, puzzled. "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing." She walked ahead of him to the black limousine in front of the house.

She stopped dead at the car's side. There, sitting in the back seat, his luggage under his feet, was Johnny Ryan. He smiled at her involuntary expression of surprise.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "here we go again."

Benedict was standing on the driver's side of the car. "Get out," he said. His voice was definite.

Johnny stared at him. "Eddie—" he began. "Get out."

"I can't, Eddie. I haven't a car. How can I leave if I don't go with you?"

"That's none of my business."

"I can't leave without a car."

"Then you can stay here till you rot." He jerked open the rear door and waited for Johnny to get out of the car. There was a long silence. Fifteen years, Paula thought. And then this. Done this way. The happy ending. Something inside her turned over.

"Eddie—" Paula said, "let him come along. It won't hurt us to do that much."

"Keep out of this," Benedict said.

"All right." She paused. No, she thought, this I *would* have on my conscience. The sight of him standing in the road alone as we drove off. "But we're supposed to get married tonight. Why leave loose ends behind us?"

Benedict turned toward her in anger. As he looked at her, he underwent one of those rapid changes of mind which she had seen in him earlier.

"Okay," he said. He seemed to be suddenly amused. "We'll need somebody to carry the bags." He nodded at Johnny. "And drive the car."

"Thanks, Eddie. Thanks a lot."

As Johnny scurried into the driver's seat, Paula continued to gaze at Benedict. "I hope you never get finished with me," she said slowly.

"How come?"

"I'd hate to be left alone on the desert some night."

He smiled pleasantly. "It won't hurt you to keep it in mind."

THEY drove east toward Nevada, Johnny at the wheel, his luggage in the seat beside him. Benedict and Paula settled down in the back, Benedict lying on the seat, his head in Paula's lap. His shoulder holster pressed her thigh uncomfortably but she did not want to disturb him so she forced herself to sit still and concentrate on the sound of the motor and the tires against the oiled road.

For half an hour, the black tape of highway unwound before them. Once a jack rabbit jumped out in front of the car, and Paula heard the bumper strike against it thickly. But after that there was nothing to demand her attention. Finally, Benedict stirred restlessly and then sat up. The blood rushed back into her leg with painful speed. Benedict leaned over the driver's seat to look ahead of him at the road.

"Don't they have roadstands or gas stations anywhere in this no-man's land?" he asked.

Johnny looked at him over his shoulder. "And you planned to live here permanent."

Collier's for December 8, 1945

"I asked you a question."

"Okay. Well, we passed a gas station about ten minutes ago. Do you want me to turn back?"

Benedict shook his head. "No. Keep going. But I'm out of cigarettes. Stop at the next place you see."

Five miles farther on, Johnny pulled the limousine to a stop outside the Blind Owl Diner. It was a discarded railway coach which now stood between a filling station and the fire-gutted ruins of a deserted hotel. Attached to the back end of the diner were the corrugated-iron partitions of the owner's living quarters. An empty wildcat bus, its green paint giving out in places, and an old sedan, rusting at its door hinges and handles, stood at the front entrance.

Benedict glanced in through the sand-pitted, grease-patterned side window before he went between the sedan and the bus, up the wooden steps.

Paula and Johnny were left alone.

Looking up, Paula found the little red-brown eyes watching her in the rear-view mirror. It was the first moment they had been alone since Johnny had turned her away from the ranch. The eyes squinted a bit now and although the rest of his face was hidden in shadow, she guessed that he was smiling at her.

"Well," he said, "it looks like you won the grand prize."

She realized that he had never been so defenseless against her and yet he still had the power to make her uneasy. He was still the unknown agent. There was a picture—Benedict's life and attitudes fitted into a picture of some sort—and somehow Johnny had his place in this picture. He remained a mystery to her.

"Have I, Johnny?" she asked. It was difficult for her to answer him. She did not know what had motivated his remark. She did not know where he might be leading her. "I won it over heavy competition."

He continued as if she had not spoken. "So you're really going through with it? You're going to marry him," he said. "He'll never get out of the racket. You know that."

"I know. He told me tonight. He's going back."

"Already? I thought he'd wait till after the honeymoon."

"He's angry. He was beaten up in the sheriff's office tonight—"

"I saw the cut on his face. So that's what it was."

"It'll be different when he's had time to think it over."

The red-brown eyes held hers in the mirror. "He'll never get out. Not so long as he's got anything left in him. Even without that bust-up tonight when he went after you, he would have come back. You got a lot to learn about Eddie, if you don't know that yet."

"Yes?"

He smiled. "I should tip you off? No, baby. You can learn the hard way as far as I'm concerned. I'll let you find out as you

go along. But a thing like the rackets has got a lot to do with the way a guy gets to look at life. After a while it spoils him for anything else. Eddie just don't see things the way most people do any more. Either a thing pays off for him or it don't. He don't fool around."

He stopped. Paula had opened her door and gotten out. Without waiting to hear the rest of Johnny's speech, she ran across the parking space and into the diner.

INSIDE the Blind Owl Diner, the harsh yellow light picked up each scratch and peeling of the brown paint. There was a stuffed owl on top of the cash register. A rickety wooden table, painted pale green, stood at the far end of the counter, cut off from the rest of the diner by a slot machine.

The passengers from the wildcat bus were strung along the counter—a fat old woman with a purple crocheted handbag, several middle-aged men in travel-wrinkled suits, a sailor and a pasty-faced girl with stringy blond hair, who carried a sleeping baby in her arms. In the center of the counter, sat the young bus driver, cocky-tough, in a tweed cap and a brown leather jacket. His hands, grasping the chipped thick coffee mug, were red and rough. His fingernails were grease-blackened. He was drumming his spoon against his saucer in rhythm with the loud harsh music that came over the radio on the shelf above the stove.

Rooting in a box beside the stove, was the Blind Owl's owner. He was dressed in a pair of dark trousers, laced boots and a dirty white coat. The back of his neck was red with the exertion of rummaging in the box.

"Here they are," he exclaimed triumphantly as Paula came in. She could barely hear him over the din of voices, dance music from the portable radio, and the sizzling, hissing sound of hamburgers cooking on the grill plate. He pulled out a carton of cigarettes and threw them on the counter. "Don't often get a call for these kind but I knew I had 'em."

Benedict turned toward the door. "Is something wrong?" he asked Paula.

The young bus driver turned to look at her. Embarrassed, she stooped over and stroked the orange cat which was curled up before the wood stove at the door. "No. I thought maybe I could get a cup of coffee and a sandwich before we went on."

"Sure Johnny didn't say something?"

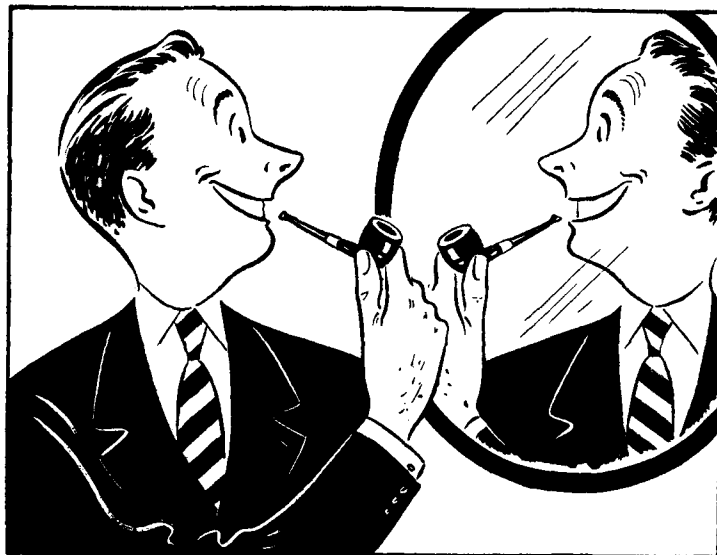
"No. I was hungry! I didn't have much dinner tonight."

He glanced at her before he nodded. She sat down on a wobbly stool at the counter beside the bus driver and ordered a hamburger. Benedict examined a collection of desert stones which rested on dirty cotton under glass beside the cash register.

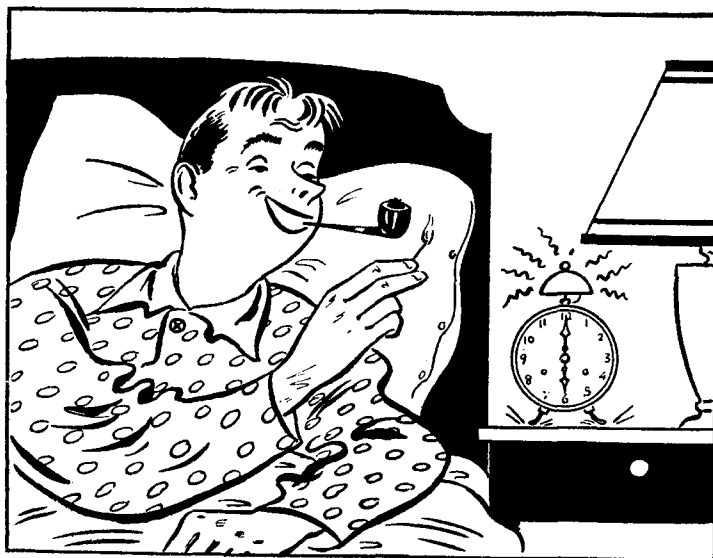
"Give me a cup of coffee," he said.

The door opened and Johnny Ryan came in with a blast of cold wind. Paula avoided his eyes. Her hamburger arrived. Johnny rubbed his hands and ordered one of the

PIPE TYPES by a la palou.



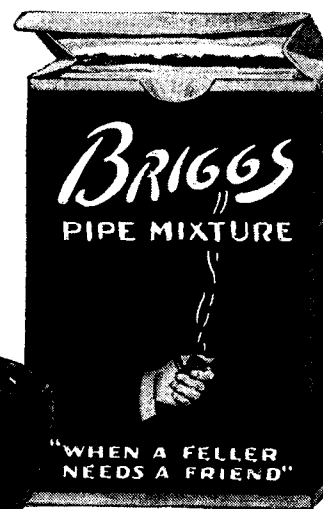
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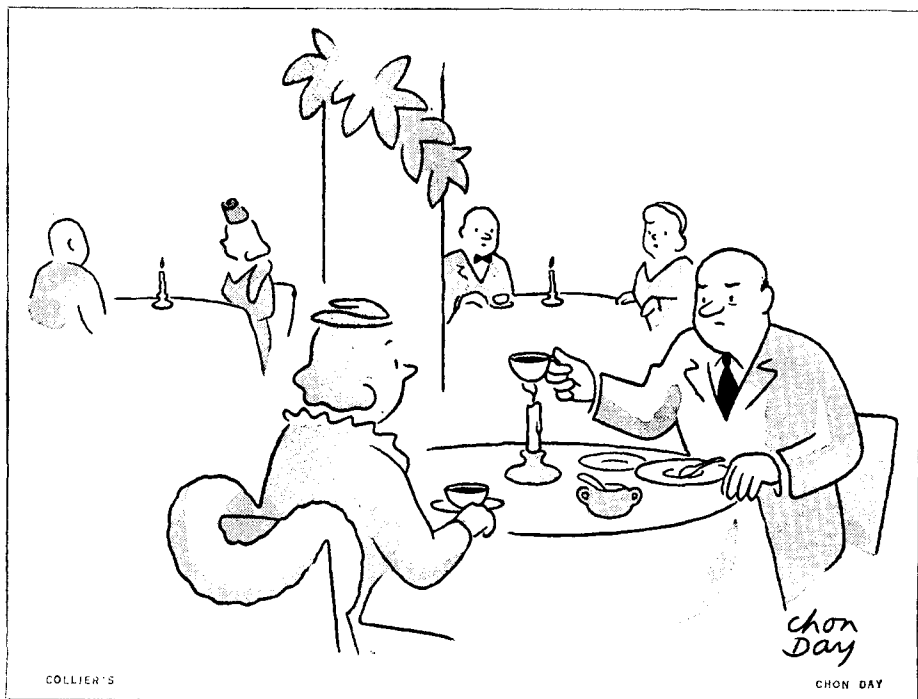
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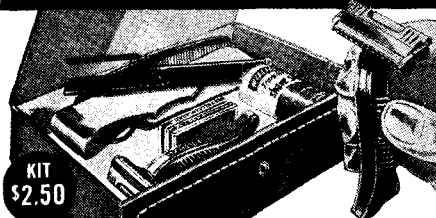
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same. "Or do you mind eating with the help?" he asked Eddie.

Benedict shrugged irritably and turned away from the desert stones. "We'll be here all night. But go ahead and order." He picked up his coffee cup. "Bring his hamburger over to the table in the corner," he said to the counterman. "Come on, Paula. Take your plate."

As he started to move toward the table, the bus driver looked back over his shoulder. "What's the matter, Bud?" he asked cheerfully. "Ain't we good enough for you?"

Eddie paused. The cup in his hand wafted steam into the driver's face.

"Maybe we ain't quite your type?" the other man continued. Paula realized that he was a wag—he was trying to amuse his passengers. The old lady with the purple handbag smiled fatuously.

"Ain't we quite your type?" he pressed. He waited for Eddie to laugh and maneuver out of it.

Eddie's eyes flickered. Instead of turning away, he seemed to find some sort of pleasure in taking cold, hard exception to the young driver's words. "No," he said flatly. "You're not."

The driver got up slowly. The answer had been as unexpected as a slap in the face but now he did not want to back down. Benedict stood waiting for him without bothering to set his coffee cup on the counter.

"I don't think I like that crack," the driver said. "Maybe you better explain."

Eddie did not bother to answer. He looked over at Johnny. The driver's eyes followed his. And they saw Johnny's white hand drop casually into his overcoat pocket. Johnny's face had grown hard and nasty. Startled, the driver looked back at Benedict. The dark features beneath the shock of hair were cold, unamused.

Suddenly, Paula felt sick. The lights were too bright and the dance music from the little radio was too loud and fast. She wished now she had not ordered the hamburger. She stared hard at the stuffed owl on top of the cash register.

"Sit down," Benedict said. "And shut up." Again the driver glanced at Johnny's pocket. As if asking for support, he looked to his right and then to his left. The diner grew quiet except for the blare of music. Everyone was watching him. But except for himself, no one had seen the bulge in Johnny's pocket.

It was hard for him to take. It looked as if he were backing down because he was afraid of a punch in the jaw. But he sank onto his stool slowly; there was nothing he could do.

Deliberately, Eddie tilted his coffee cup. A stream of scalding coffee, half a cupful, trickled down the side of the driver's neck and dribbled onto his leather jacket. Paula watched. The driver's face did not betray pain. He had to pretend he did not notice it. But his eyes were sick with shame. He turned his back to Eddie and went on eating his hamburger mechanically, staring at a green stone in the desert minerals collection.

THE room burst into noise again and Benedict continued to the table beside the slot machine. Johnny fell in behind him.

As she carried her plate over to them, Paula could not avoid meeting Johnny's gaze. He grinned at her maliciously as she set her plate down. She knew that he had not missed her reaction to Benedict's handling of the young bus driver.

She sat down. "Eddie's got quite a technique for cooling off punks," he said blandly. Paula caught the hint of contempt beneath the surface of his tone.

Although she understood that he was deliberately fanning the embers of her rebellion, Paula had to answer him. "He knew you had a gun."

Benedict looked at her with cold interest. Johnny went on, apparently unconscious of the strain between his companions. "It reminds me of the time the dealer at the blackjack table back in Nevada sprung a crooked deck on Angela. Remember, Eddie?"

Angela. He had mentioned her name on purpose, conjuring her into the present scene like an old haunt. This is a dangerous man,

Paula thought. He speaks dangerous words. But she could not close her ears.

Benedict nodded.

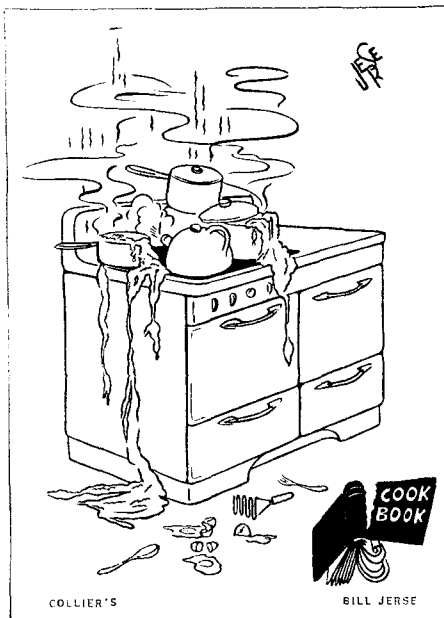
Johnny turned to Paula with the air of someone explaining a family joke to an outsider. "Next morning, the dealer was missing. They never did find out what happened to him." He paused. "But about a week later, his wife got a couple of thousand bucks, special delivery. Funny, she never asked no questions about where the money come from." He laughed. "Did he have any kids, Eddie? I forget."

Paula tried to hide the revulsion which flickered across her face like a shadow, but Benedict did not miss it. He glanced at Johnny. "Shut up," he said.

He was silent for a moment. Then he turned on Johnny with his peculiar sudden violence which gave no warning. "What are you trying to do?" he asked. "Pull a fast one?"

PAULA put down the last piece of her hamburger. She looked carefully at the two men before she spoke. She was tired and cold and her fingers were trembling slightly with nervous exhaustion. There had been a sick spot in the middle of her stomach ever since Benedict's encounter with the bus driver. "Stop it," she said. "Stop it, Eddie." She knew now what it was that they reminded her of—she had seen coyotes in cages at the desert gas station zoos—snapping, vicious, maneuvering for position.

"I'll stop it all right," Benedict said. He



took a bill from his wallet and put it on the table. "This is the end of the line for you, Johnny. We'll drive the rest of the way alone." He stood up. "Come on, Paula."

Johnny leaned back easily in his chair. His pulpy white face was smiling. "No, Eddie. You done enough walking out on me for one night. It's getting dull."

Benedict looked at him.

"I been thinking a few things over while we been talking here," Johnny said. "And I decided I been tied up with you so long now there's no use my trying to go on alone."

"Then kill yourself."

"I don't have to."

"Meaning?"

"You're safe as long as I give a damn what happens to me. But I don't care any more. You'll either take me with you or—"

"Or what?"

"I think you know. I'll turn state's evidence."

Benedict's expression did not change. But watching his face, Paula saw a muscle twist like a wire under the skin beneath his cheek. "On what?" he asked.

"Angela." Johnny's friendly smile included Paula. "You don't think that was an accident, what happened to Angela, do you?" He shook his head. "That was murder."

For a moment, Benedict did not move. He stood above the table, a statue of angry disbelief. "You lousy bastard," he said softly.

Johnny threw one arm over the back of his chair and looked up at Benedict. His lips were still smiling lazily but the little red-brown eyes were serious. "Sit down, Eddie,"

he said. His voice was low. There was a new tone in it now, a strange tone of authority which Paula had never heard him use before.

Benedict said, "I ought to fill you with lead."

Johnny teetered gently on the back legs of his chair. "You won't, though. Not with a room full of witnesses. Sit down, Eddie," he repeated. "Nice and quiet." Benedict continued to stand above him and Johnny's voice changed once more. "Now," he said. There was strength there, this time. Strength and brutality and sureness.

Slowly, Benedict pulled out the chair and sat down.

Rhythmic strains of boogie-woogie music suddenly floated from the radio on the counter. Vapid, aimless, as indefatigable as a chattering woman, they underscored the scene. At their sound, Paula felt emotion rush back into her as if a tourniquet had been loosened.

I don't know which it will be—hysterical laughter or tears, she thought. Whichever it is I'm going to do a bang-up job. As Johnny directed his gaze at her, the tourniquet tightened again, shutting out the crazy music.

"And you," he said. "I'm going to tell you a few things about Eddie Benedict."

He placed his little white hands carefully on the table before him. "Eddie Benedict and me. . . Right, Eddie?"

Benedict's eyes were dark with scorn. But he did not answer. He was as powerless against Johnny's willingness for self-destruction as if he had been roped into his chair.

"A lot of people have had a funny idea about Eddie, here." Johnny smiled at Paula. "They think he's tough."

He smoothed the top of one hand with the palm of another. "How will we start? Let's tell her about the cocaine rap in New York, Eddie, shall we?"

A muscle in the side of Benedict's cheek fluttered out of control. He held his silence.

"Just before we moved West, Eddie got in a jam," Johnny explained easily. "He didn't cover his trail on a shipment of cocaine. They caught up with him. So Eddie went West. I went to jail for him," he said. "I did a year on that. Didn't I, Eddie?"

THE little red-brown eyes bored in on her sardonically. Suddenly, Paula knew what he was doing. He was taking his revenge upon her for the influence he had not been able to prevent her gaining over Benedict. Coldly, calmly, he was cutting down the figure she had known as Benedict, destroying it piece by piece as if he were dismembering a scarecrow.

"Eddie and me was living in the same hotel. So it was easy. All I had to do was swear I'd hid the stuff in Eddie's room without his knowing nothing about it. They had to believe me—they couldn't figure nobody being nuts enough to say something like that without it being the straight dope."

He gazed at her, waiting. But when she did not speak, he answered the question which was in her mind.

"The federal rap would have been too much for him, that's why. He would have gone to pieces and told them all they wanted to know about the coke layout rather than go to jail. That's just the way he is."

He glanced at Benedict calmly. "Let's tell her about the Rocco boys in Arizona, Eddie. How you stayed locked in the hotel room while I went out and squared the fast deal you'd been trying to pull on them. Or the dame in Reno when you found out too late her husband was one of the Zeitman crowd from Detroit? That was a good one. Remember, I took the car and drove off fast, pretending to be you while you went out the back way? That had some funny angles."

He paused. "Or the gambling ship deal—"

"No," Paula said suddenly. It was one thing to pull the strong man down, but another to kick him to pieces when you had him there. "No more."

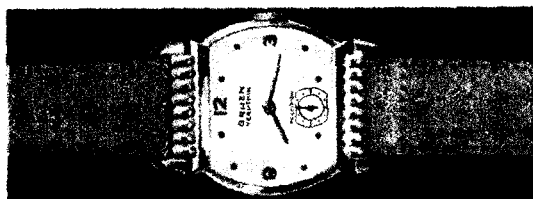
"Don't get me wrong," Johnny said. "Eddie here's a smart guy. He's a good-looking guy. He has class. He's big time. Those are things you're either born with or you're not. There's just the one thing: He ain't never been able to pay the piper. That's where I come in. I've always paid for him."

He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a

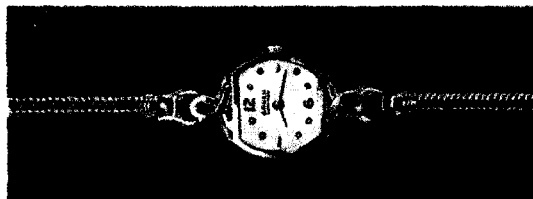


CHRISTMAS KISS QUIZ:

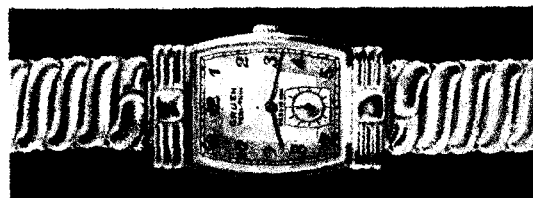
Which of these watches will bring you the nicest kisses Christmas Morning?



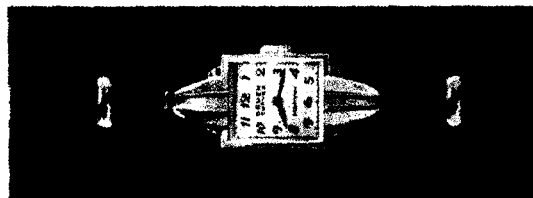
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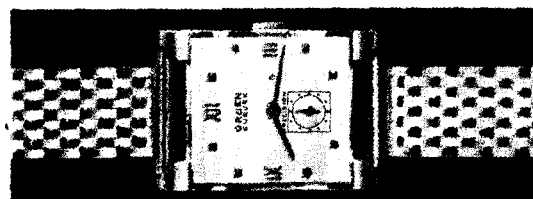
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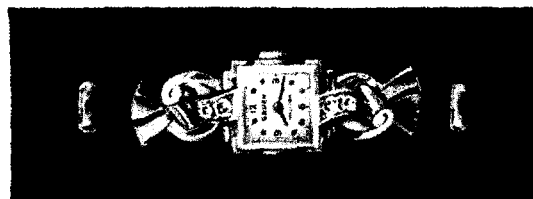
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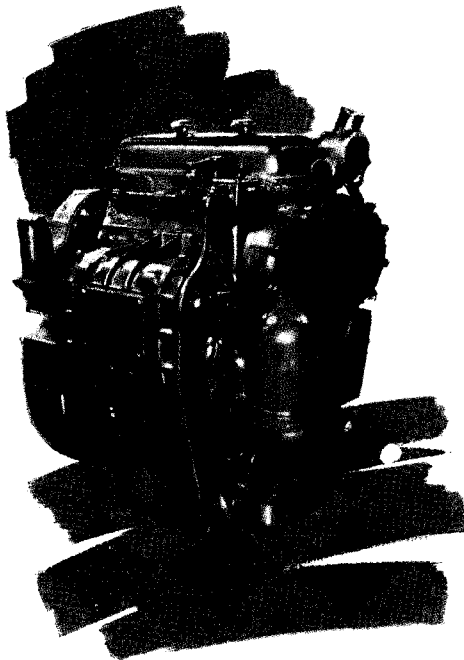


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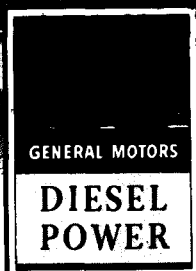
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cigarette, lighted it and sucked in. "Together, we was going to be big shots. I planned it that way for fifteen years. I helped him make a fortune for a springboard. I went to jail for it." He laughed. "Well, I almost got us there. Until you came along."

He knocked ashes into his coffee cup. "I guess you think he's in love with you, don't you?" he asked. "But guys like Eddie don't fall in love. They're in love with their own hide. He knew what I had planned for him next. The really big time. It meant a lot of work, a lot of tight spots. You can't get out of the racket ever, really. But he was scared enough to try. With you, he thought he could get away from what I wanted him to do. He could draw out. He couldn't do it alone; he can't do anything alone."

He paused. "Angela found that out. She was only a dumb hoofer on the dime circuit before she met him, but just a couple of months after they was married, she found out."

"That night, she found out a lot of things. What kind of a guy Eddie was, how I was running the rough part of the business, how rough it really was. She was a nice normal dame . . . It was more than she could take. She got in her car and started out of Las Vegas for Los Angeles. We followed her in the big car. And at the bridge near Chuckawalla, we caught up with her."

For the first time since Johnny had begun to speak, Benedict moved. He grasped the table and pushed back in his chair. "I didn't kill her!" he said. His face was no longer expressionless. Emotion lined it like cracks in a mask.

Johnny laughed. "Hell, no. You didn't have the guts."

She nodded slowly.

"He did it."

"And you stayed with him anyway."

Johnny laughed. "She was gone. He couldn't bring her back. And Eddie has got to have somebody—you, me, Angela—somebody. I'm the guy who pays the piper for him."

"I see." So this was it. This was the end. She watched him as he thought for a minute.

"You know, it's funny," he said. "People think they're seeing Eddie, and what they've really seen all these years is me. I'm really Eddie Benedict." He paused. "Why is it women never fall in love with me?"

He stared directly at her now. And in the red-brown eyes there was another question than the one he'd put in words. It was clear and unmistakable.

She got to her feet. Oh no, God, she thought. I'm going to be sick. Johnny, with his small white hands—How could I ever have guessed this?

Her fingers touched the table and came to rest on the car keys. All at once, the confusion of her thoughts resolved into one impulse—the desire of all her nerves and blood and bone to get away. Her hand contracted over the keys. She turned and before either man guessed at what she was going to do, she ran out of the diner.

AS LUKE stepped from the doorway, Fritz put her hand on his shirt sleeve. It was an impulsive gesture, to delay his leaving. He turned and pressed his hand over it.

"Sorry, Fritz."

Withdrawing, she plucked at the brilliant rhinestone buckle on her negligee. "I

memory of her gray child's eyes, the tone of her voice, her steady boy's hands, her confused, self-tearing spirit. Maybe, if he had known a little more, been a little more—

Coming to the boulevard stop opposite the drugstore, he paused as if he would swing into the patrol space there. Then, he shifted gears and cruised on east over the Nevada highway.

AS THE Blind Owl's screen door slammed shut behind Paula, Benedict got up jerkily and went after her. Standing on the top step of the diner, he listened while the black limousine slashed into gear and nosed across the parking flat onto the highway, heading west again, back toward Chuckawalla.

He was still standing motionless, staring into the darkness, when Johnny came up behind him and put a hand on his arm.

"You got quite a way of losing women, Eddie."

Benedict turned to him. "Yeh."

"What are you going to do?"

"Let her go."

Johnny gazed at him oddly for a minute.

"You're really washed up, ain't you?"

Benedict did not bother to answer.

"Well, I ain't washed up," Johnny paused.

"And neither is that kid. I been thinking about you so long I never got a good look at her before. She's got class and brains. And guts."

Benedict looked at him, not trying to understand.

"If you just hadn't tried to force me out, maybe she would have been something we could use—your reputation, my experience, and her spark." He walked down the diner steps, Benedict following him. "Maybe—"

"Maybe what?"

"Maybe we ain't through yet."

The old sedan was still parked there. He got in, turned on the ignition and the motor rolled over.

Benedict still stood poised on the last step. The bus passengers were crowding behind him, pushing him forward as they tried to see what was happening. The café's owner gave a sharp, alarmed squeak of outraged possession as his sedan started to move.

But before he could do more than wave his arms and begin a yell, Benedict plunged down the final step and onto the running board of the moving car. He pulled open the door and fell into the front seat beside Ryan just as the car bounced from the gravel and dirt onto the paved highway.

By the time Johnny straightened the car on the highway and began to pick up speed, the black limousine was nothing but a glowing ruby vanishing and reappearing as it followed the slow rolling swell of the road bed. The curled silver moon-shaving gave no light. On either side of them the desert lay shapeless, formless, like black flowing water in the night.

The sedan's motor rattled ominously as the gas pedal sank beneath the weight of Ryan's foot. But slowly, steadily, the noise lessened and the road seemed to rush more quickly toward them.

Ryan was bent forward, his arms resting on the wheel, his eyes straining forward into the darkness, at the little red spot of light rising and falling far ahead.

"What are you doing?" Benedict asked.

"I'm going to get her back. Under new management."

"You'll never catch her," Benedict said.

Ryan did not hear him.

Benedict did not take his eyes from the road. They rounded a curve suddenly and the sedan lurched, screeching. Benedict grasped the side of the window with one hand, planting his other hand firmly on the seat. "You'll kill us both!"

Ryan glanced at him. "If you don't like it, just open the door and drop out."

Benedict leaned back uncomfortably and clasped his hands tightly together. He turned his head so that he could watch the roadside rush by. He did not speak again.

PAULA'S hands moved over the wheel. Beneath her foot, the great motor of the limousine was being unleashed, but she was scarcely conscious of the fact. She was leaning back against the seat, weak from the last curve, where it had taken all her strength to



Wait a minute, Paula thought. Wait a minute, before my mind goes completely. Or has it gone already and I'm imagining this?

Johnny's voice cut the silence with brutal scorn for the image of Benedict which Paula had created. "By the time we come to the bridge, Eddie'd gone all to pieces. He wanted to leave the racket, leave me, anything. He just wanted her back." The little eyes reddened with what seemed almost like amusement. "I knew she had to go. And I had to do it myself. I reached across him and turned the steering wheel. I crowded her off the road into the railing and through the bridge into the river bottom."

There was a long silence. Benedict finally put a cigarette to his mouth. He took up Johnny's matches and lit it, letting the flame burn his fingers before he dropped the match. He watched with vague interest as it flared against the table wood. Johnny reached over and crushed out the flame. The motion brought Benedict's mind back to the present, to Paula.

He turned to her. "He killed her," he said. "He killed Angela—"

She continued to gaze at him. Why, you don't even see it, she thought. That's why it's really horrible—you don't even see what that makes you, staying with him after a thing like that.

"He killed my wife," Benedict repeated.

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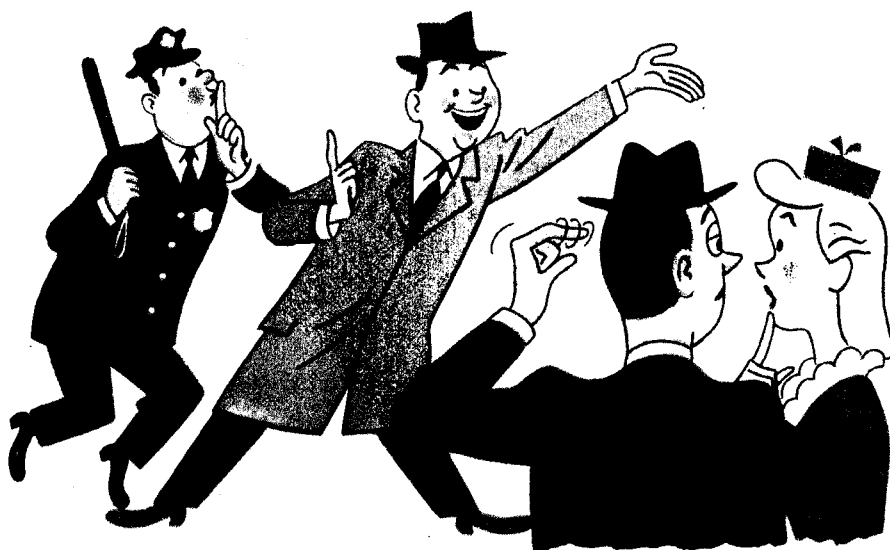
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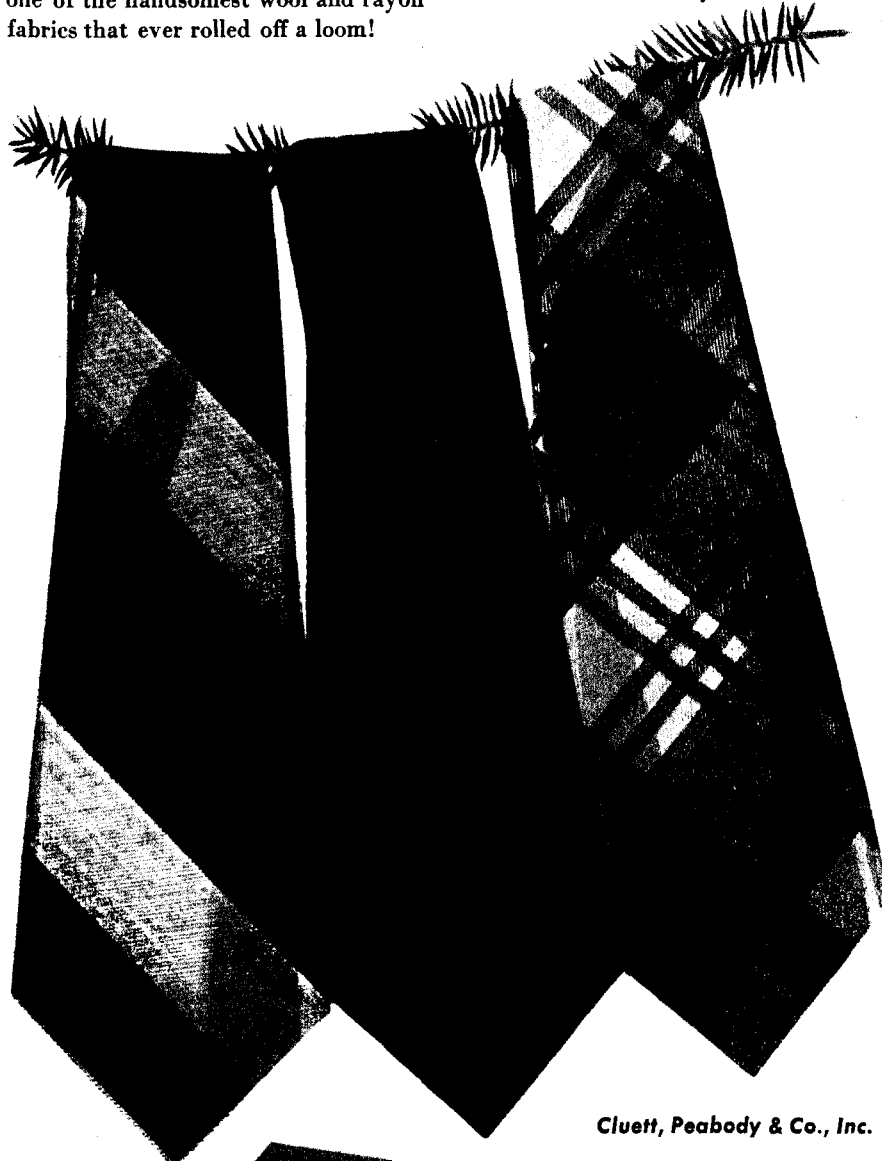
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"These ties have a gabardine weave—one of the handsomest wool and rayon fabrics that ever rolled off a loom!

GabARadeen comes in lively plaids, solid colors, and in the kind of stripes you don't see on every man who sits opposite you in a restaurant.

"These are the ties I'm getting for Christmas. If *this* doesn't make a Santa Claus out of somebody—*what does?*"



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GABARADEEN

fight the car's speed and the suddenly dislocated center of gravity which had almost taken her off the road into a crazy, skipping meeting with gravel and spinning rubber.

As she gentled the car back onto the road, she realized that she did not care what happened to her now. The only desire which stirred in her sick hopelessness was to leave Benedict and Ryan far behind. Her eyes caught on the silver bird which twisted in orgiastic agony on the hood before her. It shone in the light reflected upward from the head lamps so that it seemed to move slightly beneath her gaze.

Half-hypnotized, she forgot the road. With a rasp, a tire slipped over the edge of the narrow highway. Slowly, she coaxed the black giant back to the safety of the macadam. She relieved the pressure of her foot on the gas pedal and leaned back again.

A pinprick of light appeared in the rear-view mirror. Like a meteor hurtling toward the earth, it gained on her, blazing white across the mirror's rectangle. The head lamps of the sedan were barely twenty yards behind her before she stepped down hard on the pedal once more and the limousine threw itself forward, moaning at the night.

The vibrating of the motor drummed in her ears, forcing away all thought but the knowledge that she had not escaped them yet, that they were there, in the darkness, at her back.

BENEDICT said, "We're almost there."

"Shut up."

"If she takes the curves near here like she's been going, she won't miss. She'll go right into the bridge—"

The sedan swerved wildly as Ryan's arms jerked with reflex motion. "Shut up!" he repeated.

They took a dip in the road. The car flew up in the air, its tires sucked off the macadam.

As it settled back on the earth with hard impact, Benedict found his breath. "Please, Johnny—"

"Shut up."

The pedal was down to the floor board.

Inch by inch, they had begun to gain on the limousine again.

IT WAS there, not far ahead of her in the blackness. A simple steel span of bridge, set at an angle against the road's curve. She could not see it yet; she did not know exactly how far she was away, but it was waiting, passively, for her arrival.

She was tired. She was ill with weariness and not caring. When the white light began to crawl over the mirror once more, she hesitated. She knew she was near the bad curves and for a moment she was nearly ready to give up—to stop and let them have their way.

Unconsciously she had taken her foot from the gas. For a few minutes, the limousine rushed ahead without seeming to slacken pace, carried on by gathered momentum. Then light swallowed up the mirror, almost blinding her.

Suddenly, anger melted away her hesitation. Will steadied her like a hot iron being thrust through her body. She sat up straight in the seat and felt the pedal sink into the floor board under the impulse of her foot. There was painful pleasure in the feeling. Nothing mattered to her now, not even making the curve. Nothing but forcing the white light out of the mirror.

CRUISING aimlessly along the Nevada highway, Luke was so withdrawn into his own thoughts that when the two cars flashed by him it was a matter of seconds before he reacted to the speed of their passage. Then instinct asserted itself and he was after them, the little car vibrating to the urgency of sudden acceleration.

As he approached the sedan, he recognized Benedict's head silhouetted against the reflection of his headlights. He frowned. Beside him was Johnny Ryan. Suddenly, he knew who was in the limousine ahead.

He moved up to the sedan and reached forward to the siren button.

They did not move over. He did not force them off the road. Instead, he swung wide around them, nearly going off on the gravel at the other side of the road. He continued

on ahead of them, continuing to pick up speed, sirens wailing.

The limousine did not slacken. It was going now, Luke knew, with all stops out. Slowly, he urged the patrol car nearer to it.

Inch by inch, foot by foot. He tried to picture the bridge in his mind, counting just how many yards they must be from it. The accelerator was pressed to the floor board.

He pushed the red flasher button.

PAULA was almost there, she knew. The bridge was just ahead. This was going to be it.

Suddenly, the mirror was flooded with light again. But red light this time. Flashing. Going on and out.

As she stared at the mirror, her foot relaxed the gas pedal. Into her confusion, came the tearing wail of the police siren. It blotted out the sound of the limousine's motor.

Luke was directly behind her. The warmth of the knowledge penetrated the illness, the not caring, even the revulsion against Benedict and Ryan which had driven her to escape them. All she desired was the peace and warmth of Luke's presence.

Her head lamps picked up the road curve which led to the bridge.

All her mind and strength flowed into her arms as she battled the pull of gravity. Her brain was clear, like the purest water. Without thinking, she knew she must not touch the brake.

In front of her was the bridge. Angela's bridge. It pulled her toward it like a magic target demanding the arrow. She dragged with all her strength on the wheel. The engine's howl shook her head. She dragged hard.

The bridge came up bright and sharply outlined in her lights. In that instant, she saw every detail of its grillwork; every stone and pebble in the riverbank opposite.

A siren ached in her ears.

The limousine was running on the outer edge of its right wheels, its left wheels spinning dizzily in the air. They were there, at the bridge.

All at once, she knew that Luke had been in time. From the moment she realized his presence, she had not touched the accelerator, and in this second of degrees and inches, the slackening was enough.

They were past it, completing the rest of the curve.

It was over.

The left wheels hit the pavement.

Paula's foot slipped from the clutch and her hands released the wheel.

Is this what it's like to start to faint, she wondered. Well, it doesn't matter. It's over. All over.

And then, suddenly, she knew it was not over. A faint glow began in the lower left corner of her rearview mirror. A siren was wailing in her ears. The noise came in on her suddenly and she knew that though it had been there all the time, she had not heard it, heard any sound.

Something bad. Something really bad had happened. She watched, unable to move, while the red light spread over her mirror. Blood-red light.

There was a fire in the river bottom. She got out of the limousine and stood there, holding onto the car door. Pulled over to the far side of the road, she saw the patrol car.

The sedan had vanished. The fire flamed hard and bright in the river bottom.

A hundred years twisted by before she saw Luke climbing up the side of the culvert. There was a year's time between each of his footsteps. Slowly, he came over and stood there, looking down at her. His gentle tanned face was grave.

"Was it—"

"What do you think?"

"What happened?"

"They crowded me too close. Tried to miss my back fender too late."

She glanced quickly toward the culvert but Luke put his arm about her and turned her in the direction of the patrol car.

"It's finished, Paula. There's nothing you can do for them." He released her and extended his hand. "Come on. I've got to go

into town to a telephone. I'll take you home."

Grasping his hand, she let him walk to the car with her and open the door. She got in and slid under the wheel to the far side.

They drove back to town in silence. After the first few minutes on the road, Paula had begun to shiver, crying silently and without tears. Luke put his arm about her and she buried her face in his leather jacket. Driving with one hand, he patted her hair gently, rhythmically, with his gloved hand until, soothed by the steady comfort, she moved her face and let her head rest quietly on his shoulder.

When they started up the hill toward Fritz's, Paula drew away from him and sat up straight.

"No, Luke. I won't go home."

He glanced at her. "You ought to go back to your mother."

"No, Luke. Not to Fritz. Not tonight. I'm sorry."

He thought for a second, continuing up the hill. "What will I do with you, then?"

"Take me home with you."

He frowned, staring straight ahead of him.

"Please, Luke. You're the only one I can face tonight. Take me with you."

"Paula—"

"Please don't leave me."

He sighed. He swung the patrol car around and headed west toward the outskirts of Chuckawalla.

LUKE got out of the car silently and went up the steps to the bungalow. The front door was unlocked and he went in, switching on the lights, as Paula followed him.

She closed the door behind her and stood, watching him pick his way through the litter of newspapers, and model airplane parts to the telephone on the table desk. She listened as he reached two other patrolmen at their homes and arranged to meet them at the wreck. Then he called for an ambulance from the local mortuary.

Putting down the instrument, he turned to her and nodded toward the back of the house. She went after him. Wordlessly, he led her into the bedroom. He rummaged through a maple bureau and brought out a pair of white cotton pajamas. He threw them on the bed and went out into the hall again, pulling the door shut behind him.

Paula sat down on the edge of the bed and began to undress. It was not until then that she realized that Luke had not asked her for any explanations. He had found her driving wildly, out of control, along a highway at way past midnight in a strange car, with Benedict and Ryan chasing her. He had seen that she was half insane with misery and that had been enough for his understanding.

She got into the white pajamas and turned off the light before she climbed into bed. Her last routine physical task accomplished, the shock of the night's excitement melted from her. She felt it leave, swiftly, like a

warm mist that blurs the senses. Pain, almost too sharp and too clear to be borne, caught at her and rocked her to and fro on its needle points.

Luke's gentle comprehension, his casual kindness, made her grief stronger, intensifying by contrast the man she now knew Eddie Benedict had been.

Angela. She twisted in the cold bed and her eyes were scalded by the slow-welling tears. Angela.

Eddie. Eddie Benedict. The name belonged to no one. The figure she had conjured up had never existed except in her own imagination. The real Benedict rose about it like an evil smoke, possessing, destroying. She turned suddenly, pressing her face into her pillow, but she could not escape so easily. She began to cry, pulling the blankets up about her head.

She heard the soft click of the bedroom door as it opened. After a moment, she lifted the covers and turned in the bed to see Luke's figure silhouetted against the hall light.

He came across the room and sat on the edge of the bed. He found her hand and took it in the two of his.

"I've got to leave now, Paula. I'll be gone most of the night."

She nodded.

"Will you be all right here alone?" he asked gently.

She tried to speak but instead she contented herself with pressing his fingers with hers. He adjusted the pillow under her head and pushed the curly hair back from her forehead.

"Go to sleep now," he said.

"Luke—"

"Don't talk. Just go to sleep."

As he looked at her, she closed her eyes for him. Unexpectedly, while her cheeks still smarted with tears, she was crushed by an avalanche of fatigue. Without ever knowing that it had happened, she fell into unconsciousness.

ABOUT five o'clock, she awakened. Turning her head toward the window opposite, she watched the first gray wash dilute the black sky. The dawning breeze lifted the damp curls from her forehead and pushed them back into her hair. A bird began to chatter in the tamarind tree outside her room.

Clear-eyed, detached, she realized the full completeness of her isolation, reached the final bedrock of emotion. She was alone. The crowded world of childhood influences had burned to ashes in the night and she found herself with nothing but the name with which she had been born and the knowledge that she must begin to build a new world for herself, out of her body's labor and her heart's instinct.

She rolled over and then sat up, pushing back the covers. Leaving the bed, she got into her clothes. Her hair was still tousled from sleep and she was still combing it with

YOUNG Bill Hutterly was steady; his roots ran deep in the rich Carolina soil. But Bill's girl, Lulie, was different. She was beautiful—made for lights and laughter. When she danced with Shaw Latham and he whispered to her of his swift boat and stolen adventure beyond the blue horizon, she saw her way at last to the life about which she had always dreamed. The destinies of three people were decided by Lulie's choice. How she made her decision in a night of pain and terror is told in a tender love story—

THE SEA SHELL

By **NANCY LYON**
Beginning Next Week

Collier's for December 8, 1945

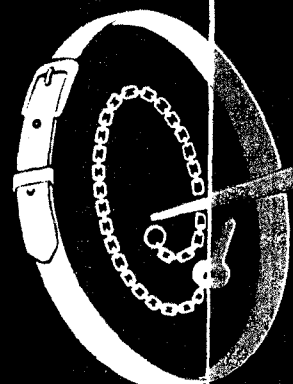
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her fingers as she went out into the kitchen to search for the coffeepot. . . .

Several hours later, Fritz's red sports roadster shot up Luke's driveway. Pulling to a sudden stop beside the house, she opened the door of the roadster and stepped out into the full wash of the new sun. Pouring over her in a bright stream, it caught the impeccable whiteness of her starched blouse and the knife-like crease in her black slacks. She put her hands in the pockets of her black-and-white checkered jacket and took out a package of cigarettes. She ripped off the top with neat authority, selected a cigarette and lighted it with an onyx lighter. Then she walked slowly up to the kitchen door and rang the bell.

Paula opened it for her. "Hello, Fritz."

Fritzi returned her lighter to her pocket and strolled past Paula into the house.

CLOSING the door, Paula followed her. Fritz leaned against the side of the dish closet and for a moment, neither woman moved as they looked at each other over the slowly rising smoke of Fritz's cigarette.

"I heard you were back," Fritz said finally. "Luke called me last night."

Paula nodded.

"Proud of yourself?" Fritz asked suddenly.

Paula looked at her. "No."

The black eyes skipped shrewdly over her face. "What happened before the wreck? Did he leave you?"

"We left each other."

Fritzi nodded. "So you left him. I don't suppose you'll tell me about it."

"There's nothing to talk about. Not so soon."

"I see," Fritz smoked thoughtfully, gazing out across the desert before she spoke again. "Last night I said that if you went out of my house with Benedict you would never walk back into it." She paused. "I meant it when I said it. I don't mean it now. If you want, you can think you called my bluff."

"I don't think that."

Fritzi shrugged. "Are you coming home?"

"I'd like to," Paula said. "I want to see Luke first."

"I'm going down to the Sage now. If you'd care to, you might meet me there when you're through."

Paula looked at her curiously.

"You might as well start today to learn the business," Fritz said.

"Yes?"

"That's pretty obvious, isn't it? One version or another of the affair is being talked about in every house in Chuckawalla this morning. Any hope you ever had of making a decent reputation in this town is shot now." Fritz raised her black eyebrows. "You're my daughter. That hasn't helped you any, I know. So the least I can do is to teach you how to take care of yourself in the clinches."

"What have you got in mind, Fritz?"

Paula asked.

"Not as much as I would have had yesterday. Not since Holy Joe Sheldon took over, Pat and Judge Lindquist are through. Pat's retiring. The judge is going to withdraw from the election gracefully rather than have Luke campaign against him. So the Sage will be run on a little different basis."

Fritzi paused. "But I can still teach you how to make money, how to keep it once you've got it, and how to tell a phony. In the long run, it may be worth more to you than a good reputation, at that. It was to me."

"Fritzi—" Paula stopped while she sought for the words she needed. "Fritzi—I don't want it. Thank you. I know how hard all this has been for you to take. And now when you're trying to help me it looks like I'm on my high horse. I'm not really . . . But I'll wait and see you when I get back to the house."

Fritzi frowned. "I'm not used to playing straight man, Paula. It's bad on my temper. For months you've been at me to take you into the business. Now when I finally agree, you throw the offer back in my face. Just what is it you're getting at?"

"I don't know. Not yet. I'll have to find out. The only thing I do know is that from

here on, Fritz, it's up to me—like it will be for the rest of my life."

Fritzi took another cigarette from her jacket pocket and lighted it. Just then, the patrol car cruised into the driveway and pulled to a stop beside the red roadster.

"How much did he have to do with this?" She nodded her head toward the patrol car.

Paula shook her head. "Luke? He doesn't know anything about it yet."

Fritzi shrugged. "Well, wait to see him if you want. You'll be home afterward?"

"Yes."

"I think you're being a sucker about the Sage."

"Do you?"

"There's a lot of money in it."

"Yes."

Fritzi paused. "Well, at least you've got guts enough to wait for what you want. You are a sucker, of course. So is Luke. But maybe there's room for a few of those kind of suckers."

Paula smiled. "Thanks, Fritz."

She watched while her mother went back to her car. Luke had disappeared into the garage. Fritz backed past the empty patrol car and roared on down the driveway.

After a minute, Paula let herself out the kitchen door. Following the ring of a spade against the hard desert soil, she went around to the small back yard.

She found Luke there. His body was framed by the sky. He had taken off his uniform and put on work clothes from the garage. He was in corduroys and a blue linen shirt. His canvas shoes were the color of the

gray eyes were still clear and direct and the troubled sternness that had made her seem older than her years was gone. "No, Luke. I suppose I don't. I can see what they'll mean when they talk about it—but it's like a dark pattern being imposed on me from the outside. It's wrong. It's not the way I feel."

"And how do you feel?"

She moved her slender brown hands. "If I could tell anyone, Luke, I could tell you. But it's nothing to put into words. It's just that I feel like something definite—as definite as the garage over there, or the cold clearness of the air or the warmth of the sun on my arms. I don't feel like anything that limits itself to a pattern."

"Good. Then you're not going to run away. That's what I wanted to know."

"No. I won't run away. Four days ago, I wanted to. But now I'm going to stay on the desert."

"Some people like it."

They smiled at each other with deep, unspoken understanding.

"You belong here, Luke," she said. "Don't you?"

He nodded.

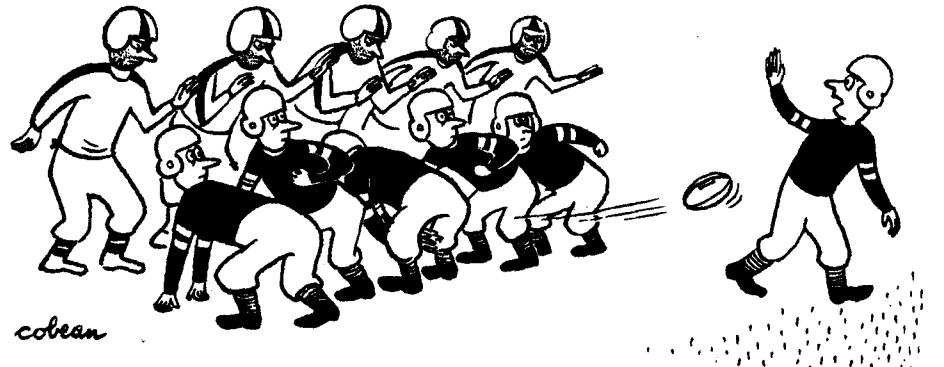
"I do, too, I think. The hills over there. The heat in the summer and the cold in the winter. It's all part of what I am."

She paused. "Fritzi offered to take me into the business with her. I've wanted her to do that for a long time."

"And so?"

"I told her no."

Luke bent over, pried a rock loose from the earth and threw it over the garage fence



"I Forgot to Buy an Extra Victory Bond!"

earth and his woven straw hat was torn and frayed about the brim.

As Paula came into sight, he removed his hat and pushed the glistening sweat ringlets back with his arm. He stared at her curiously for a second before he read what he was looking for in her face. Then he fitted his hat back on his head and grinned.

"Fritzi gone?" he asked.

SHE sat down in the sun beside the house and locked her arms about her knees. From where she sat, she could see the Halverson ranch, weather-beaten and shabby, across the hill. "Yes. Didn't you do enough work last night?"

"Working the kinks out of my system before I go to bed."

She scraped a crust of dirt from her shoe with a pebble, before she looked up slowly into the tanned, gentle face watching her. "Luke," she said softly. "I left him. I walked out. That's how it all happened."

He turned his head slowly to look at her. She saw the great kindness in his brown eyes but he did not attempt to speak his comfort.

"There was nothing left inside him," she said. "Nothing at all. Everything I thought was his, was Johnny's. I had it backward the whole of the way." She paused. "I don't quite feel it yet—that it's really over. I suppose it's going to hurt when I do."

He nodded. "Maybe. At first. But it's the kind of hurt you can build on—the kind with foundations."

"The foundations." She smiled. "I'm afraid nobody would give you much for them. The warnings came true after all. Fritz Haller's daughter went bad."

"Do you believe that?" he asked.

As she raised her head to look at him, the sunlight poured over her young face. The

in a wide, careless arc. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

She looked out at the blue-lavender mountains which crowded boldly in upon the desert plain. The sky overhead was cloudless. The sun flashed yellow-white as it rose out of the east. She saw it all as if she were returning after a long absence to a home that was substance of her substance and blood of her blood.

Finally, she brought her gaze nearer and she nodded at the Halverson ranch across the hill. "When do you think you'll buy?"

"I'm putting on the down payment next week," he said; "and I'll pay off the rest as I build it up."

"You'll need somebody to break your horses for you, Tenderfoot," she said. "How about me?"

Luke smiled. And as he did, she knew that it was not going to be so hard or so lonely, as she had feared.

A long comfortable silence carried them along as Luke continued to spade his garden. Suddenly Paula looked up at him again. "Luke—"

"What is it, Paula?"

"I guess I still have a lot to learn. But I'm not scared any more—of myself or what's going to happen to me. Does that sound crazy?"

He stopped spading and looked over at her. She smiled at the answer she saw in his eyes. "Go back to your work, Luke," she said gently. "I'm not in a hurry any more, either."

She packed down the dirt beneath her shoes with careful deliberation and then turned her gaze out over the Halverson ranch and beyond it at the desert which lay clear and brightly outlined below them.

THE END

Collier's for December 8, 1945



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BY CURLIN REED

The straightforward story of Joey Moore, who learned with fear and joy that self-respect will not grow until a man can look unflinchingly at himself through the eyes of his fellow men



Joey's great brow was corrugated with perplexity. This pension business was something he couldn't understand

dently been watching for her, because at once she came hobbling out on her thick gnarled cane and the two women began the steep ascent of the hill. Even warm as it was, Aunt Jane was bundled up like a mummy. Her head rag was wrapped in many folds over her ears, and on top of her long coat she had fastened an ancient long black shawl.

Althea came to the front door and stood there watching Aunt Jane and Cora as they mounted the slope. "They're goen to git their pension checks," she said knowingly. "Whenever you see Aun' Jane pushin' herself up that hill, you kin know she's goen to git that check. She doan never stir herself no other time." Then Althea added with a sudden burst of scorn, "I reckon that's one thing Cora cain't hide. She cain't hide she's old enough to git a pension check."

FOR a moment or so Althea leaned silently in the door there behind Joey's chair. Then she said with sudden determination, "Papa, you got to git yo' own pension check started. Just me and you namin' it to each other doan do no good."

Althea was having a hard time herself. Ed, her husband, who was down the river with the revetment fleet, had stopped sending money home, and the neighbors were saying he had found him a woman down there who was taking his money—which wouldn't be the first time.

Never in any way, however, did Althea mention Ed to Joey as the cause of her hard times, and Joey delicately refrained from mentioning Ed to her. "No use pressin' yo' finger on a spot that's already raw," he told himself understandingly.

"It may be," he said now, without turning his head, "that when spring comes I'll be goen on back down to Robert's. When spring opens up, Robert'll be needin' hep with the choppin'."

"You won't never chop no mo' cotton," Althea told him gently. "Robert said you couldn't even pick last fall. He said you got swimmy-headed every time you tried. And choppin's harder'n pickin'."

It still seemed to Joey that the great strength which he used to have was still in him. He couldn't think of himself as being any other way. He sat looking unblinkingly in front of him, his great brow corrugated with perplexity. This pension business was something he didn't understand.

"If other people gits it," Althea pointed out, "looks like you could, too. The govmint gives it to other people. Looks like you'd be due one of ennybody is." Althea made it sound as if a pension was an honor that should be bestowed upon Joey.

"Sho, sho," Joey said, his pride catching at this new angle. In his mind's eye he drew a dividing line: On one side of the line he saw the man that he used to be, a man so strong that he hardly knew what it was to be tired at quartering time even on the hottest day; everybody else hurrying for the shade and the water jar, and he not in need of either. On the other side of the line he saw recognition and appreciation of that strength. "Sho," he said, reasoning it out convincingly to himself. "Looks like they'd give it to a man for being the kind of man he used to be."

"But if the govmint doan see fit to give you a pension, we'll make out," Althea said care-

AS SOON as Joey had finished his breakfast he went outside to look at the morning. For a few minutes he stood there on the edge of the narrow little porch, a tall spare old man with a lusterless ashy-black face lifted appreciatively to the unusual warmth of the January sun. Then he went back into the house and brought out a chair so that he could sit on the porch. The sun was that warm.

"Prop the front do' open," his daughter, Althea, called to him from inside the house, "so the fresh air kin blow thoo."

On top the hill in front of Joey was the squat four-room brick school. Joey's own grandson, Little Ed, was somewhere up there in the school. They called him Little Ed but he wasn't so little. He was a big stout, smart-talking boy who already thought he knew more than Althea, his mother, and infinitely more than Joey. He was always mentioning names like Sonny Boy Williams and Tapper Red or Lena Horne or Superman.

"Who is he, Son?" or "Who is she, Son?" Joey would ask respectfully.

Then Little Ed would say scornfully, "Good Lord, Grampaw, don't you even know who that is?"

In the late fall, Joey had come into town to Althea's. Before that he had lived in the bottom, the rich cotton land below town. Althea's house was a little two-room unpainted affair, yet at that, she had more room for an old man past his usefulness than had Robert, Joey's son, from whose house in the bottom he had come.

Robert's little house down there in the bottom was so full of children and grandchildren that they seemed to be sticking out of all the windows and doors. But even very young children could be of more help with a cotton crop than an old man who could not work at all. Even a baby was a potential asset—someone who would be able to chop and pick later on.

Joey sat erect and motionless, his great eagle's beak of a nose standing out so high from the rest of his face that it seemed to cast a shadow of its own. Anybody, not knowing, would have thought he was asleep, but under the thick folds of his scaly old lids, his eyes moved with alert interest, missing nothing. He observed with pleasure that a few green blades of jonquil plants were already pushing through the hard-packed bare earth of Althea's yard. Then he saw Cora

Featherstone come out of her little one-room shack and start along the path. Here under the hill there were six weather-blackened houses, and Cora's was the last, the smallest, the most ramshackle of the row.

This morning Cora was wearing her long coat, her blue velvet hat—the blue faded long since to three distinct shades—and her gray fur neckpiece, which meant she was going somewhere. Here at home under the hill, Cora didn't care how slatternly she looked or how deep the litter inside her little house, but when she got herself dressed to go somewhere, she had more of an air than anybody. There was, anyway, a trimness about Cora, a gaiety, a certain invincibility.

"Good mawnin', Brothah Mo'." Cora said sweetly when she came abreast of Joey.

"Good mawnin', Sistuh Cora," Joey answered.

"It's a fine mawnin', Brothah Mo'."

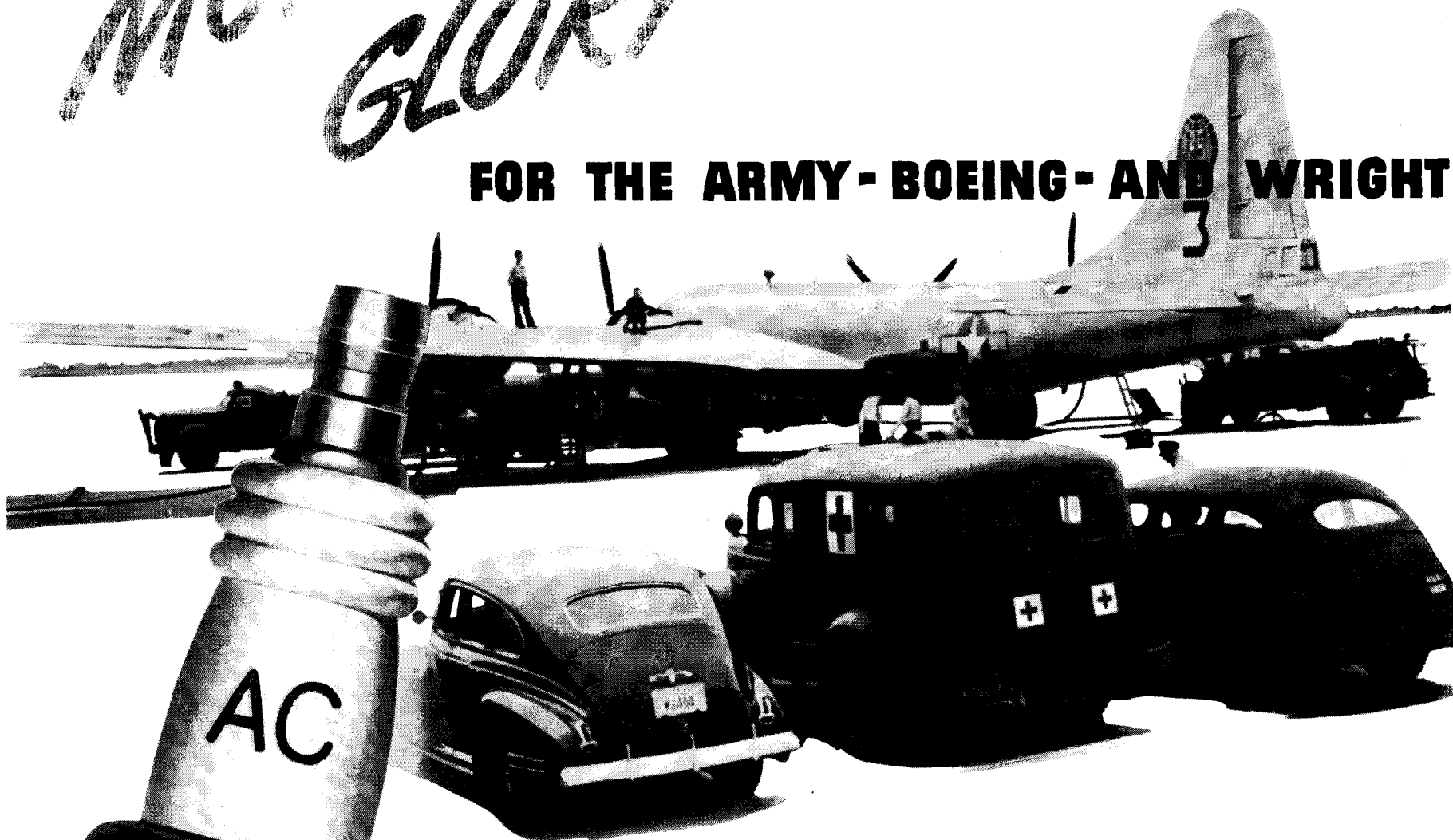
"It is that," Joey answered gravely, with dignity, as befitted a man who was considered almost the same as a preacher, a man who had a respect for words and the way they were spoken.

Cora went on up the path and stopped at Aunt Jane's gate. But Aunt Jane had evi-

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

MORE GLORY

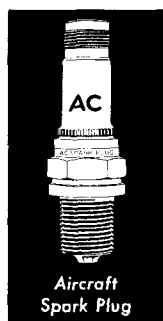
FOR THE ARMY-BOEING- AND WRIGHT



HOKKAIDO, JAPAN, TO CHICAGO—THE THREE B-29's OF GENERALS O'DONNELL, LE MAY, AND GILES—THE LONGEST FLIGHT EVER MADE BY SO MANY PLANES OF SUCH SIZE

3495 NON-STOP MILES

AC is proud of the part it was privileged to play in this history-making flight. All twelve of the huge Wright engines were fired by AC Ceramic Spark Plugs.



Record-breaking flights, such as this spectacular 26-hour run of three Superforts on September 18 and 19, call for aviation spark plugs of *utmost quality* and *utmost reliability*.

AC was the first to make such plugs—the Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs developed by AC for the Liberty Engines of World War I. Improvements on them were used in the historic flights of Lindbergh, Acosta, Maitland, Byrd. The newest types, still further improved, fired the engines of the latest record-breakers—the Constellation and the Stratocruiser, transcontinental record holders . . . and now, these B-29's.

The development of these Ceramic Aircraft Plugs has proceeded, step by step, with the development of AC Spark Plugs for car, truck, tractor and other engines—in design, in material and in precision manufacture. The quality is the same. That's why, since 1932, two of every four new cars and trucks have been AC-equipped at the factory—and why tens of thousands of car and truck owners specify AC for *utmost reliability*.

SPARK PLUGS

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY VICTORY BONDS

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

POSTMEN

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Ask your druggist for Unguentine Rectal Cones—by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE. Special medication gives grateful relief from the pain of piles... helps guard against infection... and promotes healing.

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Use as directed. Your money back if not satisfied. Twelve in a package, 75c.

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ZEUS

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FILTER HOLDER
that smokes one cigarette thru another.

removes major
part nicotine
and tars.

See
what
happens!

FILTER CIGARETTE
BEFORE SMOKING

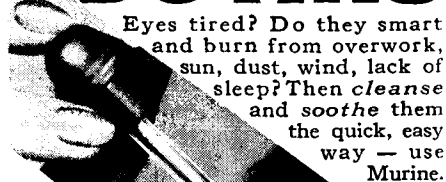
FILTER CIGARETTE
AFTER 20 SMOKES

AT ALL GOOD STORES
Slightly higher in Canada

LIKE ALL YOU SMOKE

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fully, tiredly. "Doan you worry about that. You and me and Little Ed'll make out."

"I'll inquire what steps a body ought to take, Daughter," Joey said in a shamed tone. It humiliated him to admit that he didn't know how to go about getting a pension, he a man who was considered almost the same as a preacher.

Nobody knew Joey's reputation any better than he knew it himself; for more years than could have been named, whenever they hadn't been able to get a real preacher for the church on the slough down there in the bottom, he had always been the one who was asked to preach. And when they had a real preacher he had always been asked to pray. He was a man with a reputation for learning, a man considered to know about things governmental. Always at election times, men had asked him questions considering him a man who could make them good answers. Yet even women like Cora and Aunt Jane knew more about getting a government pension than he did.

"We'll ask Cora," Althea said grimly. It was proof of Althea's desperation that she was willing to ask Cora anything. Nobody had done more talking about her husband Ed than Cora.

WHEN Cora finally came back along the path just before noon, Althea hurried again to the front door. She didn't beat about the bush. Once Althea made up her mind, she was not a person to draw back.

"Cora," she said, "Papa ought to be seen about his pension. What does he do to get hit?"

"Why, suah, deah," Cora said sweetly. "Brothah Mo' ought not to have a bit of trouble gittin' his pension. Suah not."

"What kind of trouble?" Althea asked bluntly. Her face distorted itself with worry. "Just trouble, deah. Some has one kind, some another. Some has trouble about they age, some hasn't lived in the state long enough. But suah"—Cora's voice lifted tantalizingly—"Brothah Mo' won't have a bit of trouble. All he has to do is go to the cotehouse and take out his papuhs. He kin go to-morrer. Thursday's the reglar day, I do know. Then the lady'll come investigate him."

"What lady?" Althea asked.

"Miss May-ree Corum, deah. She's the lady now. You remember Judge Corum. She's his daughter. He's dead now, but seems to me I recollect Judge Corum like it was yestiddy." Cora always made it seem that she was, or had been, well acquainted with anybody who had ever been of any importance in town.

"Seems like I recollect the name," Althea admitted.

"I recollect when Judge Corum was in office," Joey said. "I wasn't acquainted with him—but I recollect the name well."

"Suah," Cora agreed. "And Miss May-ree's his daughter. And all Brothah Mo' has to do is go up there to-morrer and see her and sign his papuhs. Or," Cora added, thinking of something more, "if Brothah Mo' can't sign his name, he kin make his mark. I'll be glad to go to the cotehouse with Brothah Mo' and hep him git his papuhs. And if he makes his mark, I kin witness his mark for him. I've witnessed lots of people's marks."

Cora's consciousness of her own good handwriting was in her voice like a rich possession. No matter what was said about Cora and her airs and her bragging, nobody could deny the fact of her good handwriting, clear and neat as a schoolteacher's.

"Much obliged," Althea said shortly. "Papa kin manage."

"Deah, it won't be a bit of trouble. No trouble a-tall. I'd like to see the lady myself. I reely would."

After Cora had gone on down the path, Joey said regretfully, "I'll have to make my mark, Daughter." He said it with shame.

A great many people did not even know that Joey couldn't read or write. Sometimes he almost forgot it himself. When he preached or prayed so thunderingly and beautifully in church, hardly anyone realized that he had the words of the Good Book only by ear, or if he didn't know the exact words, could make up others that sounded as well.

"I'll have to make my mark," he repeated, thinking about that part of it. It wasn't often the necessity arose.

"No, you won't!" Behind his chair Althea's words were like a gunshot. Her tongue twisted and spat out the venomous words. "Cora thinks she's so smart. Layin' off to go down there and show off witnessin' yo' mark. Braggin' bout she's witnessed lots of folks' marks. You doan need nobuddy to witness yo' mark. Little Ed kin learn you to sign yo' name tonight. It won't take no time. This'll be one time Cora won't git to show off much as she thinks."

"A man like me," Joey said sternly, "ought to be able to sign his govmint papuhs."

"Sho you kin," Althea said with the enthusiasm of the uninitiate. "Sho Little Ed kin learn you. Clem Lawton said they learnt him in less than a hour one day down at the bank. They ain't no reason why you cain't learn it."

Joey lifted his face to the sky as though the heavens had opened and given him a glimpse of what lay within. "Maybe Little Ed kin learn me to read, too," he said.

"You'll do good if you kin learn to sign yo' name," Althea said, with sudden return to practicality.

"I wouldn't want to do it so bad, it'd make somebody laugh," Joey admitted, his flesh rippling with a quick reminiscent flinching almost as old as he was himself. That first flinching was still hot and clear in his own memory—a time when his own purpose had been so completely earnest, so respectful.

HE HAD been no more than nine or ten that day when he went with his father to the gin. Yet even then he was a tall boy able to do equal work beside a strong man. Some men were loafing on the platform that day, lounging against the bales of cotton and arguing big and loud about politics. Joey kept drawing nearer and nearer to hear their big-sounding words and important-sounding opinions. He hadn't known himself how close he was standing to the redheaded man's shoulder until the redheaded man happened to look down and saw Joey's long dusty bare feet right there beside his own.

Slowly the redheaded man let his gaze travel up the length of Joey's faded dusty overalls to his earnestly listening face with its surprising great beak of a nose. Joey didn't see anything funny himself. He was just listening, but the redheaded man threw back his head and laughed as if he had never seen anything so funny in his life. "What you thinkin' about, nigger?" the redheaded man said when he finally had to stop to get his breath. "Swallowed a frawg?"

The other men laughed, too. Then the redheaded man got his breath, took a fresh look at Joey's solemn face and laughed some more. Until finally Joey had laughed a little himself. It had seemed the best thing to do.

Even now as Joey remembered that long-

ago day, he could feel the sting of that laughter against his own earnestness. He was always surprised himself, when he thought about it, that such a long-ago thing could have remained with an old man so clearly.

"Somethin' that didn't amount to nothin' real to me or them, either," he told himself, there on Althea's porch, his eyes moving thoughtfully under their thick lids.

THAT night as soon as they had finished supper, Althea said to Little Ed, "You go git yo' tablet and stuff. You got to learn yo' grampaw to write his name."

"Good Lord!" Little Ed hooted, "Gram-paw couldn't learn that in a thousand years. You learn that in the first grade." The idea struck Little Ed so funny that he laughed until he fell right over on the table.

Althea caught him by his shoulder and pulled him upright in his chair. "You git up and stop actin' like a fool," she said, with a firmness that not even Little Ed defied.

"Son," Joey said, standing there so tall above Little Ed's chair, "a man ought to know how to write his own name. A man's name is him." Joey's face distorted itself with a frowning earnestness. "Looks like I ain't had no time for it till lately." He flexed his long stiffened fingers. "I want to do it so bad, seems like I kin almost do it already."

Althea cleared a space at the table for them, pushing the lamp over to their side of the table so that they would have the best of the light. Little Ed and Joey sat side by side, and, once he was started, Little Ed was surprisingly patient. With Althea standing there to keep him at it, he couldn't have been any other way, but it did almost seem that even Little Ed had a secret wish that his grandfather could write his name.

First, Little Ed wrote Joey's full name—Joey Moore—three or four times across a clean page. "I doan see how you do it, Son," Joey said, marveling. "Seems like to me you do it faster'n my eye kin foller."

But when Joey tried it himself, it wasn't easy. At first Little Ed even had to help him place his fingers, one by one, on the pencil.

Joey apologized. "Seems like if it wasn't such a little tool I could handle it better."

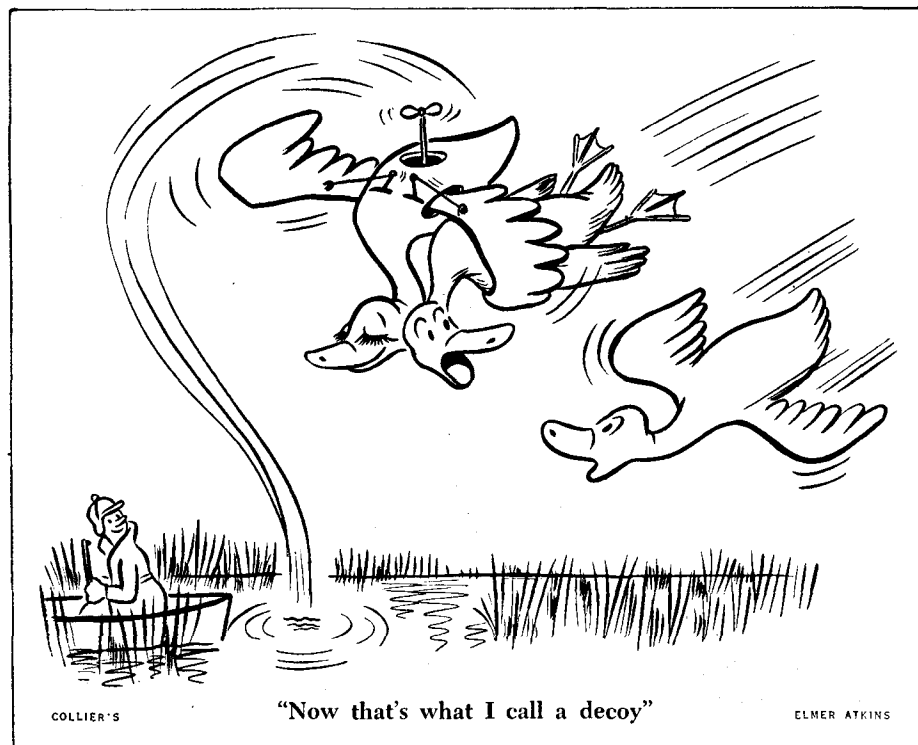
Anybody who happened along the path must have wondered why Althea's light was burning so late in her kitchen. But Althea sat at the table the whole time, watching as intently as if she were trying to learn to write herself. Little Ed finally hit on a plan of making up names for the shapes of the letters to help Joey remember how to form them. "First you make a swing-around' up," Little Ed directed. "Now come down—"

"A swing-around' up—" Joey echoed hoarsely, his hand laboriously obeying.

"Now go up and make a roun'—now a little roun' like a aig—"

"Mighty little aig at one en," Joey chuckled to relieve his own tension.

"You got it good now," Little Ed said



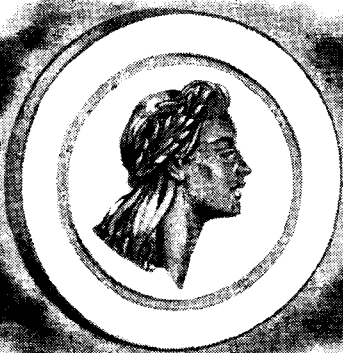
Coming your way... *these exciting new* *RCA VICTOR RADIOS*

★ In the fine RCA Victor instruments shown on this page, you'll enjoy a new listening thrill!

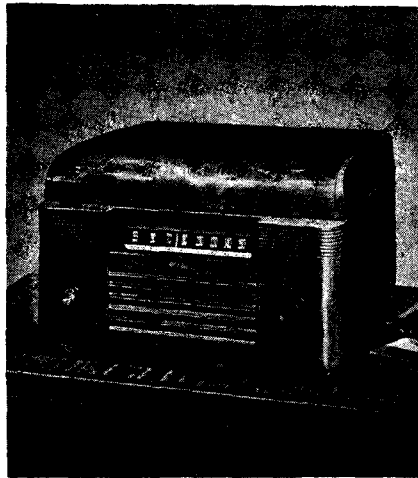
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RCA's 26-year engineering "know-how" and Victor's 47-year leadership in musical reproduction culminate in this crowning achievement—the "Golden Throat." Watch for it at your RCA Victor dealer's.



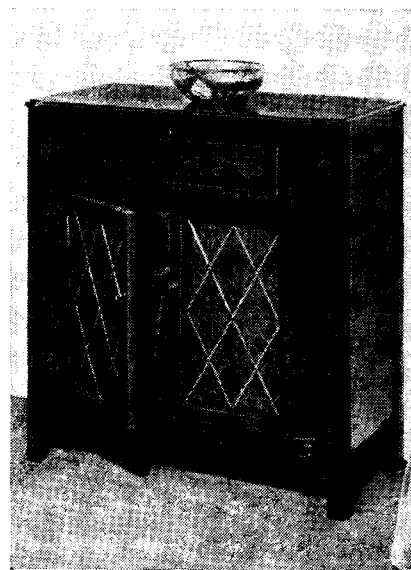
This is the symbol of the "Golden Throat," one of the most exciting radio developments in years...the exclusive new RCA Victor 3-Way Acoustical System. You'll find it in every instrument made by RCA Victor.



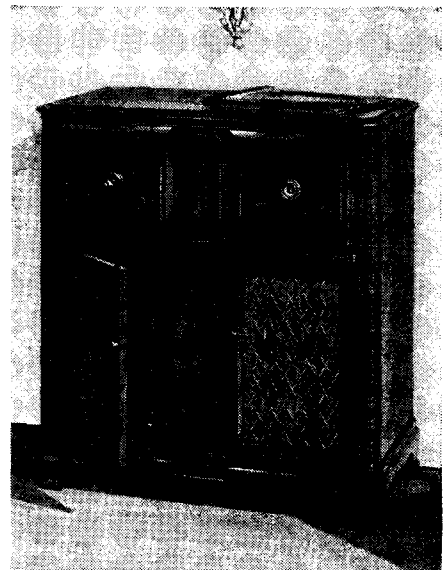
The new Table Victrola* (55U) has the exclusive new "Golden Throat." The most compact Victrola with radio and automatic record changer ever made. Plays up to 12 records. Multi-play needle is standard equipment. **Approx. \$79²⁵**



The new "Personal" (54B) is $\frac{1}{3}$ smaller than any previous RCA Victor radio. Can be carried in a top-coat pocket—yet gives room-sized volume! Camera type case weighs only $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., only $6\frac{1}{4}$ " high. Has the exclusive new "Golden Throat." **Approx. \$25⁰⁰**



Stunning Victrola Console (58V). Lowboy cabinet of fine mahogany or walnut veneers. Separate lids over record changer and radio. No needles to change. Push-button tuning. Has the "Golden Throat." 12-inch dynamic speaker. **Approx. \$179²⁵**



The Victrola 59VI. A handsome Chipendale style cabinet. "Roll-out" record changer. Plays up to 12 records. No needles to change. Three radio bands for American and foreign reception. Has the exclusive "Golden Throat." **Approx. \$200⁰⁰**



No. 1 Value in low-priced Radios (56X) has 6 RCA Preferred-type tubes, including one rectifier tube. Has the exclusive "Golden Throat." Straight-line angle-vision dial. Cabinet molded of rich walnut plastic. **Approx. \$24²⁵**



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*Made only by RCA Victor. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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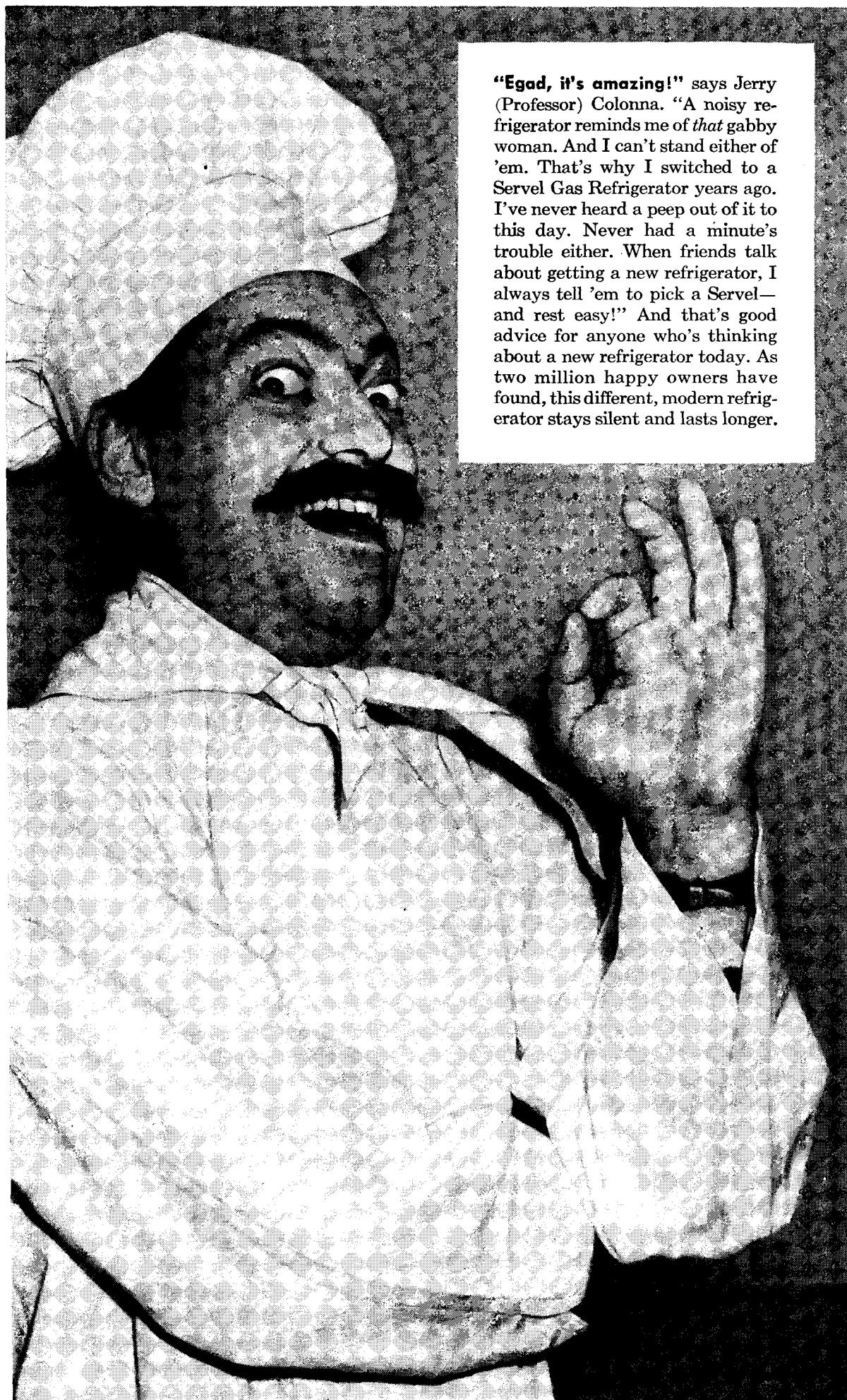
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"Take my advice and pick a Servel . . . it's so-o-o silent,"

says

Jerry Colonna

famous radio and picture star



"Egad, it's amazing!" says Jerry (Professor) Colonna. "A noisy refrigerator reminds me of *that* gabby woman. And I can't stand either of 'em. That's why I switched to a Servel Gas Refrigerator years ago. I've never heard a peep out of it to this day. Never had a minute's trouble either. When friends talk about getting a new refrigerator, I always tell 'em to pick a Servel—and rest easy!" And that's good advice for anyone who's thinking about a new refrigerator today. As two million happy owners have found, this different, modern refrigerator stays silent and lasts longer.



Listen—not a sound! Servel simply must stay silent because there's nothing to make any noise. A tiny gas flame does all the work. There are no moving parts in the freezing system to wear and get noisy, no moving parts to break down and need repairs.



Your Gas Company will display the beautiful new Servels as soon as they are available. Look for the new flexible interior arrangement that saves time and space, the special storage for quick-frozen foods, the ingenious sliding shelves. Discover for yourself why more and more families are choosing Servels.

Stays silent . . . lasts longer

Servel
GAS REFRIGERATOR



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SERVEL ALL-YEAR GAS AIR CONDITIONER
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For Farm and Country homes—models run on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosene. Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Ind., or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King St., Toronto 1, Ont.

nally, yawning and stretching his arms high. You're gittin' it plenty good. If that doan it you a pension I doan know whut would. hat aughta git you two pensions."

Little Ed was bragging, of course, just because he was tired and wanted to go to bed, oey knew. Yet even he could see that the jame he had written had begun to bear considerable resemblance to Little Ed's copy at he top. Some were crooked—crooked as an old fence—yet the resemblance was there.

"I git my last name the best," Joey said, ritically studying the page. "I reckon it's because it's got two of them ol' roun's. Looks ike," he said affectionately, "I git along with hem ol' roun's better than with enny of 'em."

Then he said tenderly to Little Ed, "You go on to bed, Son. You've had wuk enough or one night. Young folks needs sleep." To Althea he said importantly, "I'll practice my writin' a little longer, befo' I go to bed."

THE next morning Joey washed himself well and put on his clean starched striped blue shirt and fastened the collar with his gold collar button. After breakfast he put on his Sunday coat. The coat, once black, now darkly green, was exactly like a preacher's coat. Joey had had it many years and not once had anyone ever questioned his

enough, and all that. Just them kind of questions, Brothah Mo'."

"I was bawn," Joey said solemnly, as though Cora were the government awaiting his answer, "in New Madrid County, Muzurah. My parents moved across the river to this county when I was fo' years ol'. And I've been heah ever since."

"That ought to be a satisfactory answer, Brothah Mo'. Suah, it ought."

Joey fastened his gaze worriedly, sternly, on the walk far ahead.

Right down there in the bottom below town, he could tell the lady, he had lived all the good working days of his life. He had seen the bottom when it still had far more timber on it than field. And he and his father and his brothers had helped to clear a lot of that very timber. That would show anybody that as a boy he hadn't had much time to learn reading and writing. That would show anybody how old he was. From timber to now was a long time.

Anybody down there in the bottom, where he had lived all his life, could tell the government the kind of a man he had been. From the time he was old enough to leave his father's house, to contract for his own crops, to marry and have his own family, he had cropped for only four different men. He

Then Mr. Commodore Orville came by in his car. At first, just for a second or two, he did not even recognize Joey. He drove past, then suddenly stopped the car and sent it shooting backward and stopped beside Joey.

"Joey," he said, with the trust and confidence that had lain between the two men, "I'm taking these seed down to your house. I'll put 'em on the porch. That'll be all right, won't it?" Mr. Commodore often did things like that on Sunday morning, getting ready for next week's work.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Commodore looked at Joey more closely. "What kind of a rig is that you've got on?" he said laughingly. Mr. Commodore sat there, resting his arms on the steering wheel and grinning at Joey. "Holy Moses," he said delightedly, as if he hadn't seen anything so funny in a long time. "Listen, that church won't even hold you in that get-up. It'll bust wide open."

Mr. Commodore hadn't meant the least thing hurtful. He had expected that Joey would see something to laugh about, just as he did; he had expected Joey to laugh, too. And Joey, knowing Mr. Commodore's expectations, had smiled a stiff, unsmiling smile. . . .

"This heah's it. This heah's where we go," Cora spoke at Joey's shoulder, and for a moment, he was startled.

Then he said, "That's so. It is." Cora had spoken as though she thought he probably had never even been to the courthouse before. But he had.

They went in at the big front door, and just as he had on the other times when he had been in the courthouse, Joey was appreciatively aware of the splendid loftiness of the corridor.

CORA knew exactly which door to open. For his purpose today, Joey wouldn't have known that. But Cora didn't hesitate a minute. She opened the door of the waiting room of Judge Hale's office and walked in.

Four people were in the waiting room—five if you counted a little girl. An old man with watery blue eyes was on one of the chairs, two girls with dirty blond hair were on the bench, the child sitting between them. Judge Hale himself was standing in front of the stove with his back to it, warming his hands.

Cora sat down by the door. And then Judge Hale said, "Come on over here, Uncle. Here's a seat you can have." He pointed to a little chair at the typewriter desk by the window.

After Joey had sat down—gingerly, because it seemed such a delicate little chair—Judge Hale jerked his head toward the door of his private office and said humorously, "I get run out of there every Thursday. I've been letting Miss Corum use my office this winter since the stove in her waiting room's been out of fix."

Judge Corum's daughter, Joey reminded himself, recalling what Cora had said.

When the door to the private office opened and an old lady came out, Joey looked sharply at the young lady who stood in the door and smilingly said, "Who's next?" She was a younger woman than Joey had expected, but anybody could see this young woman—Judge Corum's daughter—knew her business, saying "Who's next?" so crisply, smiling, pushing things right along.

The two girls and the child went in. Then the old man went in, and when he came out, it was Joey's turn.

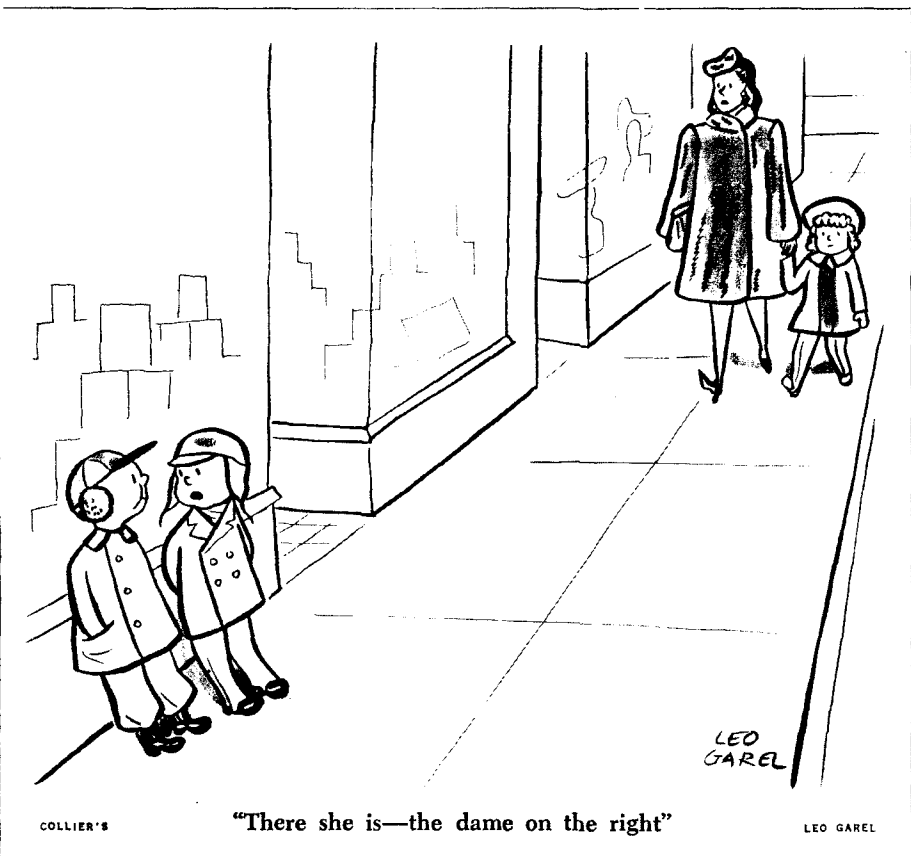
"Brothah Mo'," Cora offered, "want me to go with you?"

"Much obliged, Sistuh Cora," Joey told her. "I won't need hep."

But once inside the private room, seated on one side of the big table, with the young lady on the other, Joey was afraid. "Got to watch all corners." That was the way he felt. With both his big hands, he took a firm hold on the arms of his chair.

The young lady asked him about his age, then what proof of his age he had. The questions hung around Joey like a fog: Did he have a Bible with his age set down in it? Well, then, if he didn't have a Bible, did he have any old insurance papers? Had he been married? Did he get a license?

When she asked that about his marriages,



"There she is—the dame on the right"

right to wear it. The skirt fell gracefully against his long legs, and at the back, two large buttons marked the joining of the skirt to the upper part of the coat.

When Joey was ready to go, Althea went with him to the front door. "Maybe Sistuh Cora won't come," Joey said. "I doan want her to trouble. I ought to be able to git along. 'Co's I kin," he said reassuringly to himself.

"She'll come," Althea said, rolling her arms in her apron. "You couldn't tie her from goen. It'll give her another chancet to wear that dead cat roun' her neck."

Even as they spoke, they saw Cora come out of her little house and stand there a moment, locking the door with the heavy chain and padlock which she always used. "Lord knows whut she thinks she's got in there ennybody'd want," Althea said.

Then Cora came on down the path, and she and Joey went up the hill together and across the school yard. They went down the dirt road to the gravel and after that it wasn't far to the paved street and the sidewalk.

"You won't have a bit of trouble, Brothah Mo'," Cora said encouragingly, when they were on the pavement and had easier walking. "Suah, you won't. The lady'll just ask you some questions and then you'll sign yo' papuhs."

"Whut kind of questions, Sistuh Cora?"

"Just questions. Like how long have you lived in the state, is you a citizen, is you old

had lived for twenty-two years on Mr. Commodore Orville's land alone. Even now, his son, Robert, was still on Orville land, though now the land was owned by Mr. Commodore's widow.

Joey's tongue moved against the roof of his mouth, and he frowned so intently that his brows drew together until they met across his nose. "If Mistuh Commodore Orville was livin' today he could tell 'em about me," he told himself. "He could tell 'em if ennybody could."

Yet not even Mr. Commodore had always seen Joey as he saw himself. Joey suddenly remembered that. He had to admit it. He was suddenly weakened by his own memory. . . .

He felt himself walking again along the path that ran between the slough and the road down there in the bottom. The feeling of that long-distant morning was suddenly in him more vividly than that of the present morning. It was a Sunday, the first Sunday morning he had worn this very coat he was wearing today.

As he had walked along the path, he could feel the graceful touch of the coat's skirts against his legs with every step he took, the touch sending through him a solemn, almost prayerful pride—the pride of achievement. Even the little church there on the slough would be benefited by his coat and made to seem not quite so bare and unpainted.

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Let wintry winds blow! Here's a coat to defy the coldest blasts. Water-repellent gabardine, warmly lined with thick wool pile and topped with a huge Laskinlamb collar to bundle your neck and ears against sleet, snow and cold. This coat, *The Adventurer*, is just one of many new pace-setting models by Albert Richard. Quality leather and fabrics—handsomely tailored. All Action-Fit*, of course. For your own wardrobe—or for a wonderfully welcome Christmas gift for any man or boy, ask to see Albert Richard coats and jackets. And ask for Albert Richard Action-Fit* gloves, too. At leading stores everywhere.

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Two doors-and a Man's Heart!

"This old door leads to happiness," said Bruce. "Very important to us." And we entered the church we'd attended since our nursery school days.



Our lifelong friend, Rev. Edwards, tied the knot. His motherly wife doubled as witness and Matron of Honor. Then she said, "Children, you're coming next door to your wedding breakfast. Just for old times' sake."



"Speaking of food, darling," said Bruce, "remember a man's tummy is the door to his heart—something like that!" He opened Mother Edwards' refrigerator—there was a lot of food filed away on shelves built right in the door.

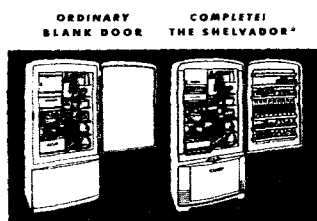


"That's my Shelvador," smiled our hostess. "It's the most convenient thing I've ever seen. It's just like opening the doors of two refrigerators." Bruce winked at me and said, "Put that name Shelvador in our kitchen plans, darling."



YOU'LL BE WELL REPAID to see the Crosley Shelvador® when it returns to dealer stores. You'll find it offers every modern improvement in home refrigeration—plus the exclusive patented Shelvador®. Twice as much front-row food—twice the convenience—much less searching for the things you want—and only Crosley has it!

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FOOD TO THE FRONT
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REFRIGERATORS • HOME FREEZERS • HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES • HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"



"It's a mute so the hunters won't hear my call"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Joey sat forward on the edge of the chair, frowned intently, and tried to explain his marriages as best he could. Because he didn't want the young lady to misunderstand his and Becky's marriage—he no more than twenty, she a slip of a girl fifteen, and dead within two years time.

"Me and my first wife, Becky, was married," he explained carefully. "We was married and we had our own house and we made two crops on the Sampson land—we had our own house and we was married but we didn't have no license."

Then he went on more easily. "But me and my second wife had a license. When we was ready to marry, somebody told us about gittin' a license, and we decided to do it. I always believed in a man obeyin' the govment if he could. I come right here to the cote-house and got it."

That part of his answer seemed to hit the right spot. The young lady jumped up and said smilingly to Joey, "Oh, that's fine. You wait here and I'll run down to the clerk's office and look up the record. It can be they put your age on the record. In some of those old marriage books they did and in some they didn't."

Left by himself in the room, Joey didn't move. His eyes respectfully observed the bookcases filled with the heavy brown books. "A sight of readin' in one of them," he told himself, peering over the tops of his glasses, the better to believe their great size.

"That did it," the young lady said when she came back. "Your age was right there." She seemed happy about it as she put papers in her typewriter and wrote down Joey's answers to her questions. She asked him all about his children, their names, their whereabouts and occupations. Nine in all. That is, nine living. The whereabouts of Thomas and Beauchamp and Daisy he could not name. In South Bend, maybe.

"They doan write—they doan send no news reglar," he explained, ashamed to admit how many years it had been since they had made themselves known to their father in any way. Whenever Joey thought of those three, he felt a failure in himself.

WHEN the young lady had asked him enough questions to satisfy her she ripped the papers out of the typewriter and brought them to Joey's side of the table.

"You sign these," she said. Then, coolly, just as though such a question were a habit with her, she asked, "Can you sign your own name?"

"I kin sign my papuhs," Joey answered.

He took the pencil and placed the lead on the line where the young lady pointed for him to write, then hunched his great shoulders, trying to get himself in the right position. It would have been no job at all for Little Ed, but for a minute Joey could not even remember how to make the first mark; his mind failed him completely, his hand would not move. Then miraculously, the name of the first stroke came to him.

"Saved!" he breathed. He whispered, loud

with relief, "First you make a swing-around up—" He had to say it aloud. Otherwise his hand would not have known what to do. He could hear himself, knew how loudly and hoarsely he was whispering. But he couldn't tone it down; his voice, like his hand, was too big and unmanageable. "Now the little tabletop feller—" Then, nearing the end, he said disgustedly to himself, "You soun' like a man gittin' to the top of a hill." He whispered more loudly than ever, "Now the las' little aig roun'."

But even when he had finished, he didn't look up. He sat with his head bent, looking at what he had written. He could see himself that the marks made hardly anything at all. They were just marks. If he had had Little Ed's copy at the top of the page he could have done better. This way he had been like a man groping in the dark. His flesh rippled and flinched as he waited, not looking up.

THEN, quickly, he turned his head and looked at Judge Corum's daughter. He turned so quickly, as if with a spring, that if there had been the least bit of laughter on her face he would have seen it.

But she wasn't laughing; her face, very close there to his own, her eyes still looking at what he had written, were as unsmiling as earnest as his. Joey's yellowed eyes under their extraordinarily thick lids shrewdly probed the oval of her face, the pale pink shell of it, his eyes noting the fine faint lines at the corners of her mouth and eyes, which meant she was a little older than he had thought.

"It's not as good writin' as I ought to do," he apologized, holding up the papers for her to see. "A man's name is him," he said sternly. Then he looked again at the signatures, with the leniency of hope. He couldn't help it. They were not wholly just meaningless scrawls; on each line the two names first and last, had been kept carefully separate, the way they were supposed to be. It seemed that anybody would be able to see the intention that was there.

He pointed to the last name. "I made the roun's good. They're clare." He frowned. "Looks like ennybody could tell it's a name."

"It is a name," the lady said, sweeping up the papers and fitting them neatly, one on top the other, in her hand. "It is a good signature, a fine signature," she said ringingly, as if looking at Joey's entire record right there. "A fine signature for anybody."

Then Joey rose, tall and proud, from his chair. He thanked her and she thanked him, both speaking as if they had known each other a long time. Then he went out to the waiting room and told Cora, who was sitting there in her gray neckpiece and blue hat, that he would be ready to go whenever she was. And when they went down the corridor and all the way home he still walked proudly, the way a man does when he is aware of his own size, not only as he sees it himself but as others see it.

THE END

Collier's for December 8, 1945

Shoot a Buck!

Continued from page 19

perished in wholesale lots. Even in this day of heavy hunting, in many sections of the north woods the winter kills many more deer than the hunters, and it is often necessary to increase the hunting season, and to permit the taking of does to preserve the balance.

The Adirondack forest of New York State is typical of this condition. The snows there are heavy, and even if the snow crusts, should the deer try to move about, their sharp hoofs would break through the crust, and they would mire helplessly, chest-deep in the drifts, until they starved. To overcome this condition, the deer gather in herds when the snow comes. They congregate in areas where the food seems plentiful, and where, by their united efforts, they can keep open trails in the snow. If forty deer gather in one such "deer yard," and the food supply is sufficient for forty deer, they will all survive. But, if the winter is exceptionally long, and the spring snows heavy, they will probably all die.

When the accessible food supply becomes exhausted, they will browse by standing on their hind legs and stretching their necks for the farthest twig they can reach. The fawns, being shorter, die first, then the weaklings of the herd, then the mature animals themselves. Yet, if hunting the previous fall had eliminated ten of them, and only thirty had used the range, all thirty would have survived. A range will support only so many deer and no more.

Maintaining Balance of Nature

At one time nature kept a rough balance with the assistance of predatory animals and disease. Now man, through regulated hunting, is doing the same. Sportsmen and conservationists often go nature one better by artificially feeding deer in their winter yards, by dropping food to them by plane, by packing it in on snowshoes, or by planting additional shrubs for deer feed wherever nature did not provide enough in one area. As a result of wise conservation methods and the efforts of the sportsmen themselves, and in spite of our vast cities and innumerable communities and highway systems, there are approximately 4,000,000 white-tailed deer, almost 2,000,000 mule deer, and 300,000 Columbia black-tailed deer throughout the United States today.

In recent years, in spite of the increase in hunters—they killed 590,000 of the animals in 1942—deer have become so plentiful in certain sections as to constitute a menace

to agriculture. A few deer can turn a vegetable patch into a shambles overnight, and in many communities, the farmers are permitted to kill deer at any time on their own lands in defense against their predations. In other sections, they are so numerous as to constitute a menace to highway travel. In spite of these facts, it is a common worry of the uninformed that the vast horde of hunters outnumber the deer by at least two to one, and in one short hunting season will have no trouble whatever in exterminating the species. Actually, they'll be lucky if they kill ten per cent of the deer population. Wildlife experts say we can take this percentage every year and still maintain the supply.

The Deer Is No Sitting Duck

The general misconception is that the hunter steps into the woods, sees a deer standing broadside to him with every hair in place and every tine on his horns sharp and glistening. "ups with his gun, and lets him have it." Then, supposedly, the hunter pounds his chest, executes a short Indian dance, throws his quarry over his shoulder, and marches triumphantly home singing victorious hunting songs.

At this idea, the hunter who has tramped the hills of excellent deer country for a week or two without seeing anything more than a fleeting gray shadow or the flick of a deer's white-tailed "flag," will laugh a short, humorless "ha-ha!" and go on rubbing liniment on his aching muscles. That isn't deer hunting. That's a pipe dream. In fact, it is doubtful that the sport would have any devotees at all if it were anywhere near as easy as that.

Deer hunting is a tough sport. Also, it can be an art. To the expert, the killing of game is secondary; that is why so many of them prefer to squeeze the trigger of a camera instead of the trigger of a gun. The expert enjoys hunting deer because they are the most elusive animals to hunt, and because he must pit the best of himself and his woodcraft against their excellent hearing, their sense of smell, and their sight. Sometimes, he is successful. More often the deer outsmarts him, and all he sees of his quarry are the deep prints in the fallen leaves where the deer has bounded to safety in fifteen- or twenty-foot leaps.

The odds are in the deer's favor. He is familiar with the terrain. He is always on the alert. His power of scent is uncanny, his hearing is superb, and his sight is good for normal objects and excellent in capturing



COLLIER'S

"I suppose you have plans for him, don't you?"

BARNEY TOBEY

Collier's for December 8, 1945



I know Bob will react

TO THIS HOLIDAY GIFT

Because he's always brushed and curried . . . because of the knot of his tie and the crease of his trousers, and the way he cocks his head when I've spent hours having a hairdo. And that *air* he has, suggestive of outdoors and heather. So it's a Seafurth combination set for Bob . . . I know my man.



That Wonderful Seafurth Feeling is a mighty smooth Christmas gift for any man who's going places. Seafurth good-grooming aids come in a variety of smart combination sets. Singly they're \$1 plus tax. Gift sets \$2 to \$7 plus tax.



Set-up for a Perfect Shave. Set E fixes him from A to Z . . . including Shaving Soap in mug . . . Shaving Lotion . . . and Men's Talc. Complete, \$3 plus tax.



For Better Days. Set F brings him a luxurious assortment of good-grooming accessories . . . Shaving Soap in mug . . . 3 cakes Men's Hand Soap . . . Shaving Lotion . . . Men's Talc . . . and Hairdressing. Complete, \$5 plus tax.

Jewels by Cartier
Plaid taffeta dress
by Pattullo

Seafurth!

FOR MEN

What Other RAZOR

ever met such a dramatic
test of loyalty?

• In 1942 when all Schick Blades went to service men, civilians had to lay aside their Schick Injector Razors and use any brand they could get—for almost a year!

THE TEST

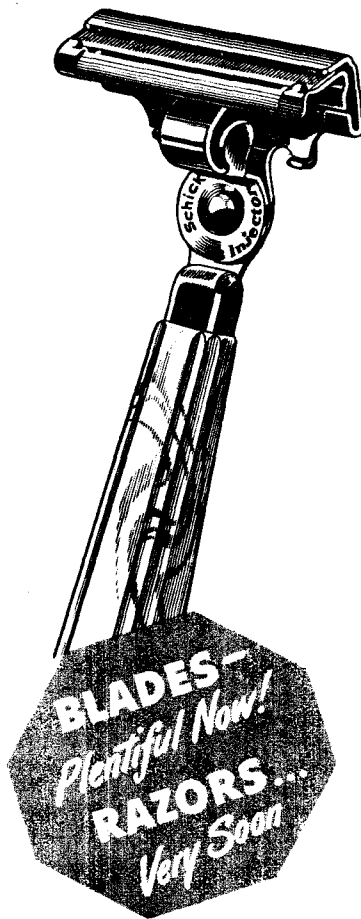
When Schick Blades came back on the market, the Schick Injector Razor was put to a test unequalled in razor history. Would the hundreds of thousands forced to use other razors return to the Schick Injector Razor?

THE ANSWER

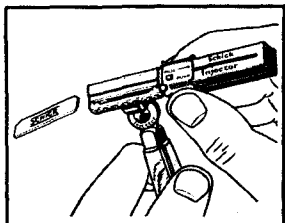
Almost to a man, the Schick Injector Razors forced into retirement were put back to work—the most convincing proof of razor appeal ever offered! We know they were put back on the job because Schick Blade sales climbed up to prewar levels within a few months.

SCHICK BLADES NOW AVAILABLE BUT—

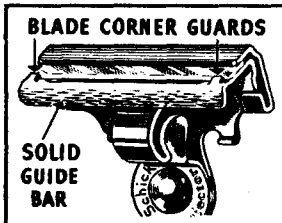
All Schick Injector Razors are still going to the armed forces. In a few months, when civilian production is resumed, your store will have one for you. Then we hope you too will try the razor that met such a dramatic test of users' loyalty.



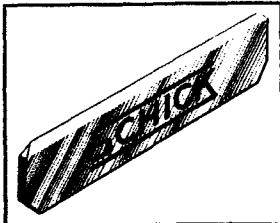
THE EXCLUSIVE SHAVING ADVANTAGES MEN COULDN'T FORGET!



AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE . . . A pull and push on the Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or reassemble. No fumbling with sharp edges or paper wrappers.



SOLID GUIDE BAR . . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Makes whiskers pop up for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES . . . twice as thick as ordinary blades, 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. Take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

Schick Injector RAZOR

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

the slightest unnatural motion. Being a nocturnal feeder, the deer is usually at rest during the day, while the man who hunts him must be in motion.

The deer frequents thickets, bedding down on the point of a ridge or a side hill in a position where one leap will take him out of sight. He blends into the background, he can skulk behind a bush that would not appear large enough to the casual eye to screen a rabbit. And when he makes up his mind to run, he can run and hurdle obstacles in a zigzag streak that makes one of the hardest targets on earth to hit with a rifle.

Even the market hunters of the early days would have killed very few deer if they had not resorted to the now-outlawed methods of attracting them to salt licks and then shooting them from platforms; of "jacking" them with lights at night in the clearings and along the shores of lakes; and of running them with dogs.

Driving—the Easiest Method

There is no sure way of killing deer today that is legal. There are many methods of hunting them, but three have remained the most popular, varying, of course, in different sections of the country. There is the "driving" method, the "setting" or "watching," and the "still hunting" or "stalking." The most popular of these is driving because it is the easiest, although not always the most productive.

The method of driving deer, which is not legal in all states, is based on the known fact that deer, in traveling through the woods or scrub, usually follow the same path until, over a period of years, it has become a clearly defined game trail, or, as it is called in this case, a "runway."

In driving deer, a party of hunters work as a team. The "watchers" or "standers" take positions near these runways, while the drivers circle the ridge or thicket to be driven, form a line, and go through toward the watchers, making all the noise they can. They bark in their best imitation of hounds on a hot trail, break branches, or clang bells in an attempt to force the deer into flight.

When frightened, the deer take to their runways, as they know that the footing is surer there and the trail clear. If they do, the watchers get a shot at a target streaking past at incredible speed.

But the deer don't always go through. Very often, the deer will locate the exact position of each noisy driver, and will either skulk behind a bush until the drivers go past, or sneak quietly back through their ranks. Often, a deer may approach a watcher who carelessly gives away his position either by failing to blend into the landscape, by moving an arm or a foot or turning his head sharply, or who is too inveterate a smoker to refrain from lighting up. The deer then will quietly find a blind spot between this

watcher and the next one, and pass through safely.

Experts at deer drives prefer to drive with fewer men and hardly any noise. They walk quietly toward the watchers, occasionally breaking a branch. The deer in that area become alarmed, know that they are being hunted, but cannot always locate the exact position of the sound. They are more likely then to leave the dangerous territory behind them.

Needless to say, this "silent driving" is employed only by old-timers who can be trusted not to shoot at sounds or shadows. About the only way that a wise buck can be driven from a deep, swampy thicket, is when there is snow on the ground, and a good tracker gets on the buck's track and follows it. The deer will circle repeatedly, but usually when he discovers that he cannot evade his pursuer, he will make a dash toward liberty. If he is accompanied by does, as is quite likely during the hunting season, he will nearly always let the does go out of the thicket first to face whatever danger lies ahead.

The method of "setting" or "watching" is usually employed by a lone hunter. He simply chooses a runway and sits by it, quiet and well-hidden, hoping that a deer will pass by.

This method is a favorite with the lazy type of hunter who would rather freeze than walk, or by the older hunters who can't walk far even if they want to. These oldsters are more successful at this game because, through their years of woods experience, they have learned the most about deer.

The Primordial Lure

During the mating season, which, in most states, is coincidental with the hunting season, the bucks will travel over considerable territory in search of mates. The wise hunter goes through the woods until he finds a comparatively fresh doe track, and takes a stand near it, waiting for the buck to follow on her trail.

If the deer are not running, the experienced hunter knows best in what type of country deer are most likely to bed down during the day, and at what time it is their habit to get up and start working their way toward the feeding grounds in late afternoon. All he has to do then is to try to guess which one of the many runways the deer will take, or which one of the feeding grounds they are most likely to visit.

He must, of course, take the moon into consideration, because deer are likely to bed down longer in the daytime during a full moon than in the dark of the moon, and do most of their feeding during the moonlit hours of the night.

At best, sitting immobile in one spot for hours is a miserably cold and disheartening job. It has two advantages: If a deer happens to come the hunter's way, it is usu-



ally unsuspecting, and therefore offers a better target.

The other advantage has nothing to do with deer, but is very precious to the sportsman's heart. Once he has settled himself quietly, the woods which seemed devoid of life as he passed through them slowly begin to buzz with activity. Mice, chipmunks and squirrels come out of hiding, and continue their interrupted life. They hunt for food. They play, and gambol, and fight. They shriek alarm at every suspicious sound. They hide in frozen silence as a weasel, the most vicious, wanton killer of the woods, flows past soundlessly. A hunting fox meanders by, and those who can find safety in the trees shriek their abuse at him. They do not hear the soundless wings of an owl that descends upon them with outstretched talons. It is only with utter silence and immobility that a human can ever observe the real drama of the woods.

"Still hunting" or "stalking" is the real art of deer hunting. It is the most fascinating and, to the expert, the most productive. That is real hunting. One man pitting all of his wits against the illusiveness of the deer. A good still hunter must know every foot of the ground he hunts, and as much as he can learn by observation about the deer that normally inhabit the territory in which he hunts.

Efficient, But Not Toggled Up

The still hunter is the lone wolf of the hunting fraternity. He is not dressed in the fashion of what the well-dressed hunter is supposed to wear. There is no useless equipment hanging from his belt or bouncing uncomfortably across his shoulders. His gun is not the last word of a gunsmith's art, but invariably it will be light in weight, and still pack enough punch to kill his game cleanly. He is the hobo and, at the same time, the aristocrat of deer hunters. In short, he is a hunter.

In this exacting method of hunting, the still hunter's clothing and equipment are of the utmost importance. In the north woods, his clothes are usually of soft wool, as corduroy and canvas are apt to make for noisy walking. If he is allergic to wool, as many people are, he may wear cotton next to his skin, but wool is still the predominant theme of his clothing. A hunting jacket is too heavy for his taste, as it has a tendency to drag across his shoulders. In cold weather, he will wear two wool shirts instead of one, and if it is very windy, he will add a thin, wind-resistant cotton garment between them.

His boots are as important to him as his gun. He prefers the soft, all-rubber hunting boots of prewar days, but as a second choice will settle for the rubber-bottom, leather-top shoe packs. Leather is no good for him, because if there ever was a completely waterproof boot made, he has never heard of it, and neither have I.

His gun is light and deadly because he is not a giant, and a heavy gun gets heavier as the day and the miles grow longer. His spare ammunition is in a leather clip on his belt where it will not rattle. His pockets contain only his smokes, a waterproof matchbox, a good compass, a jackknife, a short coil of strong thin twine, and his red bandanna handkerchief. To carry a white handkerchief in deer woods is the sign of the rankest amateur or the suicidal individual who welcomes sudden death.

A flash of white in the woods means only one thing to many hunters—a deer's flag! A trigger-happy tenderfoot in the woods will shoot at deer flags until he is either ostracized by his fellow hunters, or else gets wise to himself. To complete the still hunter's outfit goes a pair of brown cotton work gloves. He travels light and he travels far. He stuffs a sandwich inside his shirt where it will not freeze, picks up his gun, and goes out alone to get himself a deer.

To be successful, this hunter must know not only the terrain, but also what the deer are feeding on, where they are most likely to bed down, which way they will run if he jumps them, and where they are most likely to be at any given hour of the day. Knowing the uncanny ability of a deer to scent

danger, he must hunt against the wind whenever possible, and figure the fickle air currents which sweep through mountain ravines, hollows, dips and depressions. Then, of course, he must remain out of sight as much as possible, and also walk without making any sound.

If there has been a steady rain for a day or two, and the woods are well soaked so the leaves don't crunch like cornflakes, and the twigs don't crack like firecrackers, and there is a bit of "top-wind" to rattle the bare tree-tops with enough sound to hide the little noise he makes, or if there is an inch or two of soft snow. . . . But, usually, there isn't. The leaves more often are dry, every hidden branch under them is ready to explode with warning signals to the deer; the snow, if any, is crusted, and the day is as still as death. But the still hunter will hunt just the same, because the woods are still there, and the trees, and the strange rock formations, and the endless drama of nature.

He will go out, and he will hunt, because he can be alone in the stillness, or in the fury of a sudden storm. Sometimes, he will stop and lean against a tree and shut his eyes, and fill his lungs with the crisp cold air, and smile to himself. He is alone. He can do as he darn' well pleases, think as he pleases, and hunt as he pleases. The rushing tempo of civilization is a dull echo in his memory.

He is the primitive man once more, moving with the imperceptible motion of nature, blending with it, flowing irresistibly with it. His senses sharpen. He freezes into immobility at the sudden alarmed screeching of a blue jay over the next ridge, or the frantic scampering of a squirrel toward the higher branches of a fir. His eyes learn to read and interpret a new language. When the snow is on the ground, the crisscrossing of tracks is an endless drama of suspense and pathos and heroism; of cruelty and cunning and viciousness and sudden death.

Sometimes, he forgets why he is there, and then he sees the heart-shaped tracks of deer that have passed, the small ones of a fawn, the rounded, spread-toed, dragging tracks of a buck, and he realizes that he, too, is a part of the drama, and his heart beats a bit faster as he turns and follows the trail.

Man is a hunter. He always was. He always will be.

There are very few types of hunters who are not welcome among old-timers, and these types are very definite. Foremost among them is the man who does not honestly love the woods but hunts merely because he thinks that hunting is a manly sport. This fellow is the first to get lost, the first to panic when he does get lost, and the last ever to be found.

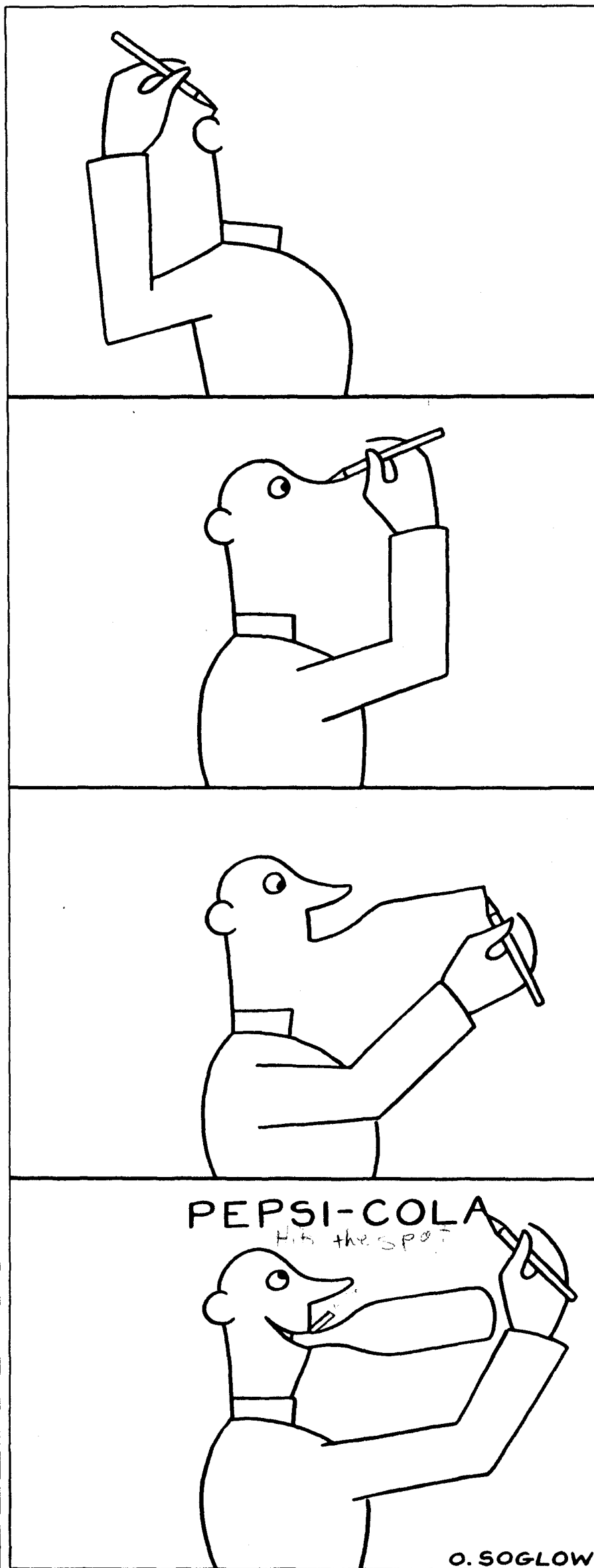
Another character who is always unwelcome in the ranks is the fellow who mixes alcohol with gunpowder. Another, who is shunned like a skunk, is the game violator, a stupid selfish individual who does not consider the rights of others or the rights of future generations.

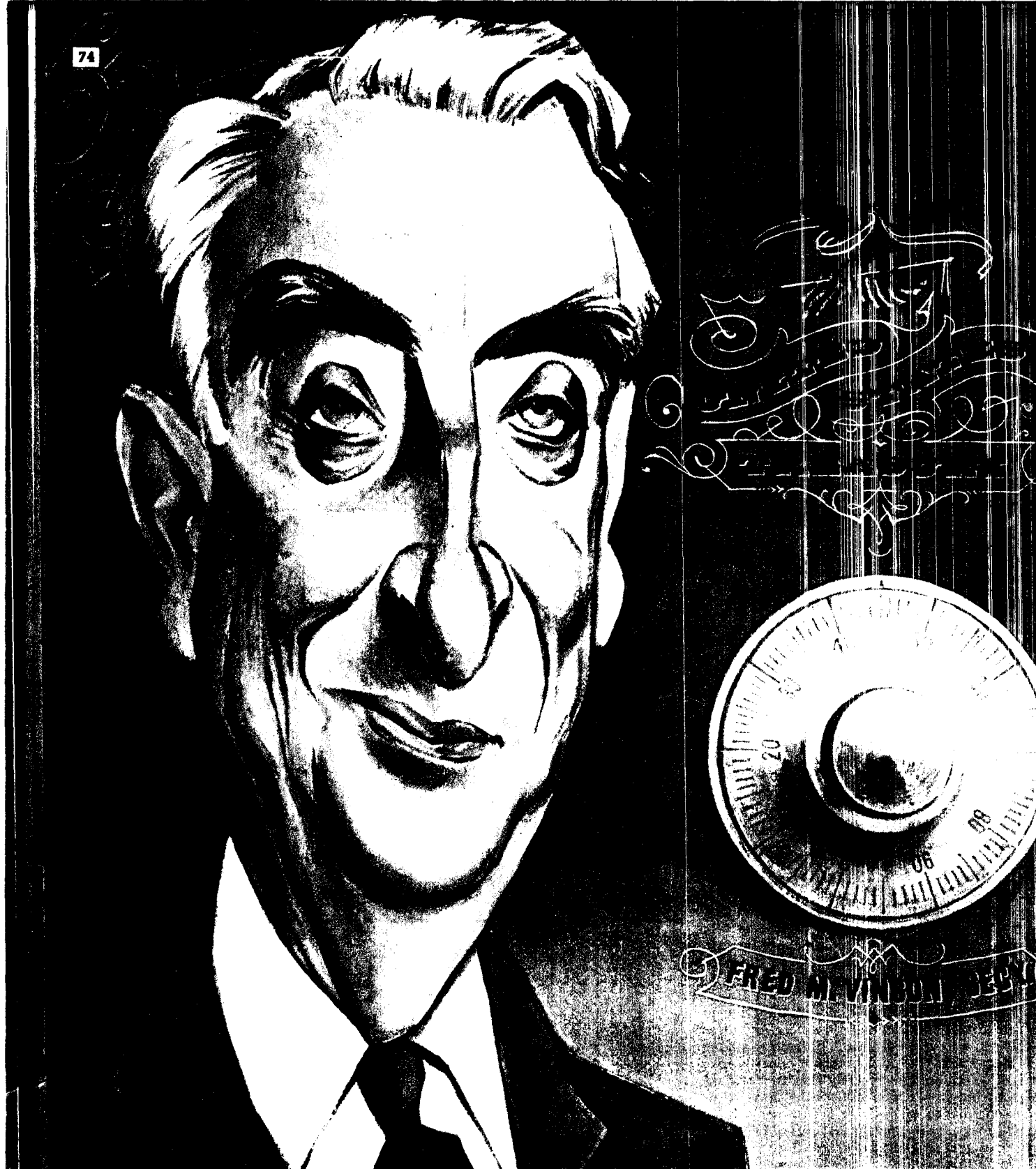
Men Who'll Hunt Alone

The man who loads his gun and travels through the woods with its trigger safety off, when even a small twig can get inside the trigger guard and set the gun off accidentally, will soon find himself hunting alone, with only the undertaker remotely interested in him. The bad sport, the bad loser, the man who feels sorry for himself if he falls in an icy brook, or complains against the fates because someone else had more luck than he, will find no place in the company of old-time hunters.

This year, some eight million men and women have been in the deer woods. Among them were a great number of returned veterans. They experienced new sights and sounds. They saw a part of the America they fought for, and found the peace and silence of the great woods. Whether or not they came back with the game for which they hunted so hard, they surely came back feeling bigger for the experience. And next year, they will hunt again. They will hunt as long as there is anything left for them to hunt. And with intelligence, and knowledge, and wise conservation, there will always be game in America to hunt.

THE END





AVAILABLE VINSON

BY GEORGE CREEL

Frederick M. Vinson, new Secretary of the Treasury, has had so many jobs lately that his official career has resembled a grasshopper on a griddle

HENRY MORGENTHAU, it is alleged, was entirely responsible for the transfer of Frederick Moore Vinson from Congress in 1935, to the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. As chairman of the House Ways and Means subcommittee, Mr. Vinson had been giving Treasury tax proposals some pretty rough treatment. He was always asking questions. It was to get the congressman out of Mr. Morgenthau's hair that the White House elevated him to the bench—so say Vinson's many friends.

As a jurist, the shaggy, hard-working Ken-

tuckian averaged fifty opinions a year. Sound opinions, too, for in 1942, Chief Justice Stone picked him to head the United States Emergency Court of Appeals, newly created, to hear cases arising out of rulings made by the Office of Price Administration and other mushroom agencies. Snugly and happily wrapped in judicial robes, nothing was further from Vinson's thoughts than change. Overnight, however, the Office of War Mobilization came into being, and Jimmy Byrnes was yanked out of Economic Stabilization to fill the new post.

But who would take Jimmy's place? Harry Hopkins came to mind at once, but the suggestion was vetoed as Harry was already special assistant to the President, chairman of the Munitions Assignment Board, roving ambassador, trustee of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, head of Lend-Lease and member of the Central Committee of the Red Cross. The name of Leo Crowley was also frowned on for a similar reason.

In the end, when wits were dulling from

discussion, someone brought up the name of Fred Vinson. Straightway rude hands divested the contented jurist of his robes. Put in as Economic Stabilizer, he was given strict orders to hold the line against inflation, defending the Little Steel Formula as though it were the child of his bosom.

Others wavered under powerful and persistent pressure, but Horatius at the Bridge was a weak sister compared to Judge Vinson. In due time, as the murmurs of William Green and Philip Murray swelled into frantic baying, the War Labor Board edged forward with a finespun theory of "fringe adjustments." Without openly abandoning the Little Steel Formula, it called for things like wage increases for night work, longer vacations with pay, new job evaluations, reclassifications, and new "merit and automatic progression" plans. It wasn't a break in the line, just a gentle sag here and there.

During his Congressional years, Judge Vinson had been looked on as definitely pro-labor, and Mr. Green and Mr. Murray were

most hopeful. The director, however, after a careful study of his orders, reported that he could find nothing about bends and sags. Not that he had anything against "fringe adjustments." They were fine—so long as they didn't boost prices.

More than that, he refused to yield to the pressure of oil producers for a 35-cent price increase; he rejected a wage jump for railroad labor although it had the approval of other government agencies, and he kept a ceiling on livestock in spite of a clamor from farmers. Naturally, his office was soon the hottest spot in Washington, and John L. Lewis was moved to rumble a word of praise.

"At least the man is no pin wheel," said the Eyebrows. "You know where he stands from one minute to the next. Dealing with him is a pleasure after conferences with the tickle-brains in other federal departments."

So things jerked along until President Roosevelt wrote his historic letter, blandly asking Jesse Jones to heave up out of his chair as Secretary of Commerce, and turn it over to Henry Wallace. An angered Senate quickly separated the Federal Loan Agency from the Department of Commerce, raucously explaining that Henry could not be trusted with funds beyond lunch money.

Which left the Federal Loan Agency without a head. As all sat around with corrugated brows, some bright man thought of Fred Vinson, and again it was hailed as sheer inspiration. Not only would the appointment be acceptable to the Senate, but there was the added advantage that it would take the judge out of the Office of Economic Stabilization, opening the way for a new director less allergic to sags and bends in both the Little Steel Formula and the OPA price line.

Private Banking Preferred

The new job was right up Vinson's alley. As a member of Congress he had always protested against the increasing reliance of businessmen on the federal government for credit facilities. He believed that instead, credit should be developed in local communities. Before he was warm in the Loan Agency chair, he had launched a program for the revitalization of private banking. Under its provisions, the RFC proposed to guarantee 75 per cent of a loan, leaving the local bank with only 25 per cent of the risk.

This and other plans were just getting under way when Jimmy Byrnes, out of a clear sky, quit his job as Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion. Now, however, there was no stew about a successor, for the selection of Fred Vinson had become an administrative habit. Nor did Harry Truman, entering the White House, see fit to break it. When, a short time later, he was faced with the necessity of finding a new Secretary of the Treasury, due to the sudden and somewhat petulant resignation of Henry Morgenthau, he tapped the Vinson shoulder.

"Sorry, Fred," he murmured apologetically, "but it isn't as if you weren't used to moving."

There you have the Vinson story as told by his friends. Not an office seeker, but a faithful public servant patiently submitting to draft after draft. And because he has done a brilliant job in each of these difficult posts, they say, as Secretary of the Treasury, he will be another Alexander Hamilton.

Instead of being impressed, the Vinson opposition uses the long list of offices as its principal argument. What does it show but a professional politician, shrewd enough to be always in the orchard when the apples fall, they ask. A man who bought his first pair of galluses with taxpayers' money, one who has never met a pay roll, and is entirely without the business experience that equips him for the administration of duties intimately connected with the country's commercial life? A slick-tongued Southerner, orating his way from one job to another?

Zealous Vinsonites hasten to explain the Secretary's choice of a political career. Like many Southern families in the post-bellum period, the Vinsons of Kentucky were in reduced circumstances, and young Fred paid his way before getting out of knee pants. Running errands, peddling berries and clerking in stores left little time for moonlight and magnolias. He won the scholarships that gave

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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Take *Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings'*
tip on Fricassee Chicken *



MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS has written so well of food in her novels, "*The Yearling*" and "*Cross Creek*," that she has been deluged with requests for recipes. Here is one of her favorites — a dish best enjoyed, she says, when served with a complementary glass of wine. For others of Mrs. Rawlings' good recipes consult her new book, "*Cross Creek Cookery*"

Bring out the goodness...with Wine

* 2 cups water
2 cups Sauterne or
Rhine Wine
1½ tps. salt
2 slices each carrot, onion
Parsley and celery tops
4 to 5 lb. fricassee hen
3 tbsps. flour
½ cup thin cream
2 egg yolks, beaten

To fricassee chicken — heat water and 1 cup wine to boiling in large kettle. Add salt, vegetables, cut-up chicken; cover, simmer until tender (about 2 hours). Take up chicken; keep hot. For gravy, strain broth, skim off excess fat; add remaining wine and enough water to make 3 cups liquid; season. Reheat; thicken with flour mixed with cream and egg yolks. Add 1 cup cooked peas. Serve on hot chicken.



THIS CHICKEN FRICASSEE can start you on a test of some pleasurable eating. You serve the chicken steaming hot. Then pour glassfuls of golden California Sauterne, well-chilled — and taste the wine and food together!

You're due for an eating experience, first time you try it. There's a completely satisfying savor in main dish and fixings. There's a goodness that you'll smack your lips over and enjoy down to the last mouthful.

Wine is grown on purpose to do good things for food. The white table wines are delicate and piquant. So most people prefer them to bring out the subtle flavors of chicken, fish or lamb. And the red table wines like Burgundy or Claret are robust. Try them to complete the natural savor of meats such as short ribs or pot roast.

Tempting wine and food combinations are suggested in a new booklet which also gives wine recipes and serving tips. Would you like a free copy? Write: Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco 5.

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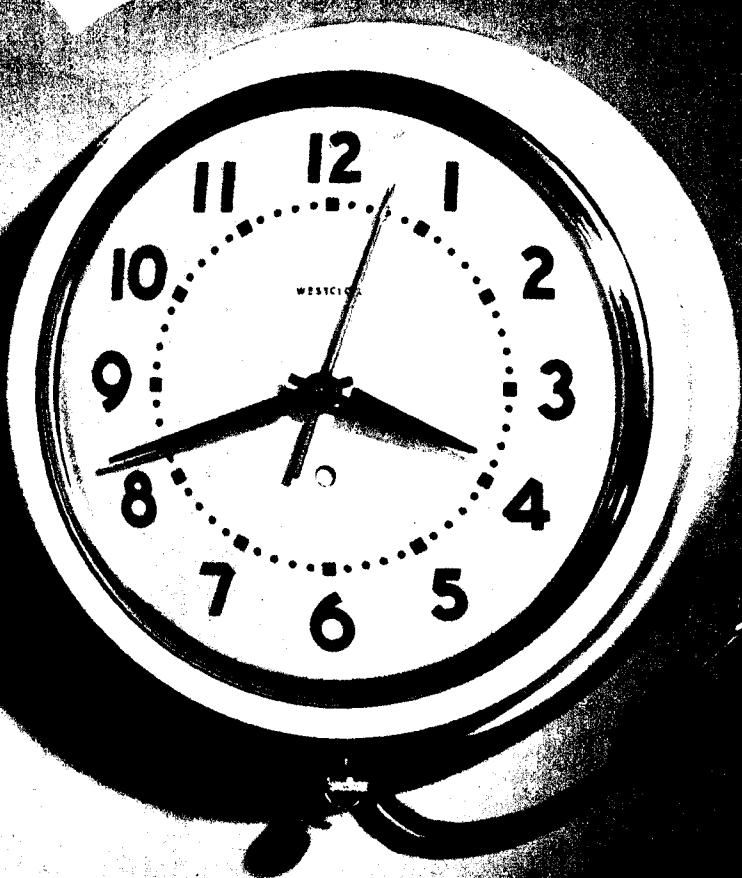


A glass of full-bodied PORT WINE, a juicy, ripe apple and a wedge of cheese — that's a taste harmony to enjoy real soon

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IT'S FOR MY KITCHEN!

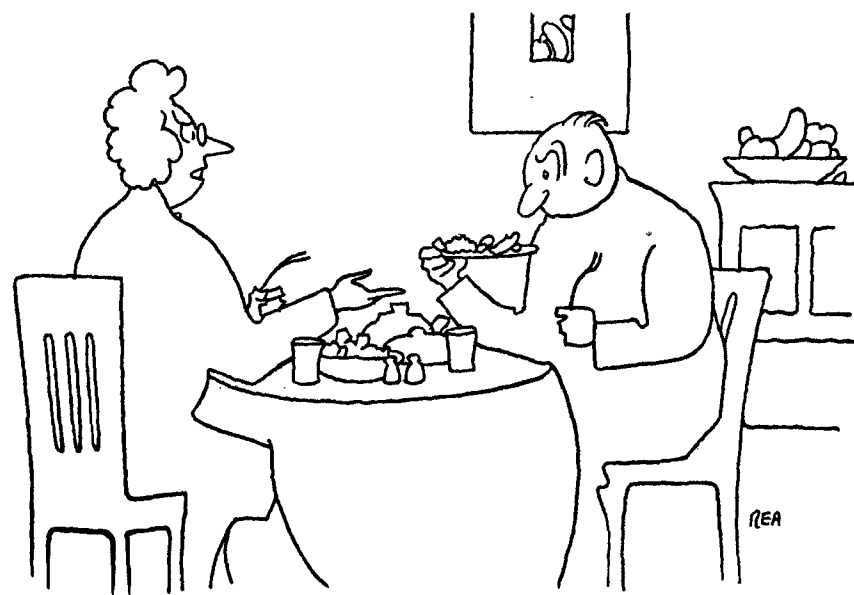
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"Do you think for one split second that I like my cooking any better than you do?"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

him his education at Kentucky Normal School and Centre College and collected so many prizes that fellow students accused him of professionalism. Admitted to the bar in 1911 when only twenty-one, he hung out a shingle in his home town of Louisa, a pleasant county seat of 2,500.

With such a background, where was there any chance for Fred to escape office-holding? He was, his friends say, such a prodigy of learning, that bearded men came down from the mountains just to gaze on him. Soon an adoring populace elected him city attorney by acclamation. After a couple of years in the Army—spent on this side of the water, to his lasting regret—the people made him Commonwealth attorney, and in 1924 the Ninth District sent him to Congress. Highly pleased with their choice, the voters kept him there for seven terms with but one break.

This single defeat is much emphasized by the Vinsonites as a proof of courage and character. Kentucky, militantly Protestant and rabidly dry, turned thumbs down on Al Smith in 1928, and Congressman Vinson was implored to ignore the national campaign, and concentrate on local issues. Instead of that, he gave vigorous support to the Democratic ticket as a whole, leaving no doubt as to his dislike of bigotry—even among his own constituents.

The long service in Congress is also stressed as complete answer to the charge that Mr. Vinson knows nothing about business. As chairman of the Ways and Means subcommittee he handled every revenue measure, and for fourteen years, all of America's businessmen—both big and little—streamed through his chamber.

"No business experience indeed!" Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House, turns deep purple when he hears such talk. "Fred Vinson may not have run a store or factory, but he knows more about business as a whole than any man in the country."

It is in connection with his many federal offices, however, that the Vinsonites make their strongest case for the Secretary. As they tell the story, every single job, outside of his candidacies for Congress, came to him without the least solicitation on his part, and sometimes over his protests. And to clinch their arguments, they point to the fact that all of his many appointments were confirmed by the Senate unanimously and without debate. Republicans and Democrats, New Dealers and old, all joined in praise of Fred Vinson's honesty and high ability.

This is a good point, and important. Washington is not the easiest place in the world to keep one's temper or to hold friends. With the jurisdiction of many agencies overlapping, conflict has been inevitable and many of the feuds between officials have been deadly. During his years in the capital, and despite his part in intense controversies, there is no known instance where Fred Vinson let differences of opinion alter personal relationships. No argument has ever made him lose his temper or forget his courtesy.

His immediate associates, a worshipful lot, bear testimony to his equability of temperament, but would not have you think the judge is an early Christian martyr, incapable of tart retort. For example, they like to tell of the time Harold Ickes had one of his extra-special requests turned down by Vinson, the Economic Stabilizer. The Old Curmudgeon dashed back to his lair and dictated a scorching letter. As it happened, the communication reached the judge's desk just after the arrest of George N. Briggs, who had been generally credited with helping Ickes in his epistolary efforts.

The Soft Answer—with a Sting

Everybody in Vinson's office waited impatiently for the boss to blow up and call on his extensive vocabulary for a fitting reply. Instead he picked up the telephone: "Harold," he murmured, "I have just received your letter. My first thought, quite frankly, was to answer it in similar vein, but on thinking it over, I have decided that it would be unfair of me to take advantage of the fact that your grammarian is now in jail."

The Treasury today is a tougher job than ever before, but there is no doubt as to the new Secretary's ability to take it. Standing five-feet-eleven and weighing around 190, he radiates vitality and looks to be in as good shape as when he was a star shortstop. Strange, too, for aside from reading baseball scores and scratching innumerable matches for his pipe, he takes no exercise.

When the evening whistle blows, he ambles home to the pleasant apartment where he lives with Mrs. Vinson and a fifteen-year-old boy now in high school. Their other son, Fred, Jr., a gunner with a B-29 squadron, is not yet out of service. He indulges in a motion picture now and then, or maybe a game of bridge, but most of his evenings are given over to family talk and reading. When the Vinsons do dine out, it is with intimate friends, for he has no liking for the formal dinners that turn Washington into a social treadmill. As a result, the mornings find him fairly bounding into his office.

Politically, the Secretary looks to be middle-of-the-roadish. In his first tax program, he proposes full exemption for some 12,000,000 taxpayers in the lower brackets—to please the labor group—and advocates repeal of the corporate excess profits tax—to win the favor of the Capitol boys. While in Congress he was a strong supporter of New Deal measures, but he also invariably attacked features that seemed to him unsound. A hardheaded, practical man, he refuses to see good in anything that will not work.

On the whole, the country would seem justified in relaxing and leaving it to Fred. Provided, of course, that he is allowed to stay on the job long enough to get his teeth in it. Habits are hard to break, and any sudden resignation may find Available Vinson shifted to fill the vacancy.

THE END

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Westerns are Back in the West

Continued from page 23

and a score of sheep pile out, led by a Judas goat, they follow. A hand tows the goat along, but out of range of the lens. Now alfalfa is scattered along the road in the hope that it will keep the sheep interested enough to follow. A span of mules is driven alongside the driver of the sound truck, to pace the motion, which is set for four miles an hour.

The bells ring, and the camera starts to turn. Papa sings his song and everything moves ahead in unison—except the sheep, which go gamboling off over the desert, scorning the alfalfa and abandoning the goat's leadership.

"Cut!" says the director. Everything stops and the outfit backs up to the place it started from. Two men with brooms carefully sweep the desert road to blot out the wheel tracks; the sheep are rounded up, and the whole thing starts all over again. There's no swearing. Everybody seems happily patient; it will all come out all right in the end.

Until his turn comes, the hero of Wasteland, six-foot-four, 32-year-old Jim Warren, who has had one-man art shows, spends his spare time sitting under wagons happily sketching desert and mountain scenes. And the villain, Harry Woods, acts up to character, but the movie-broke folks of Inyo County know he's a softie under that fierce movie scowl.

A Long Trail for the Troupers

Troupers who make Westerns are no pampered pets. The usual call is for 5:30 A.M. It takes an hour to dress and be made up. There's a swift breakfast and a ride of anywhere from ten to forty miles to the location. Shooting keeps going until the light fails, and then some directors drag out huge lights and work by them.

Most movie cayuses are wise old hands who see no sense in galloping their heads off just for rehearsals. They have learned by listening whether a scene is a run-through or a take and they are sternly opposed to giving their all unless the camera is rolling and the mike on the end of its boom is dangling in front of their noses.

Some directors say "Action!" for a take, and some say "This is it" or "Roll 'em," and it takes a horse only a few hours to learn. Sometimes the director has to learn, too—

because a horse trained to speed up for "Action!" is just going to lope calmly along no matter how excitedly anyone yells, "Quiet, please, this is it!"

Audrey Long, the heroine, is lined up with Jim Warren and Dick Martin aboard fast horses for a long wild gallop and, near by, Ann Roberts, the double, is waiting to make the actual ride. Audrey, a fugitive from A pictures, knows little of Western-style riding, though she's learning fast. In this take she's just supposed to be in for a close shot, with Ann substituting for the thrill sequence.

"Quiet, please," says Eddie Killy, the director.

The sound truck starts to roll, hauling along the camera car. A bell clangs, to signal the start of the take—and here they come, hell for leather. The horses know this is the real thing—and they're working. The cars speed up, and Audrey, with one desperate look, takes it like a trouper. Killy forgets about the double and waves them ahead, faster.

The horses thunder along, and the speedometer in the camera car registers 22 miles an hour—which is fast going for a cayuse under a Western saddle across the plains. It's all over in a few minutes and Jim helps Audrey down from her horse.

Her legs are raw, and the rawhide thong holding her revolver to her thigh has cut through her riding pants. Nobody, it seems, has told her that you should wear heavy flannel underwear for desert riding and that little black flimsies aren't much protection. But she's game, and the first-aid man has some salve, and a couple of old wranglers offer plenty of good advice.

"You'll make a top hand yet, Honey," encourages an old-timer.

"If I live," grins Audrey. "If I live."

Right at the end of a scene, Harry Brown blows a line. He is supposed to say: "Well, easy come, easy go!" What he says is: "Well, easy go, easy come, easy go!"

Harry Wild the cameraman chants: "Well, here we blow!"

Producer Herman Schlom says mildly: "Cut! Let's try it again."

And a grip mutters, "Heck, why do it over? Main Street'll never notice it—and Broadway'll never see it."

THE END



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"They're no friends of mine. Somebody stole my camera and I found it later in a pawnshop!"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE



Sick of What?

BY HANNAH LEES

Just what effect do the mind and the emotions have upon your actual physical condition? Can they cause definite ailments—ulcers, for instance?

MOST people would be shocked if you told them they were rather unhealthy than unhappy, but it is probably all the same. For one thing, ill health is probably easier to bear. And then in this curious civilization of ours, it is more respectable, too.

It is perfectly respectable and even a mark of success for a business man to have an ulcer of the stomach but if, instead, he suddenly begins telling everybody that he was tired of trying to make more money than his competitors, that he never had really wanted to but had only done it because it was expected of him, and if he'd like somebody to take care of him for a change, people will begin to look at him sideways and whisper.

It is quite all right to have high blood pressure and have to be careful of what you eat and drink and do. But it would be almost unbelievably shocking to admit even to yourself that you hated your perfectly good boss almost to the point of murder, that you were constantly expecting people to take advantage of you or try to manage you, and that all this was because you had never got over the bitter memory of a fine virtuous mother who, from the day you were born to long after you were married, had made it quite clear that Mother knew best.

It is a little funny but somewhat dramatic, too, to have an asthmatic person wheeze quite publicly and sometimes even carry around to parties to inject if an attack comes on. Their friends are sorry for them and talk about how brave they are. But if a girl with asthma, instead of going quietly off and taking a shot of adrenaline,

This is a sick man. But what's really wrong with him? It is probably not his body so much as it is his approach to life

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL



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should turn to the person sitting next to her at a dinner party and say desperately, "I am so afraid you won't like me. Nobody, as long as I have lived, has ever loved me enough, and I am so unhappy," she would never be asked to that particular house again, and her host might even delicately suggest a good psychiatrist to her nearest relative.

The man who didn't really want to earn money and the man who hated his perfectly good boss might have been referred to psychiatrists, too, if they had come out publicly with their disturbing ideas. And that is pretty ironic, because if they had been able to say or even consciously to think these things, they probably wouldn't have needed psychiatric help at all. But with their ulcers and high blood pressure and asthma, that, doctors are now finding, might be just what they did need.

New Approach to Helping the Sick

All of which may sound like nonsense to most people who read this and is even still called nonsense by a good many well-meaning, hardheaded doctors. But it is almost certainly not nonsense at all. There is a new approach to disease that is spreading through the medical world today. Doctors call it psychosomatic medicine. They might have found an easier word for people like you and me to swallow, and they probably will before too long. But psychosomatic makes sense, because "psyche" means mind, and "soma" means body, and psychosomatic means the effect of the mind and the emotions on the actual physical condition of the body. This turns out to be considerable and is by no means a cult, but highly respectable scientifically.

Such earnest institutions as the Mayo Clinic, the Columbia, Cornell and Harvard Medical Schools and the Rockefeller Foundation are taking it very seriously indeed. All these places are either carrying on or supporting elaborate research projects on how repressed or distorted emotions can cause or aggravate not only high blood pressure and ulcers and asthma, but also indigestion, heart trouble, eczema and a dozen other diseases. Just how the emotions affect some of these ailments, nobody quite knows yet, but that they do affect them and a good many more besides, scientists are beginning to be very sure.

It isn't a new idea, of course. Back in the eighteen hundreds before germs were ever heard of, doctors used to talk of people pinning away and dying of love. But medicine was an art then and not a science, and with the discovery of germs and the fascinating battle against germs, anything that couldn't be charted on a sheet of graph paper got lost in the shuffle for a while.

Today, though, the germ aspect of medicine is pretty well licked, and doctors have suddenly awakened to the fact that a good third of all the patients they see have a lot of complaints, a lot of quite seriously incapacitating symptoms with absolutely no organic disease to account for them. And another third of the patients they see have a lot more symptoms and feel a lot worse than whatever organic disease their X-rays and laboratory tests and operations are ever able to justify.

Illness Born of Mental Stress

What is wrong with these people is not their bodies at all but their approach to life. Something is eating away at their minds and their emotions, usually some conflict or desire that they cannot admit and cannot cope with. And since their minds and emotions are unequal to solving whatever the problem is, they just pass it on to the body. Usually, of course, these people are not to blame for the conflicts in them. They are a result of the wrong environment or the wrong upbringing, but people feel to blame for them. They feel they must fight them—and they do and get sick doing it. Nobody, you see, can blame you for illness (especially if it is real illness) as they would for social or professional failure.

And that phrase "real illness" is important. It is not only vague symptoms that you cannot explain that are caused by emotional

strain. Psychosomatic experts are thoroughly convinced now that high blood pressure which you can measure, asthma which you can see and hear, glaucoma which by a mysterious increased pressure within the eyeball causes thousands of cases of blindness every year, and ulcers which may have to be operated, can—they don't yet say must—develop from a deep-seated and long-lasting emotional tension wearing on the body until it actually causes physical changes.

It isn't really hard to see that this can be so. It seems quite natural for a man to get goose pimples or sweat on his brow when he has a narrow escape in traffic. A soldier is not called a neurotic if his stomach rebels after a terrific battle experience and he vomits. We think nothing of it if a girl blushes or loses her appetite when she is in love, or cries when she is angry. Yet these are all physical responses to the emotions of fear or shame or love or anger.

So if you had a much more serious and shameful emotion, one that you couldn't admit, such as hatred of your mother or father, or a childish longing to be petted and taken care of, and it was hiding deep inside you for years, it isn't hard to see that it could gradually irritate your stomach till it wore an ulcer there, or put your blood pressure mechanism permanently out of kilter.

And just in case it might be hard to believe without proof, the Cornell Medical Center recently had the good luck to get a patient whose stomach was open to view as the result of an earlier operation. They watched this man during a period of acute strain gradually develop a peptic ulcer. And they recorded their findings, what's more, in Technicolor.

Even the most enthusiastic research workers in psychosomatic medicine do not say that psychiatric treatment will ever replace surgery or the sulfonamides. What psychosomatic doctors do believe—and there are more of them every day—is that when a person is sick with any ailment that can't be tagged with a germ, it is important to study his whole personality and background and environment as well as the particular part of his body that hurts.

Seeking the Emotional Clue

A well-known woman doctor by the name of Flanders Dunbar, who has been collecting data on the relation of the emotions to bodily changes for years, has worked out a way of taking a patient's medical history, in which it can often be found that the physical symptoms began at a time of particular unhappiness or discord in his life. Once you have found the emotional clue, you may still have to treat your patient medically, but the medical treatment will go a lot further if you can treat him psychiatrically at the same time and teach him what is behind his symptoms.

It is a little frightening, of course, to face the fact that so large a percentage of us are in chronic emotional conflict inside, but that it is a fact, any doctor who has seen the tremendous number of young men turned down by the Army for functional ailments has to admit. And when you consider the way our life is organized, it isn't really surprising.

Our way of life demands that if a man is to be respected, he must be successful and, to be successful, he has to compete with other men. This means that he has to be aggressive and try to lick the other fellows. But our democratic civilization also demands that every man co-operate with his fellow men, and co-operation implies yielding and giving in. It takes a pretty adaptable fellow to spend his life being both aggressive and yielding all at the same time, to try perpetually to lick his competitors but in such a nice way that it can also be called co-operation.

Tightrope walking like that is bound to produce anxiety and hostility in any but the toughest temperaments, and since anxiety is considered weakness, and any strong hostility is punishable by law, it stays hidden and comes out in ulcers or nervous indigestion or palpitations of the heart or high blood pressure.

Just why some kinds of emotional conflicts seem to find refuge in certain parts of the body and other kinds in other parts of the body, nobody is quite sure yet. But certain

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emotional tensions do seem to go with certain physical symptoms.

The Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis under Doctor Franz Alexander has been working on this problem for some time. They have found that patients with high blood pressure, for instance, are apt to be externally pleasant and mild people who have deep inside them a terrific lot of rebellion and hatred which they don't dare show, while people with colitis and ulcers are apt to be aggressive, successful people who underneath would much rather sit back and depend on someone else if only they weren't ashamed to. And people with asthma and hay fever and other allergic troubles are apt to have a very deep and unfulfilled need for love which they may never have admitted even to themselves.

They Had Been Afraid to Cry

Asthma (and possibly eczema), psychosomatic experts are beginning to believe, is often a substitute for crying. Allergic people are apt to be highly controlled and relatively independent people with a "Go to hell" attitude. But the Chicago Institute, working under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation no less, and studying only asthmatic people who had definite skin reactions to various allergens, has found that most of these patients had been good children who seldom cried, who for some reason had been afraid to cry for the petting and cuddling they needed.

As a rule, they didn't know this when they came in for treatment. They were apt to be pretty proud of their control. But when their control broke down—usually after quite a long struggle on the part of the psychoanalyst—and they were able to cry bitterly and admit how unloved and lost they felt in the world, their asthma was apt to get better. And if they could learn to face squarely their need for love and their deep resentment that they had never had enough, their allergies to all these substances that had been making them wheeze stood a good chance of fading away.

That little matter of facing the problem squarely is one of the most vital ones in psychosomatic medicine, because people don't want to face the problems that are behind their physical ailments. If they had been willing or able to, they wouldn't have the ailments. And yet, facing their conflicts and understanding them and growing out of them is the only way to cure the ailments permanently.

You have to make these people understand what it is deep down in their characters and way back in their pasts that is making them feel suspicious and angry and anxious and un-

loved, and they have to be willing to understand it and accept it and try to change and grow; because most of the trouble is that people are trying to lead adult lives without adult personalities.

One of the troubles with the psychosomatic approach to illness is that any psychiatric treatment of a medical illness is apt to take longer and cost more, both in time and money, than most people feel they can afford. In many cases this is inevitable, but the psychoanalysts of the Chicago Institute and a good many others are trying to find short cuts in the present long process of psychoanalysis.

They believe that in many illnesses a few interviews, skillfully conducted, can give a person the insight he needs, and they tell of cases of high blood pressure, asthma, diabetes and glaucoma which have been remarkably improved after only four or five interviews with a trained psychoanalyst, and practically no other medical treatment.

But the real hope in psychosomatic medicine lies behind that, in doctors learning to recognize the emotional causes of functional ailments before the patients have been suffering with them for years and years. Then they can help their patients face their problems and overcome their symptoms while they are still new enough to be got rid of without much struggle.

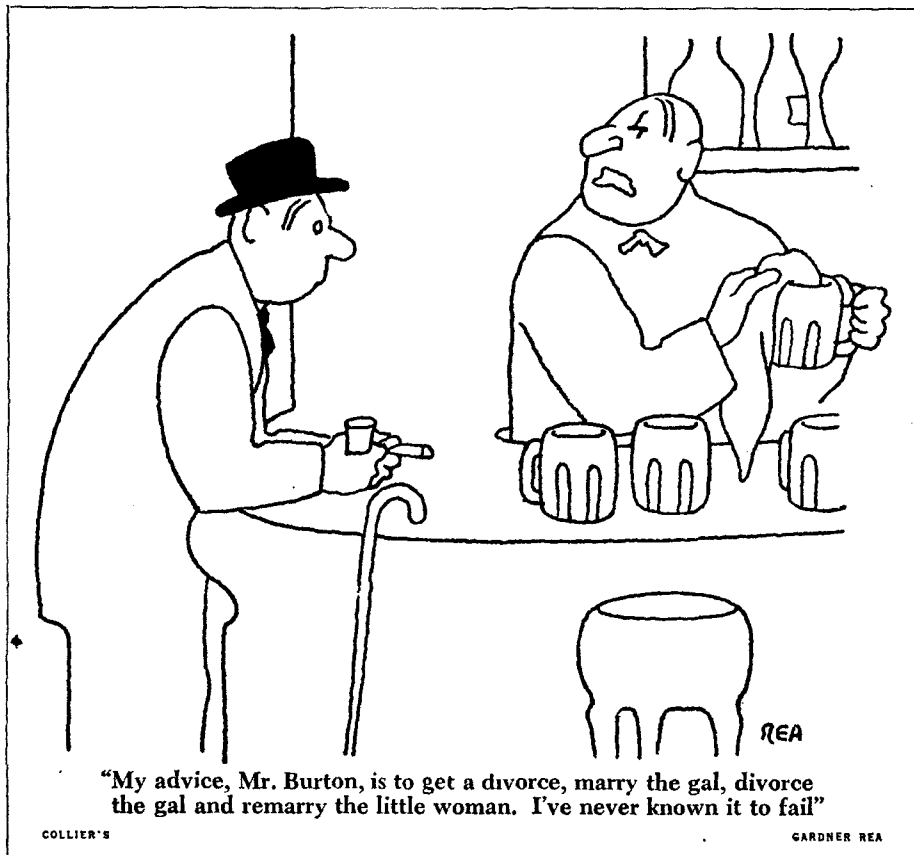
A Move for Better Living

The National Council for Mental Hygiene, whose sole aim is to help people lead happier and more constructive lives, has recently organized a Committee for Research and Psychosomatic Medicine under Doctor Edward Weiss of Philadelphia for just this purpose.

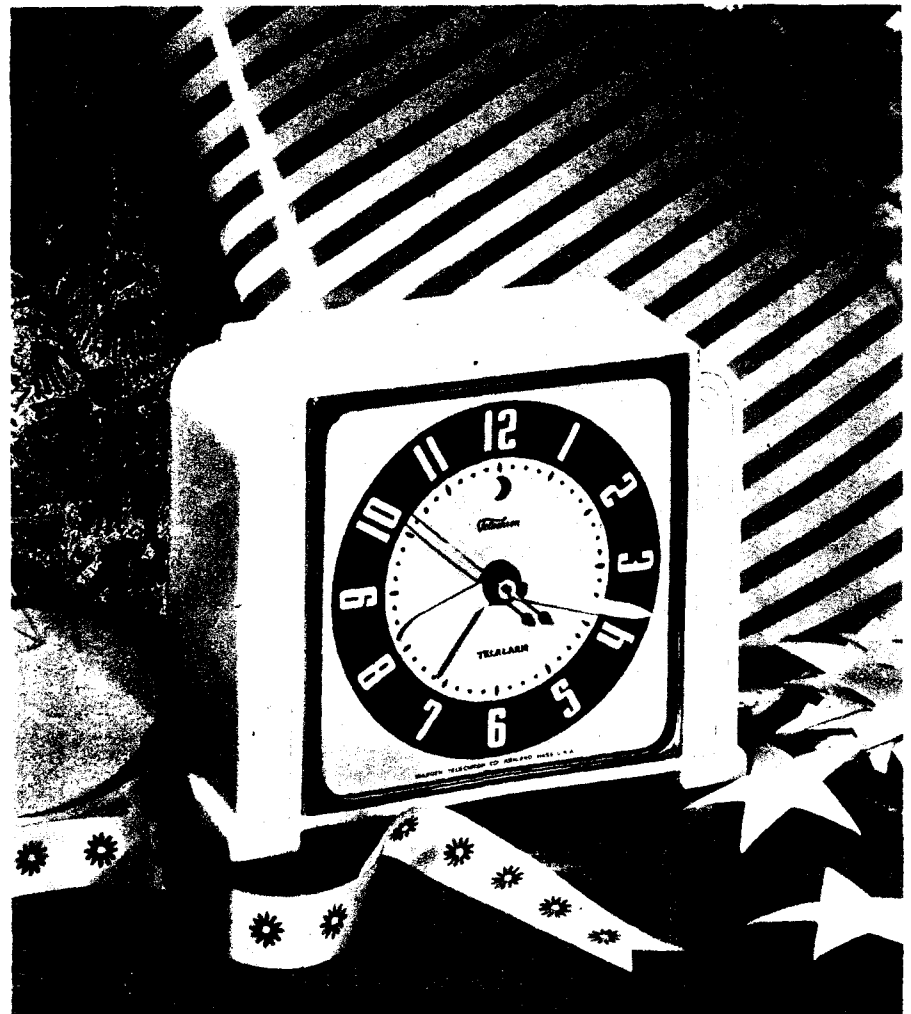
Doctor Weiss is an internist and, with Doctor O. Spurgeon English, has written a remarkably readable book, *Psychosomatic Medicine*. They believe that the two most important angles of this whole problem are in parents realizing how much love and understanding their children need to grow up into adult people who won't have to seek refuge in illness, and in training general doctors to look for an emotional conflict whenever they see a hard-to-explain symptom.

Their ideal postwar world is one in which no child is allowed to grow up afraid of himself or anyone else, and in which no doctor will ever dismiss a patient complaining of stomach pains with a diet and the advice not to work so hard, or be content to say to a person with palpitations of the heart, "Is anything worrying you?" Maybe then, there won't have to be so much psychoanalysis.

THE END



Collier's for December 8, 1945



Keep buying Victory Bonds

Some lucky Santas

CAN GIVE TELECHRON ELECTRIC CLOCKS THIS CHRISTMAS

Maybe, if you drop the hint, you can get one, too. For each week, we're making an increasing number of Telechron electric clocks. There's the trustworthy, giftworthy "Telalarm" shown here, for instance. It's an exciting present, because alarm clocks are on most every one's wish list, and the Telalarm will give years of accurate time. Its chime-tone alarm is as pleasant as a sleighbell—and effective, too—for it won't stop ringing until you shut it off. And, there's no winding, or oiling, or regulating . . . the accurate, self-starting Telechron motor is famous for trouble-free service.

We suggest you do your shopping early at your Telechron dealer's because there may not be enough of these popular electric alarms for every one.

Smartly styled with ivory-colored plastic case and
with luminous dial and hands. **\$4.95**
Plus tax



WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

Christmas for Keeps

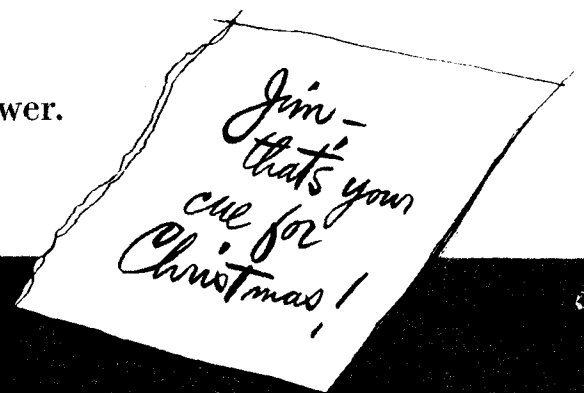
a way to keep our home . . . keep our home with

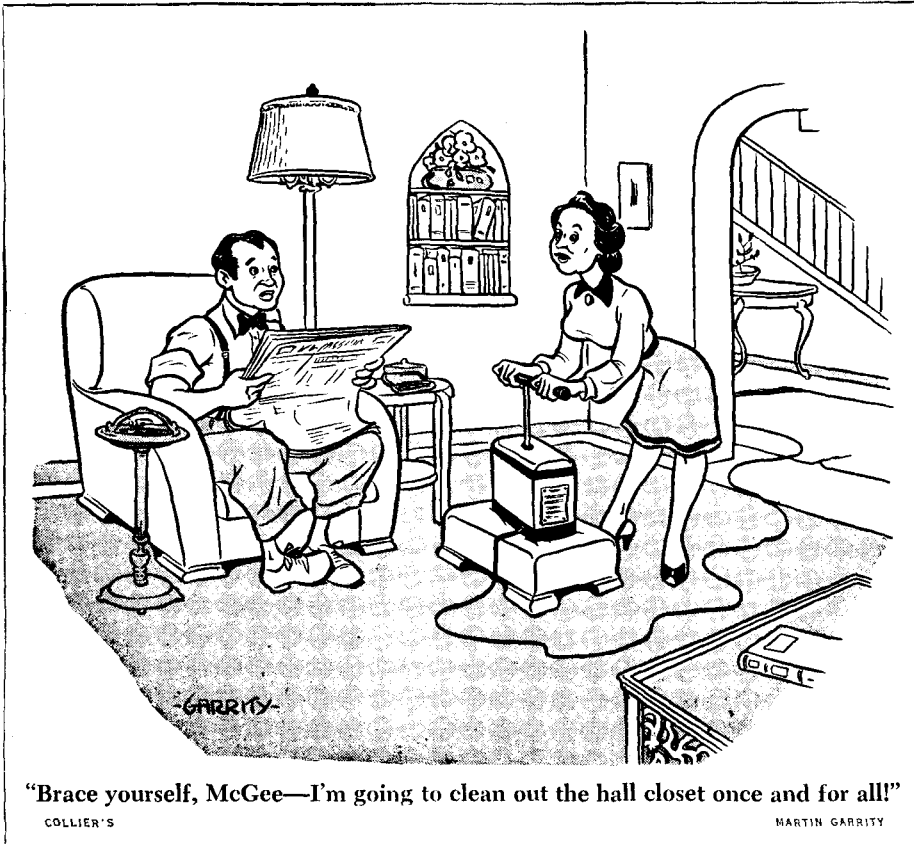
A *Caswell-Runyan* CEDAR CHEST

Jim, now that you're back for good, I want to live graciously.

When our dearest friends come, I want them to share our favorite possessions.

This Caswell-Runyan Cedar Chest —
this beautiful keeper of beautiful things — is the perfect answer.





Air Power in the Atomic Age

Continued from page 12

psychology of aggressiveness. That would be repulsive to all Americans in view of the deep love of peace which is a proud characteristic of our democracy.

On the contrary, “psychology of offense” indicates a recognition of the necessity to plan and prepare a real offense as a realistic defense, an admission that it will be futile in the future to try to ward off attack by simply holding our arms before our face, and a determination to meet any blows anybody might direct against us with blows of our own on a five-to-one basis.

Because of our past record and the openness with which we conduct our national politics no nation could honestly construe military preparedness on the part of the United States as evidence of a basic change toward an aggressive foreign policy. Until permanent peace is undeniably at hand, the United States should stand as in the past unwilling to throw the first punch, but nevertheless capable of returning several in exchange.

And to apply that old policy effectively we must do it in tune with the future. For the world's greatest democracy to remain in its traditional defense-minded rut during this time of military revolution would be a historic calamity.

No device foreseeable for the next few years is likely to prevent the nation with the fastest and strongest offense, at the start of any future war, from winning. It would be tragic to concentrate on defense to the extent of weakening offensive power.

However, this does not mean that we should ignore actual defenses.

The possibility now appears to be that the losing nation in any future war inevitably would reach a state closer to total wreckage than anything we have seen yet—a nationwide Hiroshima. But the damage to the nation with the superior offensive, that is, the winning nation, might be mitigated by defenses.

These would include revolutionary types of antiaircraft missiles and fighter planes. Their speeds will be beyond any comparison to speeds of today. There will be various combinations of pilot-control, ground-control and self-control, the latter indicating a means within the projectile of “aiming” itself at a moving target so as to intercept it, or overtake it. There will be fuses like today's radio fuses permitting atomic explosions within pre-set distances of desired targets.

But again, most such instruments seem to

have greater offensive potentialities now than defensive, and as long as science continues to run in its present broken field, the big edge probably will stay with attack. For instance, it is foreseeable that we can make a rocket like the German V-2 devastatingly accurate, but how we could “defend” ourselves against it is not so clear.

At the top of its arc the V-2 traveled at an altitude of 60 or 70 miles and reached a maximum speed of about 3,500 miles an hour—approximately a mile a second. It was a bifuel rocket utilizing liquid oxygen and a hydrocarbon like alcohol or hydrogen peroxide.

Three improvements would make a similar rocket almost a perfect weapon: more range,

increased explosive power, greater accuracy. The Germans were readying a transatlantic model when the war ended. Our atomic development supplies the explosive. There is no barrier visible to solution of the accuracy problem.

Examination of other primarily offensive weapons reveals the same story.

There does exist a barrier to the quick general attainment of 1,000-mile-per-hour speeds, but the scientific engineering energy of the aviation industry and the Air Force is focused on it. The recent announcement that one company has a pilotless missile capable of 1,400 miles per hour presages probable hurdling of it on a broad front.

This barrier is the phenomenon called “compressibility.” It means that as an aircraft approaches the speed of sound (764 mph at sea level, 664 at 35,000 feet), the air actually compresses and piles up in front of it so that the plane is shoving along an encumbering air mass.

The motion of a propeller tip or a wing becomes extremely erratic when this happens. An aircraft at this speed pitches and lunges uncontrollably and the pilot usually bails out or crashes.

For a long time we thought aerodynamic problems would continue to become increasingly difficult after this speed was reached. New research, however, has given us reason to believe that once an aircraft has passed this pitching-lunging zone the aerodynamic principles governing performance will be even simpler than those affecting present speeds.

A possibility is an airframe which actually will change shape after take-off to adapt itself to aerodynamic requirements or different speeds. Jet propulsion is one solution for motive power.

But, however it comes about, aircraft that will exceed the speed of sound are on the way. It seems not impossible that speeds may increase until at some point in the far distant future we reach the rate at which air friction will burn up the aircraft as it does falling meteors.

The fast-moving field of electronics suggests additional fascinating and terrifying possibilities. Undoubtedly radar will be improved to “see” more clearly and farther than it does now. It already has been revealed that we have experimental fuses capable of guiding missiles to their targets, such as factories, by their sensitivity to heat, light and magnetism. Piloted aircraft may be equipped to launch smaller, pilotless aircraft with con-



WHY DOCTOR SAID:

BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN

YOU
TREAT
FOR
SIMPLE
PILES



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Be careful how you treat for Simple Piles. Avoid any method that may disturb the delicate, often irritated, swollen rectal tissues and nerves. The danger of injury and infection is too great to take such needless chances.

Play safe! Use modern 4-Way Rectal Cones. These scientifically medicated, professionally compounded, velvety-soft rectal suppositories for men and women act in 4 important, effective ways:

1—Quickly allay itching, pain, burning. 2—Lubricate, soften dry, hard parts. 3—Aid in reducing swelling and checking minor bleeding of Simple Piles. 4—Brought directly to the affected area by natural involuntary muscular action.

4-Way Rectal Cones take but a moment to use. No fuss, no bother. No staining of underwear or bedclothing. It's the safe way—no danger of injury or infection. If trouble persists, see your doctor. Economical! Box of fourteen—85¢ at Druggists. If your druggist is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and we'll mail you a trial box immediately.

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RECTAL
CONES



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EYE-GENE

2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS

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Instant Relief

The instant you apply soothing, cushioning, protective Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns or sore toes, tormenting shoe friction stops; painful pressure is lifted. Separate Medications are included for speedily removing corns. Cost but a trifle.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Now She Shops
“Cash and Carry”

Without Painful Backache

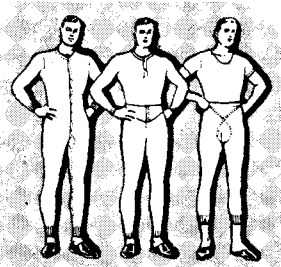
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Shift to INDOOR-OUTDOOR underwear



It pays to pay a little more for Duofold than to lose time on the job. Duofold's unique two-layer fabric gives you the friendly feel of soft cotton against your skin, so desirable in heated indoors. Duofold's outer layer contains wool and other fibres for warmth. But—the wool is where it can't touch or irritate your skin.

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Duofold's outer layer gives you the warmth and security of wool. Its two separate layers, with air space between, insulate against chills. . . . Clammy perspiration evaporates from the outer layer. And, Duofold's two thin layers give more warmth, more freedom of movement than can heavier, bulkier underwear. Shift to Duofold now—like all good things, it's scarce.

Duofold Inc. • Mohawk, N.Y.



Duofold 2 layer UNDERWEAR

trol from mother plane, ground or within.

These new achievements make the handwriting on the sky seem to say with bold clarity: *Air Offensive*.

This is not meant to be a preachment against the sailor and the foot soldier. They would have vital parts in a future war. But all stress is being laid deliberately on air power here because, despite our regard for its worth, too many of us, impressed by the fact that the airplane has looked substantially the same for the past ten years, haven't grasped its meaning even for the present, not to mention the future.

Consider the role of aircraft in World War I and contrast that to the bomb devastation in Germany and Japan today. A World War III would afford another terrible comparison along the same lines.

The Wright Brothers' powered box kite flew less than a half-century ago. The Spads and Jennys of 1918 came fifteen years later. And twenty-seven years after them we have the B-29 and the jet P-80. Startling even in retrospect, this rate of aerial progress is now accelerated.

Museum Pieces for Our Children

Major de Seversky has predicted that "within ten years aircraft as we know it today will go out of existence." If so, as seems likely, the warplanes of World War II shortly will be museum pieces, fit only for exhibition as antiques to be wondered at by a new generation.

Science is just starting to give aircraft the full advantage of air space as a medium of motion. The contrast with earth- and water-bound transport will grow increasingly greater.

The sum impact of the twin advent of the atomic bomb and the superplane is this:

Trans-Arctic air war is quite possible now and probable in the dire event of any future international hostilities.

Such a war would allow no time for during-hostilities preparation.

In seemingly peaceful communities powerful weapons at secret bases might be released without warning to make a multi-city onslaught on another continent.

War would be won or lost before any new plans could be made or new weapons built—before anything could happen except release of the attacked nation's own long preplanned and preimplemented air offensive, if it had one. It is only barely thinkable that such a war could last longer than a few months.

Death will travel almost entirely in the air. The chief responsibility for our security thus rests squarely on the nation's air power. It is a responsibility we feel deeply, but the Air Force long has had its fingers on the pulse of the future and we are not afraid to face it—with public support.

On the contrary, the Air Force is tackling the job now and is anxious to push on with it. The United States is ahead of the world and has every chance to stay ahead with public support.

Our immediate needs are equality for the Air Force with the Army and the Navy; necessary outlying bases; adequate Air Force in being; ample funds for training, research and experimentation; and the continued appreciation and constructive criticism of American citizens.

The rush of the future leaves the need for research and experimentation obvious, but the necessity for a large living, breathing Air Force may remain less clear. It is a simple and compelling necessity: The all-important initial crisis of any future war must be met by the Air Force we have when war starts. We cannot rely on a cadre Air Force, for during a war of hours, days or weeks, we would have no time to expand it.

Besides the vital experimental units at Wright Field and other places, my own opinion is that our minimum security requirements call for 25 heavy bomber groups, 15 long-range fighter groups and 30 other groups, including fighters, fighter-bombers, medium bombers and transports. Aircraft and tactics of these units would be changed or revised regularly in close co-ordination with the results of our research. They would number approximately 500,000 men and something more than 8,000 aircraft in the regular Air Force.

Reserve strength should come from establishment of National Guard Reserve squadrons, with training under regular Air Force officers on a part-time basis. I should like to see at least one such Air Force squadron in every state and several in the more populous states. An additional 6,000 aircraft should suffice for this program.

Also security prerequisites are bases in the Northern Hemisphere. Regardless of future ranges, they offer telling advantages. Defensively, they mean dispersion of power. Offensively, they mean timesavings, varied angles of attack, opportunities for weather observation.

Specifically, an adequate defense picture would include the areas of the former Japanese island of Okinawa, southwest of Japan; the formerly Japanese-mandated Marianas islands (Saipan, Tinian and others) southeast of Japan; and, to counterbalance our North Pacific bases in Alaska and the Aleutians, bases in the North Atlantic.

There is an old slogan with a fresh significance: Remember Pearl Harbor. A future Pearl Harbor would leave a nationwide wound, but there is no reason for another one at all.

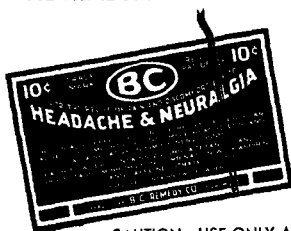
We have one real defense: a planned and ready air offensive.

THE END

HEADACHE?
TAKE A TIP
FROM ME

TRY
"BC"

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
HEADACHES
NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS



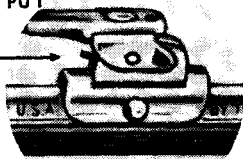
CAUTION—USE ONLY AS DIRECTED.

10¢
AND
25¢

ANCO RAIN-MASTER "Dead-Locker" WINDSHIELD WIPER ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON...
STAYS PUT

FINGER-
TIP
RELEASE



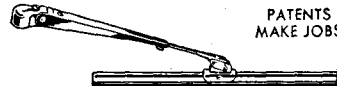
CAN'T FALL OFF
CAN'T BLOW OFF

(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first
for military aircraft—now for your car.)

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

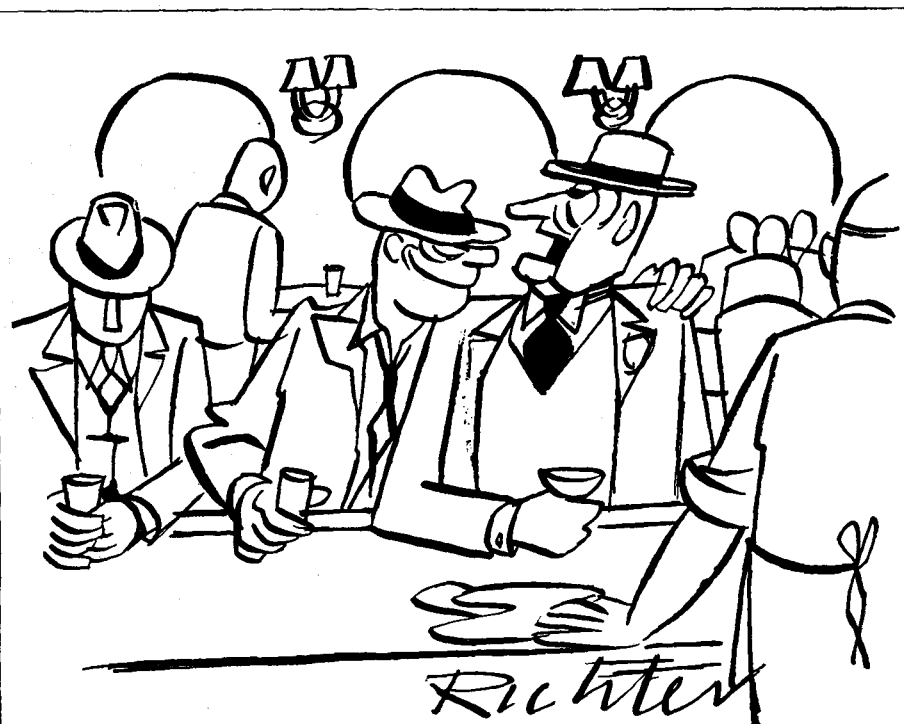
He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car. . . in stormy weather. . . with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them—Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!

PATENTS
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After all, it's *your* car to protect. So you remind him. Get RAIN-MASTERS. . . patented features. . . original equipment on many makes of high grade cars and trucks. . . used in war—on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too. . . because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner. . . last longer. May save you a costly smashup. Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Established 1918
GARY, INDIANA



COLLIER'S

"For the last time, I tell you I'm not Charley!"

MISCHA RICHTER

The Week's Work

Curlin Reed



THE name Sam Berman perhaps is associated in your mind with The Guilty series Collier's ran last year. Berman was the artist whose vitriolic caricatures pointed up the profiles of the worst of the Axis criminals.

The series created quite a stir, both in article and book form, and was extensively used by the armed services in orientation courses. The caricatures, enlarged to double-sized viciousness, decorated the walls of many Army classrooms.

For all of this, Sam Berman was grateful, especially when he himself became an Army private, assigned to duty with the Office of Strategic Services.

"My Army career extended from private to corporal, and from Washington to Burma to India and back again," he says; "and if I often fared better than the rank would indicate, it was because of my work with The Guilty. Wherever I was sent, as often as not some general or other would hear my name and associate it with The Guilty. It made the going a little pleasanter." General Stilwell sat for a Berman caricature, and said he thought it would be a good thing if Washington would caricature all generals instead of embalming them in oil paint.

Like all O.S.S. men, Berman engaged in strange and varied activities with touches of the adventure related by Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain in their recent Cloak and Dagger articles about the O.S.S.

Berman got to know a number of head-hunters, of the Naga tribe. "They filed their teeth and blackened their mouths with betel juice—they thought they looked pretty that way—but they were useful to us for scouting in the Himalayas to bring back our lost fliers."

Sam also got to know some "comfort women." These are women forced to travel about with the Jap armies, for the soldiers' comfort.

"They were a tired, beaten lot," he says. "They seemed delighted to be captured."

Berman went into prison camps in India and Burma where he made the acquaintance of Japanese artists with the idea of getting them to do anti-Japanese propaganda art work. They were friendly, he says, for after they had been in Allied hands for a while, they realized that their own propagandists had lied to them about the torture and starvation they could expect if they were captured, and they suspected deception about the entire war. The Allies' good treatment of prisoners won many effective propagandists to our side. Their work was used in underground publications cir-

culated throughout Japanese-held territory.

"I liked the Jap prisoners a lot better than the Nazis I met," Berman says. "I found the ordinary Jap soldier a human sort of fellow who hated war, but the ordinary German stayed truculent and militaristic to the end."

The top sketch is a portrait of Berman done by a Japanese prisoner artist. "It is hard for them to depict Occidentals, just as it is hard for us to do Orientals."

Now that Berman is back in New York he is intent, he says, on drawing sweet faces, as an antidote to his long association with The Guilty. "I have to convince art editors that I can draw something besides meanies," he says.

His portrait of Secretary Vinson, p. 74, could not be called exactly sweet, but at least there is nothing of The Guilty about it.

CURLIN REED, whose understanding story about a colored man, Signature, p. 64, is a native Kentuckian who never found it necessary to migrate to a big city to write. In reply to our request, she gives us this thumbnail autobiography: "I was married three weeks after graduation from high school, and I have a daughter 15 and a son 12. I live in Fulton, Kentucky, but still think of my birthplace, Hickman, Kentucky, on a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi, as my home."

"I like people to brag about my cooking and if nobody does I brag about it myself. I have worked for newspapers and in a bookstore and have made baby clothes for sale. Dancing is my favorite recreation. I have a capacity for hero worship so ample it can embrace almost anybody from Lycurgus, Napoleon, Lincoln to movie stars and orchestra leaders."

"I would like, by some miracle, to be able to write a book at least one twentieth as good as Huckleberry Finn (Mark Twain) or Of Human Bondage (Somerset Maugham) or My Antonia (Willa Cather) or Carl Sandburg's Abraham Lincoln: The War Years."

"My husband and daughter are fishermen and energetic. My son and I are movie fans and lazy."

High aims do get an author somewhere. Collier's, for instance. . . . A. P.

A Korean "comfort woman" who had been with the Jap army, sketched by Berman



Above: Artist Sam Berman, as sketched by a Jap prisoner in India



"...and I leave everything to Cousin Harry, because he smokes Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"



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NO WEALTH WITHOUT WORK

THERE is one world-old fact of economic life which it is to be hoped the majority of us will never lose sight of in this period of postwar strikes, threats of strikes, debates about ways to eliminate strikes, furious discussions of take-home pay and basic hourly wage rates and so on and so forth.

This all-important fact to remember and base our thinking on is: that nothing but work makes wealth—real wealth. The work can be done by men applying muscular energy directly to materials, or by men directing productive machines. But somehow the work has to be done if real wealth is to be created. The more work that is efficiently and effectively done, the more real wealth there is to split around among us. This real wealth takes a multitude of forms—automobiles,

radios, refrigerators, houses, clothes, food, etc., etc.

President Charles E. Wilson, of General Motors, highlighted these economic facts recently, when he proposed that U.S. labor agree to a 45- to 48-hour work week for the next three to five years—in which event, Wilson said, G.M. would be willing to increase basic hourly wage rates by 5 per cent to 8 per cent. Under such a plan, Wilson insists, G.M. could make more cars without boosting prices, and maintain its employees' take-home pay at wartime levels.

Wilson's figures may or may not be correct; we don't know. But the principle back of his argument is inescapable and unbreakable: that you can't pull real wealth out of a hat.

We can make any amount of the symbols of wealth

—coins and paper money—by just speeding up mints and government engraving bureaus. But unless we produce real wealth at the same time, these symbols will buy less and less real wealth per symbolic unit.

We can't cure that weakness of the wealth symbols by any magic—by Townsend plans, Ham and Egg plans, dollar devaluation, or any other trick. We can have real wealth only by working to produce it. After it is produced, it can be spread around as equitably as possible via minimum wage laws, Social Security, work-week limitations, overtime pay bonuses, and the like. But without steadily increasing and steadily more efficient production, we cannot lay even a solid foundation for the eventual solution of our economic and industrial problems.

TOO MANY, TOO SOON

WHETHER we like it or not, and most of us don't, might still makes right. Nations assert their power through their armies and will continue to do so until the United Nations' peace machinery blue-printed at San Francisco is built, installed and made to work effectively.

Americans want their Johnnies and Joes back in a hurry. But we wonder if they would be as impatient as Congress seems to think they are if the people knew and understood the facts in the case.

It took us nearly three years to raise, train and equip the finest and most effective Army in the world. We built it from 400,000 men and officers in 1940, into a giant of about 8,000,000. All told, we raised, trained and equipped about 13,000,000 men for the armed forces. They were an unbeatable, decisive force in war and could be a powerful convincer in peace.

As of this writing we are discharging men from the Army at the rate of 20,000 a day, 600,000 a month, and the cry from Congress is "faster, faster, faster."

The Navy and the Air Forces have increased their rates of discharge to comply.

As a consequence, we are tobogganing downhill as a military and, perhaps, as a political power. Unless the process is arrested in time, it will not be long before we are no longer the "mightiest nation on earth." We are behaving, in fact, dangerously like the America of 1918. Then, too, we demobilized too many too soon.

The rapidity of our disarmament causes Britons, Russians and others to wonder whether we mean it when we say that we intend to bear our full share of the burden of the political reconstruction of the world. It also causes uncertainty and fear, with powerful nations scrambling for positions of advantage to ensure their security in the future and compel weaker countries to accept the edicts and ideologies of the strong.

General Marshall sees the dangers inherent in our too-rapid demobilization. The Chief of Staff recently disclosed the State Department's and his own concern

over what's happening. That's why Marshall urged the national adoption of universal military training.

This may not be the answer, but certainly a slow-up and, if feasible, a halt in Army discharges, until a general peace settlement has been worked out in Europe and the Orient, would enormously strengthen the hand of our State Department in the negotiations. A large Army would provide our diplomats with the blue chips of the expensive game of international poker.

It comes hard to advocate the continued maintenance of an adequately powerful Army in the face of understandable anxiety in our homes for the return of their G.I.s. But isn't it better to wait a few months or even a year more for the men to return, if the alternative is a botched peace and a world slowly but surely turning again to paths that lead to war? This is something for wives, mothers, sweethearts and fathers to ponder. The war is over. The G.I. will return. But what of his son, if he in his turn must fight again? Think. Think hard. Then let your Congressman know.

JUSTICE FOR WAR CRIMINALS

IT IS not difficult to understand the uneasy feelings of many Americans and Englishmen as German and Japanese leaders go to trial in Allied courts for alleged war crimes. These defendants—Yamashita, Tojo, Goering, Ribbentrop, Funk, Streicher, and the rest—were fighting according to their lights while the war was on. You can argue with considerable justice that these trials have an *ex post facto* tinge which violates American and British principles of law.

However, the murders and other atrocities which these men are charged with either committing, ordering or allowing to be committed by their subordinates have for generations been crimes under the laws of all

countries calling themselves civilized. It seems to us that this fact justifies these trials in the eyes of ordinary people, whatever the technical objections to them may be.

Over and above these considerations is the effect which we are entitled to hope a lot of war-criminal convictions and executions or jail sentences may have in the long future.

If possible Hitlers and Tojos of, say, 1965 or 1990 can read the history of World War II and its aftermath, and learn that the prime movers on the losing side eventually had their necks stretched or their bodies pigeonholed in jails, then these possible Hitlers and

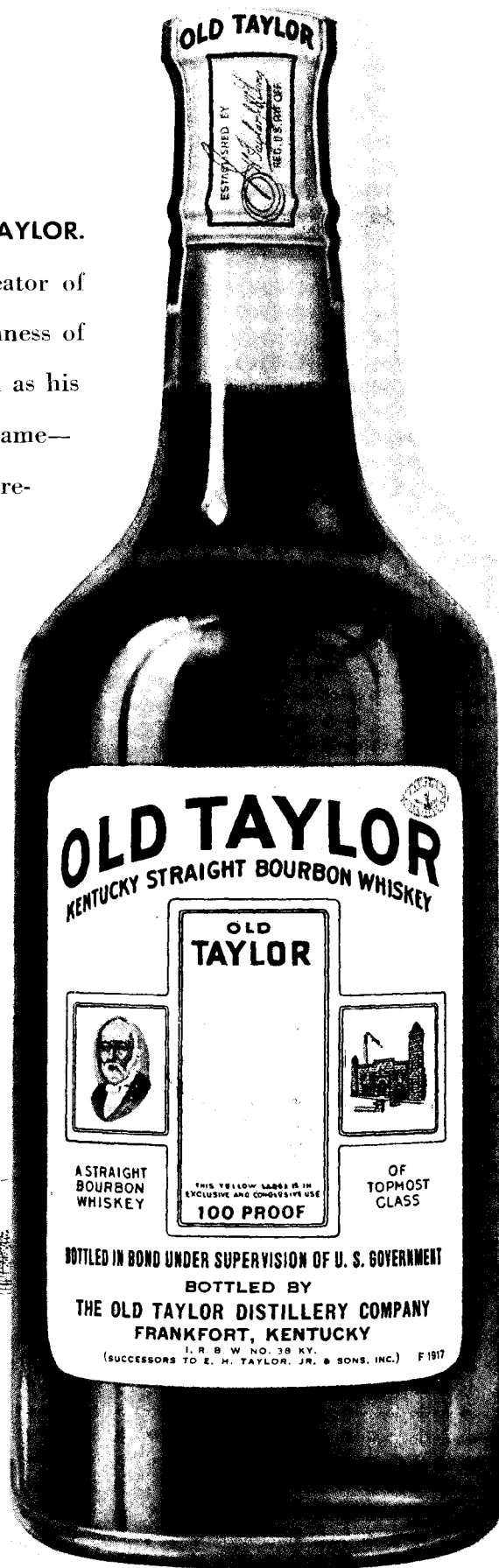
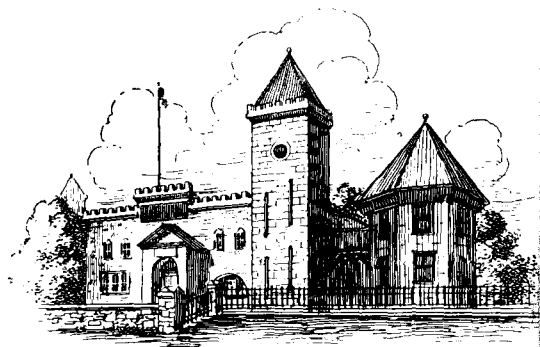
Tojos of the future should be inspired to think some long, long thoughts before they promote any real trouble with other nations.

The idea back of these war trials is to establish it as a world-wide rule that it is an international crime to start a war, and that therefore you had better be 100 per cent sure of winning before you start one, or you'll lose your life or your liberty if the winners can catch you before you take poison.

To establish such a rule will of course not infallibly stop all war. But it will at least set up a grisly warning to gentlemen meditating mass murder in the future. So we'd say let the war trials proceed—fairly but firmly.

Collier's for December 8, 1945

good name and great riches are united in **OLD TAYLOR**.
 or in this hearty, full-grained bourbon, a creator of
 any noble whiskies poured forth all the richness of
 s skill in a bourbon he freely acknowledged as his
 asterwork. To this day it proudly bears his name—
 id in any company where fine bourbon is appre-
 ated, **OLD TAYLOR** is hailed and appreciated
 s the Master's Choice.



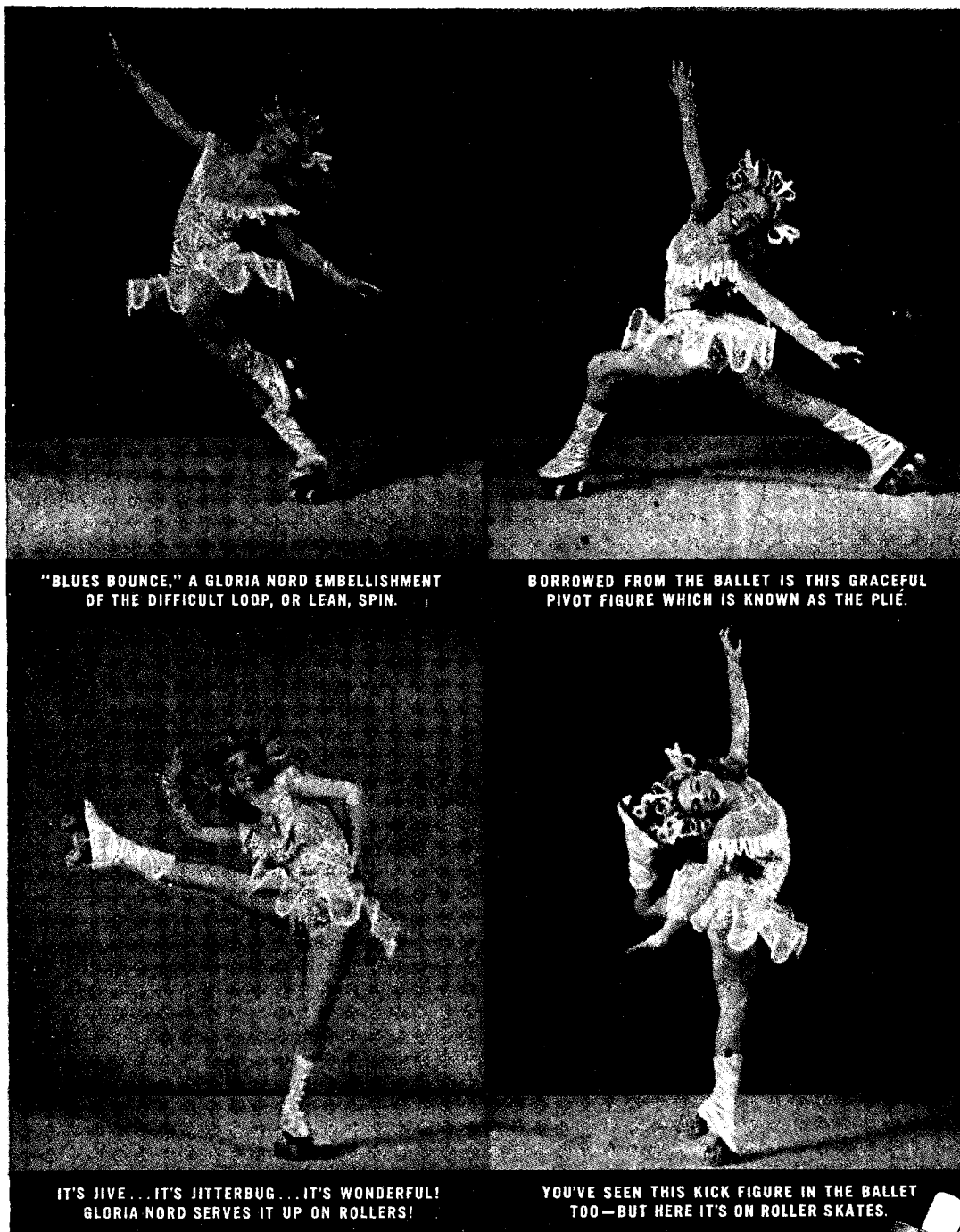
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF
 National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Signed, Sealed and Delicious

S I G N E D , S E A L E D A N D D E L I C I O U S

Ballerina on Wheels!



She wrapped up the figures and spins of the ballet and put them on wheels. It's roller-skating star

Gloria Nord—
in action on skates... and with her favorite cigarette—Camel

“I like everything about Camels—their full flavor and their grand mildness”



FROM the moment she glides out on the floor to start that whirling whirlwind of leaps, jumps, and spins, it's *rhythm on the rollers!* For blue-eyed, honey-haired Gloria Nord, of “Skating Vanities,” is a star on wheels. Her cigarette, too, is a star... from way back. Gloria tells you, “Camels have something I’ve never found in any other cigarette—a pleasing mildness and a flavor that doesn’t go flat after the first few puffs. Camels *always* taste good.”

You’ll hear the same thing said in many different ways by Camel smokers in every walk of life, but it all adds up to the same: For steady smoking pleasure, there’s *nothing like a Camel!* Next time you buy, ask for Camels. Compare. Let your “T-Zone” tell you why Camels are so preferred. (See right.)



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camels Costlier Tobaccos



Your “T-Zone” and your cigarette

The “T-Zone”—T for taste and T for throat—is the final proving ground of any cigarette. Only your taste and your throat can tell you which cigarette tastes best to *you*... how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your “T-Zone” to a “T.”